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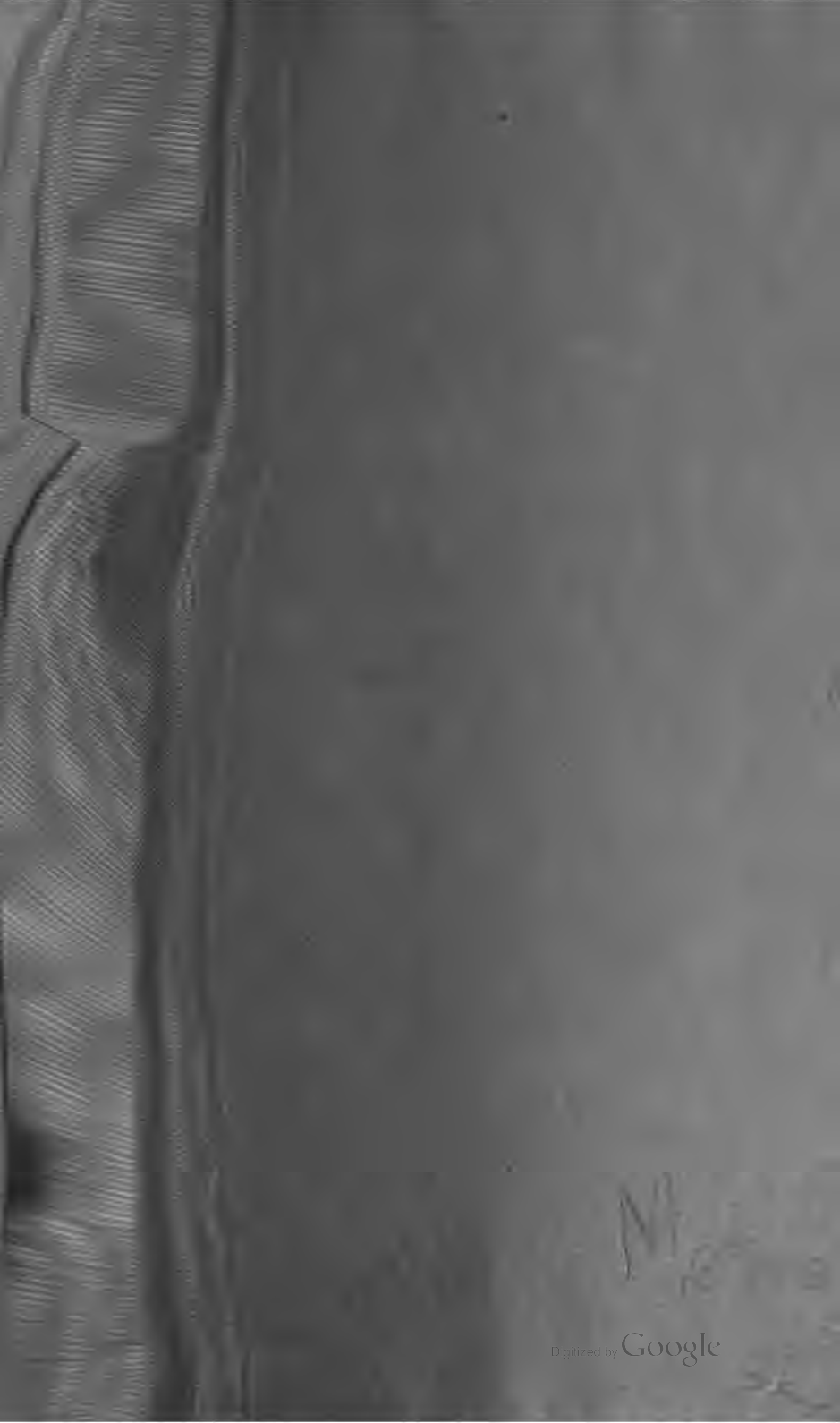
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VOL. XLIV.

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THE

METROPOLITAN.

SEPTEMBER, 1845.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Glee-singers; or, the Guelphs and Ghibellines. A Tale of Florence in the 13th Century	1
Viola. A Legend of the Adriatic. By the Student.	21
On an Old Painting inscribed "Amor in Corde," representing a Child within a Heart. By J. K.	23
The Galley-slave. From the German	24
Music and Moonlight. By Mrs. Crawford.	39
The Prediction. By S. J. G.	41
Mignon	53
A Lay of St. Francis. In three parts	54
The Temptations of Hafiz	60
Song. The Ransomed Slave. By Mrs. Crawford	72
The Omnibus	73
Classic Haunts and Ruins. By Nicholas Michell	86
Stanzas. By Richard Rothwell	88
Richard Biddulph; or, the Life and Adventures of a School-boy	89
Ballad. Pretty Rosa the Star of St. James'. By Mrs. Crawford	106
The Doctor's Degree. In two chapters	107
The Funeral	116

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LITERATURE.—NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

PAGE

Poems by a Father and a Daughter, containing Memorials of Eminent Characters and Events, Heroic and Sentimental Pieces, Religious and Moral Effusions, Dramatic Sketches, &c. 117

Dryburgh Abbey, and other Poems. By the Rev. Thomas Agar Holland, M.A., Rector of Greatham, Hants. . . 118

Poems. By Allan Park Paton 120

The World's Slippery Turns; or, Mind how you Wed. By John Whitsed 121

Pulmonary Consumption succesfully treated with Naphtha, with Cases from other Medical Men in Support of that Treatment. By John Hastings, M.D., Senior Physician to the Blenheim Street Dispensary. Second Edition. 123

The Ideal of the English Church. A Sketch. By the Rev. Robert Montgomery, M.A. 124

Digitized by Google

THE

METROPOLITAN.

OCTOBER, 1845.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Glee-singers; or, the Guelphs and Ghibellines. A Tale of Florence in the 13th Century	127
The Girl of Provence. By Mrs. Charles Tinsley	154
The Three Days. Paris in July, 1830	156
Claudine. A Sketch from Life. By Mrs. Edward Thomas.	160
Reveries on Railroads	162
The Last Dream of Petrarch. By Mrs. Charles Tinsley	169
Notes on a Country Fair. By the Author of "The Unknown"	171
Fairy Song. Come and Reign my Fancy's Queen. By Mrs. Crawford	180
A Scene in the Palace of George the Third	181
A Debt to Talent. By Mrs. Abdy	187
A Visit to the Great St. Bernard	188
A Life Sketch. By One who has seen Great Vicissitudes	194
Pericles at the Bier of his Son. By Mrs. Charles Tinsley	203
The Poetry and Reality of Life	205
Song. The Fairies' Invitation. By Mrs. Crawford	209
Richard Biddulph; or, the Life and Adventures of a School-boy	210
Vision of St. Martin's. By a Lady	227
Recollections of Madeira during the Winter of 1844-5	230
Ballad. The Bridal Blessing. By Mrs. Crawford	234

Digitized by Google

LITERATURE.—NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

PAGE

Gaëtano; a Dramatic Poem, in Three Acts, and other Poems. By Gilbert Mayfield 235

Manual of Astronomy; a Popular Treatise on Theoretical, Descriptive, and Practical Astronomy; with a Familiar Explanation of Astronomical Instruments, and the best Method of using them. By John Drew 237

Atmospheric Traction in General; with Explanations and Illustrations of Pilbrow's Atmospheric Railway and Canal Propulsion; heing the Substance of a Paper read by Dr. Hewlett before the Society of Arts, March 19, 1845 240

The Coming of the Mammoth, the Funeral of Time, and other Poems. By Henry B. Hirst 241

Zanoni, and Night and Morning. By Sir E. L. Bulwer, Bart., M.A. 242

The Anglo-Indian Passage Homeward and Outward; or, a Card for the Overland Traveller from Southampton to Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta. With Letters Descriptive of the Homeward Passage. By David Lester Richardson 245

Miscellaneous Poems. By E. P. Roberts 246

Jardine's Naturalist's Library 249

Stray Thoughts, in Prose and Verse. By E. J. Hytche . 250

Evenings in the Pyrenees, comprising the Stories of Wanderers from many Lands. Edited and Arranged by Selina Bunbury 251

Linda; or, the Festival. A Metrical Romance of Ancient Scinde. By the Author of "The White Rose Wreath," "The Beacon Mound," &c. 252

Hogg's Weekly Instructor. Part V. . . . . *ib.*

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THE METROPOLITAN.

NOVEMBER, 1845.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Glee-singers; or, the Guelphs and Ghibellines. A Tale of Florence in the 13th Century	127
At Last. By Mrs. Charles Tinsley	276
A Visit to the Abbey Street Theatre, Dublin. An After Scene. By Thomas R. J. Polson	278
The Minnesanger's Dream. By Mrs. Crawford	285
Leaving off Business	287
Is there no Memory in the Grave? By Mrs. Edward Thomas	291
Oddities of American Literature. No. I.	292
Classic Haunts and Ruins. By Nicholas Michell. No. II. The Capitol at Rome	303
The Cold Water Cure. By Mrs. Abdy	306
Leaves of Life. By Mrs. Charles Tinsley. No. I. Solomon	321
The Entrance into Life of Alexander Dumas. Translated from the French by A. R. B.	323
Dialogues of the Statues. No. I. By Peter Orlando Hutchinson	329
Solitude	340
The Grave of L. E. L. By Mrs. Charles Tinsley	343
Our Israelitish Origin	345
A Dream	352
Journal of a London Schoolmaster. Chapter I.	354
Lorenzo's Moonlight Adventure. By Miss E. Lynn.	359

Digitized by Google

LITERATURE.—NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

PAGE.

Minstrel Love. A Romance. From the German of Fouqué. Undine. A Romance. From the German of De La Motte Fouqué 371

The Hall of Vision; A View of Principles. A Poem, in Three Books; to which are added Minor Poems. By W. Leask, Author of "Our Era," &c., &c. 373

Songs in the Desert. By the Author of "Heart Breathings." "Musings," &c., &c. 375

On National Education; with Remarks on Education in General, and its sub-divisions into Spontaneous, Systematic, Physical, Moral, Intellectual, Parental, Scholastic, Social, Special, General, Religious, Mundane. By Col. J. R. Jackson, Member of different Scientific and Literary Societies at Home and Abroad 376

Cases and Observations Illustrative of the Beneficial Results which may be obtained by close attention and perseverance, in some of the most unpromising instances of Spinal Deformity. By Samuel Hare, Surgeon 378

Digitized by Google

THE

METROPOLITAN.

DECEMBER, 1845.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Glee-singers; or, the Guelphs and Ghibellines. A Tale of Florence in the 13th Century	379
Richard Biddulph; or, The Life and Adventures of a School-boy	402
The Gods of Greece. From the German of Schiller	416
Journal of a London Schoolmaster. Chapter II.	420
To Lucy, on Receiving a Lock of her Hair. By Miss E. Lynn.	426
A Modern Romance. By Mrs. Charles Tinsley	428
A Heart's History. By Mrs. Charles Tinsley	443
The Orphan Girls. A Sketch. By a Surgeon	445
Classic Haunts and Ruins. By Nicholas Michell, Author of "The Traduced." No. III. Cumæ.—Virgil's Tomb at Naples.—Baiæ	452
Recollections of a Moravian Settlement	455
Pictures and their Reverses. By Mrs. Charles Tinsley. Morning, with its Sunshine	460
Psycholene, the Ice-queen. A Seasonable Tale. By E. Lynn	463
Leaves of Life. By Mrs. Charles Tinsley. No. II. Alexander	471
Who was Jack Wilson?	473
Moonlight on the Sea. Suggested by a Passage in Eugene Aram. By Mrs. Abdy	480
Dialogues of the Statues. By Peter Orlando Hutchinson	481
Three Mansions. From a Passage in "Memoirs of the Rev. Legh Richmond	492
Desolations. By Mrs. Charles Tinsley	493

Digitized by Google

LITERATURE.—NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

PAGE.

The Light of Mental Science; being an Essay on Moral Training. By Mrs. Loudon, Authoress of "First Love," "Fortune-Hunting," &c., &c. 494

The Juvenile Scrap-Book. By the Author of "The Women of England." 1846. Fisher and Co., London . . . 497

The Sacred Gift. A Series of Meditations on Scripture Subjects. With Twenty Highly-finished Engravings, after Celebrated Paintings by the Great Masters. Second Series. By the Rev. Charles B. Taylor, M.A., Author of "May you Like it," "Records of a Good Man's Life," &c., &c. Fisher, Son, and Co., London 499

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book. 1846. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Fisher, Son, and Co., London . . . 501

Revealed Truth Vindicated. By James Apperley. Snow: London, 1845 503

Marco Visconti. From the Italian of Tomaso Grossi. J. Burns, London 504

The Juvenile Missionary Keepsake for 1846. Snow; London 504

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METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

THE GLEE-SINGERS;[1]

OR,

THE GUELPHS AND GHIBELLINES.

CHAPTER XXII.

Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires.
Macbeth.

WHILE awaiting the arrival of the Pope's answer to the memorials, Buondelmonte, to avoid the insults of the populace, deferred his visits to the Palazzo Donati till after the Ave Maria had rung and the streets were comparatively deserted. He went wrapped in a large mantle, and attended by a domestic.

To indemnify himself for the loss of Imma's society during the day, he generally remained late at night. His love for Imma, if possible, increased; there was still uncertainty to stimulate, for he could not be certain of the annulling of his pre-contract; there was the romance of their, in some sort, stolen meetings; there was a lurking feeling that he should yet purchase her dearly—and we always prize most highly that for which we pay most dearly; and agitation and uncertainty gave a variety to Imma's hitherto placid beauty. She idolized Buondelmonte, whom she regarded as quite a martyr to her love; but the more she admired the handsome Florentine, the more did she think herself guilty to Amidea, in depriving her of so unequalled a bridegroom; and she did not feel at all reassured by her mother's arguments, that Amidea had never loved Buondelmonte, and would have preferred consecrating herself to the memory of Florestan; for poor Imma thought it impossible that Buondelmonte could have failed, for a moment, of preference over

[1] Continued from page 426, vol. xliii.

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the memory of one whom she thought he must have excelled in every way. While they were together, indeed, the lovers thought only of each other, and sat gazing on each other's eyes in a dream of happiness; but the moment they separated, the minds of each became filled with uneasy thoughts, as if they had some instinctive knowledge that, when Buondelmonte left the Palazzo Donati and was returning home, his steps were dogged by a murderer.

For some nights Piero had watched Buondelmonte to ascertain in what manner he might best strike the blow and gain the lands in the Val d' Elsa. He had stolen after him in the dark shadow of some huge building; he had watched him from the depth of a church porch; and he had glided along through ruins. He remarked that Buondelmonte, coming along with an animated face, was always in advance of his domestic, who generally kept to the middle of the street, while his master walked along by the houses.

Near the corner of a quiet little unfrequented street, down which Buondelmonte must turn, stood a large ruinous house, with a piazza much choked by rubbish, behind one of the pillars of which Piero stationed himself on the night upon which he intended to fulfil his employer's desire. He judged that Buondelmonte would pass close to his ambush even before his attendant had turned the corner; he might spring upon his victim, drag him to the ground, and press one hand upon his mouth whilst the other deliberately pierced his heart. Then away! through intricate windings of which he had made himself master, and let who would find the corpse; let suspicion light where it would (and perhaps it would fall on the brother of the injured Amidea), who could suspect Piero—too obscure to be even known?

The night was dark. Piero, armed, masked, and wrapped in a cloak, was hid among the rubbish of the ruined piazza. His attentive ear was on the strain for the slightest sound; his heart beat quick with anxiety, and his brain was heated with the whirl of agitating thoughts that cannot fail to attend on crime, even in men hardened in heart, and fixed in their resolution of committing it. The street was now empty and hushed to a death-like silence. Never did the hours appear so long to Piero. He began at last to think that his victim would not come; he even wished it.

In a small church at some little distance, midnight lauds were sung. The solemn music floated on the still air and reached the ear of Piero; he listened with awe, and half renounced his purpose; but the sounds died away, and fear of his dangerous half-brother and desire for the broad lands prevailed over an incipient good intention.

In a few minutes a distant footstep struck his ear, and then he heard Buondelmonte half-singing, half-humming in a cheerful manner; for the next day the Pope's answer was expected, and a

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private agent in Rome had written to the Widow that it was believed to be favourable. Buondelmonte was still at a distance. Piero sprang forth, turned up the corner, and in the middle of the street, where the domestic usually passed, laid a bag filled with coins of small value, but pierced with holes in such a manner that, on being raised from the ground, some of the money must fall out. He then darted back to his ambush.

The elastic, sharp-sounding step, followed at a little distance by a heavier tread, came nearer, and the half-hummed song was heard more distinctly.

They came on. The servant struck his foot against something; he stooped to raise it; it was a bag; some money fell to the ground; he waited to grope for it in the dark. Buondelmonte still went briskly on; he turned the corner of the street, and passed close to the ambush. Piero instantly sprang upon him, threw his cloak over Buondelmonte's head and face to prevent his calling out, and raised his arm to pierce his victim's heart; but the uplifted arm was that moment arrested by a powerful grasp; and—"Defend yourself, dear Giovanni!" said a voice that sounded familiar to the ears of the astonished and almost stunned Buondelmonte.

Piero, with a mentally uttered curse, strove to loose himself from the grasp of a muffled, scarcely distinguishable figure that held him. Buondelmonte freed himself from the cloak, and, grasping his own dagger, struck at Piero, and slightly wounded him in the shoulder. The intended assassin, feeling the blow and hearing the servant approach in obedience to his master's call, gained fresh strength from desperation, disengaged himself with a violent wrench, and dashed through a secret passage well known to him, where to attempt following him in the dark would be useless.

"Ill-fortune! the assassin has escaped," said the unexpected deliverer. "But oh, Giovanni! that is a trifle compared with your safety."

"Heaven be thanked for this succour!" said Buondelmonte, crossing himself. "But where is my deliverer?"

"Close by your side," said the same familiar voice.

The noble Florentine turned; he could perceive in the obscurity a dark figure. The domestic joined them at that moment.

"I have been attacked by a murderer, Marco," said his master, and related the circumstance to the trembling attendant, who scarcely knew how to excuse his inadvertent delay. "Never mind," said the good-natured Guelph; "be more careful another time. But your absence has been amply compensated by the providential aid of this yet unrecognised deliverer. Will you not tell me your name, my friend?"

The other drew Buondelmonte close to him and whispered in

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his ear—"My name is one that must not be lightly spoken. I might venture to whisper it to *you* alone, but not *here*."

"How is this?" cried Buondelmonte, surprised; "yet your voice sounds to me like that of a friend. I should know it."

"You should indeed," replied the other, grasping Buondelmonte's hand, who felt him tremble as with emotion, and heard him breathing short and hurriedly.

Buondelmonte cordially returned the pressure of the hand that rested in his, and asked, "Will you not allow me to know how I can prove my everlasting gratitude in serving you?"

"Yes, Giovanni," said the stranger, with energy, "you *must* serve me, if this night can give me any claim upon you. Oh! I have been watching night after night an opportunity of speaking to you unobserved, to beg of you *one* boon. Little did I think my watching would save your life."

"Name your wish," said Buondelmonte; "I will fulfil it."

"I cannot tell it here," replied the unknown. "And let us in prudence quit this spot; the assassin may return with accomplices."

"Come on, then, to my palazzo," said Buondelmonte; and they moved onwards together.

"I go with you gladly," said the stranger; "but you must faithfully promise me that, be I who I may, friend or foe, as you may judge me, you will give me free ingress and egress unobserved by your domestics, and religiously keep the secret I shall reveal to you."

"I solemnly promise all you demand," replied the young Guelph; "common gratitude requires no less from me."

The stranger thanked him emphatically but briefly, and they walked on followed by the domestic, who had respectfully remained out of hearing.

They reached the palazzo. The Guelph desired his servant to enter first, to retire to his own apartment, and to suffer no one to intrude on himself and his guest. The man obeyed, and the stranger entered unscrutinised; and Buondelmonte guided him to a small private room where a lamp had been left burning for him, carefully secured the door, then turned and looked inquisitively at the guest, who stood in utter silence.

A mask hid his features, a large hat flapped over his forehead, and his person was muffled up in a military cloak like that worn by Ghibelline officers; and it appeared to have seen service, for it was threadbare, and discoloured in patches by blood and dirt, which, though cleansed away, had left evident stains behind them. All the military ornaments had been ripped off, but the remains of stitching and the different shade of the cloth still showed where the ornaments had been.

Buondelmonte gazed with surprise on his guest, and could not

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form even a conjecture who he might be. But, muffled as he was, there seemed something noble in the bearing of his erect military figure that demanded respect, in spite of the poverty of his garb. The strange disguise, the midnight hour, the solitary room, the recent occurrence, combined to inspire Buondelmonte with even a superstitious awe of the unknown; and he could almost persuade himself that he stood in the presence of a visitor from the other world—some battle-slain hero of the Ghibellines, and with a voice somewhat tremulous, he addressed him—

"In the name of St. John of Florence, who are you?"

"Before I tell you," replied the stranger, solemnly, "remember your promise."

"I will make it more than a promise," said Buondelmonte; and, taking from his bosom a small crucifix, he swore on it inviolable secrecy and obedience to the wishes of the stranger, provided they involved nothing contrary to the interests of his (Buondelmonte's) party and to his religion; and then looked on with intense anxiety as he saw the stranger beginning to lay aside his disguise. He threw off his cloak, and showed a youthful and finely proportioned but somewhat wasted form; he raised the large hat, and a profusion of rich black hair waved round his temples; he took off his mask, and displayed a remarkably handsome, and, to Buondelmonte, well-known countenance.

The noble Guelph was struck with horror rather than surprise, for he expected some such apparition. He pressed his hands upon his eyes, and sank back in a chair with a half-suppressed shriek. The stranger anxiously endeavoured to re-assure him; there was many a hurried and earnest question from Buondelmonte, many a doubt and vacillation, many a yearning after former friendship, many a recent but yielding prejudice; and then the whole confidence of the Guelph was given to his visitor and deliverer.

"Hear my story, Giovanni," said the latter; "hear it uninterruptedly; then assist me with your impartial judgment."

The two friends—for friends they had been and were now again—sat down. Buondelmonte leaned his arms on the table, and placed the lamp where its light could gleam on the face of the pale, serene young man before him, and listened with almost breathless interest to his tale. Their conference lasted all that night.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith.

Twelfth Night.

The day that followed Buondelmonte's adventures was that on which the Pope's answer relative to the dispensation was expected. Buondelmonte's impatience stimulated him to be at the Palazzo Donati previously to the arrival of the courier, and he resolved to brave any danger or insult that might arise on the way. He mounted his celebrated white horse, and was closely attended by some of his kinsmen, and followed by domestics. Some manifestations of popular displeasure that assailed him as he passed were prudently left unheeded, and he alighted safely at the Palazzo Donati.

There he informed the inmates of the recent attempt on his life. They were exceedingly shocked and alarmed; and the Widow and Carlo began to perceive that crooked policy, even when successful, brings with it its own punishment in subsequent fears and anxieties. Their suspicions instantly fell on Mosca Lamberti as the instigator, at least, of the intended assassination; not merely in revenge for the affront to his kinswoman Amidea, but also as a means of preventing the marriage of Imma with his favoured rival. Nothing could exceed Imma's sorrow and dismay.

"It is I," said she, wringing her hands; "it is I that have been the cause of this. For *my* sake you have created to yourself such enemies. What can I ever do to compensate for all that you have given up for me, and for the dangers you incur for me?"

"No, Imma," replied her lover, "I hold danger as nothing when you are to be the prize; and I have given up nothing; I have been saved by you from a cold and heartless marriage."

"Ah!" sighed she, "I should be better satisfied could I but believe that Amidea's heart was not in the union; that I had not so deeply injured her as I fear I have done, and shall suffer for it. This anguish, these alarms I feel for your safety, are the foretaste of future penance."

"Be satisfied, dearest Imma; from some important information I have just received I can now, with the utmost certainty, assure you that, instead of injuring Amidea, you have materially served her by freeing her from a marriage with *me*. Amidea will yet be much more happy by the dissolution of our contract than she could have been by its fulfilment. Do not ask me *why*, for I am not at

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liberty to explain; but I am a true prophet when I foretell that Amidea will, ere long, bless us both for what has taken place."

"May it be so!" said Imma, fervently. "Yet I cannot but fear when I remember that none of us (I mean of us the Donati) cared for Amidea's feelings or fate, but only for our own; and that we may yet be visited for our selfishness."

"Dear girl," replied Buondelmonte, "you pay me an ill compliment when you express so much dread at the idea of becoming my wife."

"Oh, no! you wrong me; it is not for myself I fear, but for you, lest the transgressions of the Donati be visited on you. Oh! better far were it for me to have relinquished you, and to have been the silent and only sufferer."

Buondelmonte endeavoured to soothe her fears with every expression that his deep and devoted attachment suggested, and then they both felt that every other consideration would vanish before the happiness of living for each other.

"I am a foolish and wicked girl," said Imma, smiling at last, "to play the self-tormentor when I ought to be so grateful. Oh! I cannot describe the anguish I felt when I stood in the church and saw you about to be separated from me for ever. I then thought if a miracle interposed in my behalf I should be the happiest of mortals; and so I am—and so I will be. That seemingly insurmountable distress being got over shall be as a pledge to me for the vanquishing of all others."

"Yes, Imma; it was a good omen and a true, for the assassin's ambush has been also surmounted."

"And that blessed deliverer, my benefactor," she cried, with enthusiasm; "shall I not know his name to remember it in my prayers?"

"Not yet, Imma; I am pledged to secrecy."

"But can we do nothing for him?" she persisted.

"I have already been his benefactor," replied Buondelmonte, smiling; "and one day or other I expect he will tell you so."

At this moment a messenger arrived from the archbishop in Florence, bringing to Madonna Donati intelligence of the answer from the Papal Court. All crowded eagerly round the Widow, who, with a heightened colour and nervous hands, cut the silken string that secured the archbishop's letter. Buondelmonte put his arm round Imma's waist and drew her to him, as if resolved not to part with her, and she looked up to him pale and trembling. The suspense lasted but for a moment; the Widow cast a hasty glance over the missive, and exclaimed, "Joy! all is well!"

The Buondelmonti and the Donati had employed all their interest at Rome; they had spared neither gold nor exertions, and they had prospered. The Guelphs had ever been the firm adherents of the Papal cause, and it was but natural that their petition

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should be favourably received. The desired dispensation was granted, and Buondelmonte was now free—free but for one moment, the next his freedom was yielded up to Imma.

La Donati held a conference with those present, who were Carlo, two aged men of the Donati, Buondelmonte, and two of his near kinsmen. They were unanimous in believing that the recent attack was the fruit of Mosca Lamberti's jealous desire to remove a rival; and they were of opinion that, were the marriage between Buondelmonte and Imma once solemnized, the attempt would not be repeated, as being then useless. Therefore, for the safety of the noble young Guelph, they counselled that the marriage should take place that night, unknown to any one but themselves, to guard against any danger of interruption; and that Buondelmonte should not quit the palace till he became the husband of its heiress, by the performance of the ceremony within the private chapel by the family confessor.

At another time Imma might have pleaded against this privation of all her little female privileges—the naming of the wedding-day, the preparation, the bridal pageantry, even the consideration of dress; but now she cheerfully sacrificed all to the consideration of her lover's safety, and received his joyful thanks to her frank consent.

But few preparations could be made consistent with the desired secrecy. La Donati sent a private missive to the archbishop, and retained the family confessor in readiness; and the rest of that day the Palazzo Donati was the abode of self-gratulating ambition and happy love.

As the hour drew near Buondelmonte (from whose side Imma had withdrawn to meet her confessor) remembered how different were his feelings now from what they had been on the day appointed for his first intended marriage. *Then* he was immersed in a sullen, deep despair which appeared to him like fortitude, and he thought he could have gone through his painful task with all the firmness of desperation. *Now* his heart throbbed with all the agitations of joy and hope, and he feared that his enthusiasm would unman him and make him appear ridiculous.

To compose his exulting feelings he took his way to the private chapel of the palace. The chapel was lighted by a brazen lamp that swung from the groined roof, and the wax candles on the altar showed the marble crucifix and other decorations on the superb altar cloth. On the right of the altar was a monument erected to the memory of the late lord of that palace, before which the filial piety of Imma had lighted a small silver lamp. She had also entwined a chaplet of laurel, myrtle, and cypress, and crowned with it the top of the funeral urn. There were some monumental tablets against the walls, some images in niches, and a confessional. The high-backed devotional chairs were ranged in order;

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the dark-red curtains were drawn over the windows; the floor was covered with a thick mat, and at the entrance was a bronze vessel for holy water.

Buondelmonte had had no time for adornment in honour of his nuptials; but as he had always paid attention to his person on his visits to the Palazzo Donati, he appeared in the usual feast-day attire of a Florentine gallant of that period—a murrey-coloured loose round upper coat, girdled by a black leather belt with a silver buckle; murrey-coloured hose, ornamented with a silk rose where they met the date-coloured half-boots; a murrey-coloured round cap with a black plume was in his hand; his scarlet mantle he had left in the grand hall of the palace.

After some time a small side door opened and discovered a private staircase, on which appeared two old and confidential domestics bearing thick wax tapers to light the bridal party into the chapel. The family confessor, in full vestments, entered first, followed by a clerk. The Widow Donati led in Imma, habited in a simple white robe, with a thin veil thrown over her unornamented braids of hair. Carlo Donati, with his two aged kinsmen and the two cousins of Buondelmonte, followed them. The two domestics, when all the rest had entered, closed the door and stood on each side of it with their lighted tapers. Buondelmonte, on the appearance of his bride, with the customary politeness of Italy, dipped his fingers in the holy water and offered it to Imma to sprinkle herself; then took her hand, and led her to the epistle side of the altar. The priest took his station, and the witnesses stood in a semi-circle behind the young couple. The bride and bridegroom each at the moment thought of the late half-made marriage, and each looked at the other as though fearing a retributive interruption.

The priest began the service, and Buondelmonte and Imma recalled their wandering thoughts. Each plighted the usual troth —the hands were joined—the ring was blessed, sprinkled with holy water, and placed on the slender finger of the bride. The priest prayed, exhorted, then gave his benediction to the now wedded pair, and Imma was the wife of Buondelmonte. The Widow kissed her daughter with mingled affection and gratified ambition. Buondelmonte gazed on her with a proud love, and the witnesses offered their congratulations on the alliance of the houses of Buondelmonte and Donati.

Then as the group stood awhile in the chapel, a recollection of the singularity of their situation struck each. Here were two principal members of the two most powerful Guelph houses in Florence, acting up to the wishes of their kindred, yet stealing in silence and haste a midnight wedding; the most beautiful, the most wealthy of Florentine females receiving the hand of a noble lover unadorned, unobserved, almost unattended, and destitute of

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any of the pomp and circumstance of bridals. It was not with such "maimed rites" that the only child of the ostentatious Widow Donati should have wedded, but with public magnificence, surrounded by admiring crowds. La Donati felt her pride humbled, and sighed.

When Buondelmonte stood at the altar with Amidea, the bride could scarcely keep her thoughts from straying to the nameless grave of a dishonoured lover, and the bridegroom could not prevent himself from feeling that all his affections, all his happiness, were centred in another—the friend of his betrothed; yet every manifestation of joy and triumph was prepared to give eclat to those nuptials. The choristers stood ready to burst into a joyous anthem; the proudest in Florence were prepared to vie with each other in congratulations; the numerous kinsmen of each had their blessings starting to their lips; the populace without were only waiting to peal forth a joyous "viva"—nay, hostile factions were about to embrace in the general joy. Now, two devoted lovers, noble and wealthy, after surmounting obstacles that threatened eternal separation and incurable sorrow, had united their fates for ever without any demonstration of rejoicing, save the expression of their own countenances; no crowd of kinsmen and friends, no gorgeous apparel, no practised choir, no waving banners, no joyous viva; a funeral wreath upon a tomb was the sole unwonted ornament of the chapel. Imma's eye fell upon it, and her former secret dread returned, and she murmured—

"Surely some instinct of ill omen guided my hand when I twined that chaplet. There is the Myrtle of Love combined with the Funeral Cypress; and this gloomy chapel looks like a vault, and the voice of the priest sounded like one who says the *de profundis* over a corpse."

"Hush! little complainer," replied Buondelmonte, trying to smile away her gloom. "Why are your perceptions so little in unison with mine? *I* see nothing but what is beautiful, bright, and endearing."

"No, I do not complain," answered the bride. "Of what could I complain now? But it is an ill compliment to the noble Buondelmonte that his nuptials are not more graced than those of the poorest citizen. We wed in strange privacy."

"Because, dearest Imma," interrupted the bridegroom, "I could not wish to create too general an envy among the hopeless spectators."

Imma smiled at her husband-lover's compliment, and the little train retired from the chapel.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

My soul beleaguer'd with the crushing strength
Of sharp impatience.

Antonio and Mellida.—J. Marston.

Next day the Donati took care to publish in Florence the news of the arrival of the dispensation from Rome, and the consequent marriage of Buondelmonte, which they hoped would put a stop to any jealous attempt on his life.

Some of the Guelphs were glad to find that the noble but unstable Buondelmonte was secured among themselves, and separated from Ghibelline influence; but some were still apprehensive of the future consequences of the breach with the Amidei.

The indignation of the Ghibellines was redoubled; they looked upon the hasty marriage as a repetition of the insult to Amidea; they thought themselves unjustly treated by the Pope's decision in contradiction to the prayer of their petition, and they accused the Guelphs of want of generosity and a latent desire for hostilities in not declaring against Buondelmonte, whom they pronounced ought to be at least exiled from Florence, to whose peace he had paid so little regard.

Mosca heard the news with jealous rage, but affected that his indignation was entirely on account of his injured cousin. But in the privacy of his own palazzo he vented his thoughts in lonely murmurings.

"Well, let them triumph; it is but for a short time. I shall find my way to his heart at last, were it trebly guarded; and then his beautiful widow shall become my beautiful bride, and she will be the fitter match for me, enriched with the magnificent dower of her some-time husband, in addition to her own patrimony. Perhaps I ought to thank him for rendering her a better prize for Mosca. But I will never forgive him for being preferred before me; I will never forgive the crafty mother for attempting to delude me. And even if the young widow of Buondelmonte never be my wife, I will yet annihilate him to punish La Donati. I will strike *her* through her daughter's affections, through her coveted son-in-law. I will be revenged, and that ere long."

Mosca had been so much enraged with Piero for his failure, that the latter had deemed it wise to absent himself, and now when Lamberti called for him, he was informed that Piero was not in the palace, nor had been for the last two days, and he was obliged to reserve whatever business he had with his fraternal agent.

Amidea heard of Buondelmonte's marriage with a pang of wounded pride. Her former suitor's preference for another was

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formally established. She was woman enough to glance in her mirror at features which she acknowledged to be far inferior to those of her rival, and for a moment she repined, for a moment she thought—

"How all-powerful is beauty! what a valuable gift to woman! If I *do* possess any other advantages over Imma, of what avail are they—eclipsed, or at best forgotten—overlooked? *My* feelings, *my* fate, were all to be sacrificed to a fortuitous advantage; to charms, the possession of which is no merit of hers; the deficiency in which is no fault of mine."

So thought Amidea, and it was natural for her to think thus for awhile; but her good sense and fortitude prevailed; she smiled at herself for her weakness; she became indifferent to Buondelmonte and his bride, and turned once more to muse on Florestan, whose memory now had undivided possession of her mind. She had persuaded herself into a full belief of his innocence, and had no doubt that the Glee-singers had been in some way or other interested calumniators, and that he whose song inspired hope had repented his calumny, and wished to repair it; while the other two remained firm, for consistency's sake, in their former story. She felt some strong but undefined hope, that ere long the cloud that hung over her first lover's memory would be cleared away; and she could without a blush, without a doubt, devote her whole heart to his remembrance.

She said to Padre Severino, that many women who had been as unfortunate in their engagements as she had would have relinquished the world and retired to a convent; but *she* felt no inclination to such course, for she thought that self-dedication to Heaven ought to be undertaken from purer motives than earthly disappointments, and particularly while the wound was yet unhealed and the heart yet unsubdued.

She said she had still an interest in the world; it was to see Florestan's fame cleared, and then to devote herself to his memory for ever, as an indemnification for her involuntary and short-lived infidelity. Such devotedness, she said, was inconsistent with the religious duties of a cloister; she would therefore remain *in* the world, not *of* it. She would visit Arezzo and all its old haunts, and linger in that ruined amphitheatre, and make a fresh treasure from its ivy and wall-flowers. But she incessantly regretted the destruction of Florestan's picture—an irreparable loss; and her greatest indignation against Buondelmonte was, that as her pretended bridegroom he was the cause of her having deprived herself of that her most prized possession.

Buondelmonte and Imma, meantime, were happy. They both began to hope that the assassin, once so completely foiled, would never repeat his attempt; and Buondelmonte even persuaded his bride that it was possible the miscreant might have died of the

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wound he had received (for Buondelmonte knew not how slight it was).

After the first absorbing pleasure of installing Imma in his palace as its mistress, of presenting her to his kindred as Madonna Buondelmonte, and of triumphantly receiving their congratulations, the bridegroom remembered the request of his midnight visitor.

He retired to the room in which he had held his conference with his deliverer, and sat down to the table to write. He began, but for some time could proceed no further than "Reverend Padre—" He mused—formed phrases—rejected them—mused again—stood up and paced the room—sat down again, and at length, after a little reflection, wrote as follows:—

"Reverend Padre,

"Whatever indignation you may justly feel at the sight of my hand-writing, I pray you, by your good patience, to restrain it till you read to the end of this communication, which much concerns one who is deservedly dear to you, and believe me that nothing but a subject of deep importance to *her* would give me courage to intrude upon you. I have (but not wantonly) outraged the feelings of a noble lady. I am not about to plead any justification, but I am happily enabled to offer some kind of reparation by affording some valuable information on the subject which I believe to be the nearest to her heart. I may not commit it to writing for a reason which you will yourself hereafter appreciate; and at the moment of communicating it I must produce a living witness to vouch for the truth of intelligence so extraordinary. My witness entreats of you inviolable secrecy. He cannot enter the Palazzo Amidei, or any place where there would be risk of discovery. He requests to meet you and the noble daughter of the house of the Amidei in a place of equal privacy and security. I would earnestly request of you to consent, with that noble lady, to meet me, unworthy as I may seem, and my witness—my harbinger of peace—to-morrow before the hour of early mass, in the chapel of the monastery of St. John, the superior of which is my near kinsman. I pray you, reverend Padre, to offer my respectful greeting to her towards whom I have unfortunately appeared so much wanting in courtesy, and assure her that if she will grant the request contained in this letter, and accompany you to St. John's, in the interest of the intelligence my witness has to offer she will overlook and forget the unwelcome presence of

Giovanni dei Buondelmonte.

Buondelmonte despatched his letter to Padre Severino by a trusty messenger, whom he desired to request an answer from the Padre.

The priest read the letter with great surprise, and carried it to

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Amidea, who, on recognising the hand, at first turned aside with a look of displeasure.

"Read it, read it, my child," said the old man, hastily; "it concerns you much, and it will not wound your feelings, or I would not offer it to you. Read it, and share in my surprise."

Amidea read it.

"Oh, father!" she exclaimed, "if there be truth in man; if he be not sporting with me now, it is of Florestan's fame he has to speak. Perhaps he has found proofs of that unhappy victim's innocence."

"I agree with you, Amidea, that this communication regards the late Captain Bastiani; Buondelmonte was always anxious to gain some clue to his fate."

"Surely," said Amidea, "I need not distrust Buondelmonte since he desires *your* presence. We will go, father?" she added, in a tone of interrogation and hesitation, as if asking leave.

"We *will* go," rejoined the priest; "it seems our duty to the accused. And besides, by complying with Buondelmonte's request we may find means to avert the civil discord that I greatly fear his inconstancy and inconsiderateness are bringing upon Florence."

"I feel now," said Amidea, with animation, "that I can forgive him all: yes, and embrace his beautiful bride, if needs were, though Imma has been very false, at least very uncandid, to my proffered friendship."

The old priest gave her a look of approbation, and wrote a few lines, which he delivered to Buondelmonte's messenger.

Buondelmonte received the Padre's favourable reply with pleasure, and his next care was to warn his "witness," who was no other than his midnight deliverer. By means of a preconcerted plan, the noble Guelph gave him notice that he must attend next morning at the appointed rendezvous. The notice was received with a delight so extreme that it almost amounted to pain; and all the persons concerned waited, apart from each other, with highly wrought feelings till the hour of an interview so agitating to all should arrive.

CHAPTER XXV.

Joys unexpected, and in desperate plight,
Are still most sweet, and prove from whence they come.
Cæsar and Pompey.—Geo. Chapman.

Next morning, at the hour indicated, Padre Severino and Amidea repaired to the chapel in the monastery of St. John. The chapel appeared to be empty; but as they proceeded further

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within the building, Buondelmonte advanced to them from a recess.

Amidea's heart beat, and a glow passed over her brow; but she had previously schooled herself, and she held out her hand as a token of amity to the young Guelph, who took it with deep respect, and endeavoured to express, as collectedly as he could, his thanks for her generosity; and he added—"I do not ask your entire forgiveness, earnestly as I desire it, till you acknowledge I have deserved it. There is but one reparation I could offer to you, and *that* I am enabled to do by a most unexpected combination of circumstances. May I pray you, reverend father, and your fair charge, to accompany me to a part of this monastery where my kinsman the superior's kindness will secure us from interruption."

He opened a small side door in a recess, and they ascended a turret stairs, and proceeded along a gallery till they arrived at a small, simply-furnished room. There were a few heavy oaken chairs, and a small table, on which stood drinking-cups, a vase of water, and a flagon of wine.

"Here," said Buondelmonte, "we need fear no intrusion, and I pray you to be seated;" turning to Amidea—"you will need all your strength."

"You terrify me," said Amidea, growing very pale, and grasping the Padre's hand, for she was nearly overcome at seeing herself on the brink of some agitating scene; and she was powerfully affected by the silence and loneliness of the place, which was in a remote, unused part of the monastery.

"Fear nothing," replied Buondelmonte; "I am a harbinger of good."

He advanced to the table, poured out a cup of water, which he presented to Amidea, and said, "There is wine in that flagon, but it is too early to offer *that* to you yet." And as he spoke he smiled significantly, as if his words had a double meaning. "Now I will go seek my witness."

He quitted them; but Amidea and the priest were too much excited to remain quiet in the small turret-room, and they advanced to the door, which commanded a view of that part of the monastery. It was a square, formed by lofty stone walls, covered with an unadorned roof, and flagged with black and white stones. Along one side ran a gallery, supported by stone pillars, having the turret-chamber at one end; and at the opposite end a flight of stone stairs descended to the square below, in which appeared a small heavy door, rounded at top, and thickly studded with large nails. The scene was lighted by two small windows with heavy stone frames, one at the centre of the gallery, the other immediately opposite.

Amidea and the priest looked down from the gallery.

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"This dreary scene," said Amidea, "appears only fitted for something melancholy. How strange and hollow my voice sounds! But look there!"

At this moment the heavy door below opened, and Buondelmonte appeared, followed by a male figure, on which Amidea and the priest gazed with intense interest. It was Buondelmonte's midnight deliverer. He was now again masked; his hat was flapped over his brow, and his person carefully concealed by the ample foldings of the well-worn military cloak. He took Buondelmonte's arm, and they advanced slowly.

"That was the cloak of a Ghibelline officer," whispered the priest. "I can perceive where it was once embroidered. See how it has been stained with blood."

"This man," whispered Amidea, "was surely a comrade of Florestan."

"It is one of the Glee-singers," said the priest; "his cloak has flown open, and discovers the green dress worn by those minstrels."

"Then," replied Amidea, "it is the man whose welcome song promised me hope. Oh! I remember 'the silver-white lily.'"

"Hush!" said the priest, "they are at hand." And he drew her within the room, but she could still see into the gallery and watch the men approach; the stranger frequently stopping as if from agitation, and Buondelmonte animating him as he led him along.

They now entered the turret-room, and Buondelmonte secured the door. Amidea, unable to support herself, sat down; the priest stood beside her. Buondelmonte leaned his back against the door; but the stranger, walking forwards, stopped just before Amidea, and stood silent. Amidea, averting her eyes from him, addressed Buondelmonte:—

"Who is this?"

"A friend; the tenor-voice of the Glee-singers, called Brunetto."

"Did he know," she began eagerly . . . .

"Question him yourself," interrupted the young Guelph; "I brought him here for that purpose."

She now addressed Brunetto, her voice trembling very much:—

"Have you ever known the late unfortunate Captain Bastiani?"

There was no answer; but the Glee-singer threw off his cloak, and showed his finely-proportioned figure; took off his large hat, and suffered his bright black hair to wave over his brow; he removed his mask, and Amidea and the priest exclaimed together, "Florestan!" and gazed with astonishment at the unexpected apparition; while Florestan, clasping the hand of Amidea, hung over her with a deep and silent feeling.

They looked earnestly in each other's countenance. Amidea

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marked the clear, serene, steady light in Florestan's eyes, and felt convinced of his innocence; Florestan read in Amidea's eyes that he was beloved—believed. Their first gaze brought a happy consciousness to the heart of each; their second remarked the alteration that little more than eighteen months had wrought in each. Florestan was more pale and thin; his features were more prominent, and his countenance had acquired a sickly appearance; but the same beautiful expression was there—the same placid smile on the lip. Florestan saw that Amidea's rich carnation had faded; that her sparkling air was gone; that her eye had less light, her figure less elasticity; and there was a slight contraction, as from mental pain, about her brow. But she only appeared to him the more lovely for this alteration, which told him he had not been forgotten or unwept.

All had been silent from deep feeling; but now Buondelmonte approached Amidea, and addressed her:—

"Now, Amidea, may I not hope pardon for the past? Instead of my own hand, I present you with one calculated to render you happier than mine ever could have done."

Amidea replied—"Kind Buondelmonte! my heart thanks you; this is more than amends. But speak to me, Florestan, speak to me; assure me this is your own, your living self. So many questions, so many thanksgivings, crowd to my tongue, that I know not what to utter first. Florestan! you are silent, as they say ghosts are; how often must I adjure you, speak to me?"

"My Amidea!" said Florestan; "but dare I call you so?"

"Why not?" cried Amidea; "why else are you restored to me from the dead?"

"My Amidea! it has been but lately that I dared to dream of a moment like this."

"Where have you been, Florestan, while I have been mourning your death? where have you been?"

"Often very near you, but unseen, Amidea."

"Yes," she replied, "and I have often heard your voice, and it has thrilled me, and I have thought it something familiar. Oh! I would have given worlds could any one then have whispered to me, 'That is indeed the voice of Florestan.'"

Then Amidea, recollecting Padre Severino, turned to him, and demanded with all the jealousy of affection—

"Father, why have you not spoken to Florestan? why have you not told him how we rejoice to see *him* whom we believed buried among the fallen at Bouvines?"

The priest had been hitherto a watchful spectator, intently employed in observing Amidea and her lover; but on being appealed to he took the hand of Florestan:—

"Welcome, my son! welcome once more to our eyes; and not the less so that my surprise has kept me silent awhile. We have

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grieved for your loss, we have wept over your reputed dishonour. And tell me, Florestan, I conjure you, tell me what this dear kind maiden, in the confusion of her joy, has forgotten to ask—tell me, can you now clear your fame?"

Amidea looked up breathless, while Florestan answered slowly and sorrowfully—

"Ah, father! that is a painful question. I trust in the justice of Heaven that time will yet enable me to do so; but as yet I have no means of *proving* my innocence, I can as yet only *assert* it most solemnly."

"And I will believe that assertion," said Amidea, emphatically.

But Padre Severino exclaimed, "Unhappy and mysterious man! why, then, have you presented yourself before us? You have done wrong to awaken in the half-broken heart of that poor maiden feelings which were better dormant for ever, than thus to mock her with empty visions. Yes, you have done wrong!"

Before Florestan could reply, Amidea broke in—

"Pardon me, Padre, if my heart contradicts you, and feels that he has done well—*very* well. He has come just at a time when I was gazing on a dreary horizon, without a speck; he has come to cheer the prospect. And oh! surely his unexpected coming, his resurrection, as it were, from the grave, should be an omen to us that his fame will yet be restored."

"Generous Amidea!" said Florestan; "it is *for* you that my hope lives; it is *from* you that it is derived. The breaking of your marriage contract was to me a presage that Providence reserved you for me."

"I take it thus," answered Amidea. "I can feel no fear; how can I now that you stand before me, risen again from a bloody and dishonoured grave? I can wait with patience for the revelations of time. I never felt such hope, such confidence as I do now."

"I feel as you," interposed Buondelmonte, "or I should not have brought Florestan to your presence, though I owe my life to him. You have heard of my escape from a midnight assassin,—Florestan was my deliverer, and risked his life for me."

"My Florestan! good and brave as ever!"

"And the good and the brave and the injured will be yet righted," answered Buondelmonte.

"Yes," said the priest, "yes, so we trust. But what foundation have you, Messer Buondelmonte, now, more than before, for believing the integrity of one whom you were persuaded by his comrades, the other Glee-singers, to believe guilty."

"One foundation," replied Buondelmonte, "is the very accusation of those Glee-singers themselves. How can they be credible witnesses against a man with whom they continue to live, in the same retreat, on terms of uninterrupted friendship? If they know

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his guilt so well, why not deliver him up to justice for lurking in Italy contrary to his sentence?"

"True," observed the confessor; "but the elder singer owns that he had never seen Bastiani."

"And this proves," replied Florestan, "that he accuses me from hearsay, not from his own knowledge. He is the brother of that unhappy Rosara who was stolen by some one to whom my name only has been attributed. He is worthy of compassion, for he idolized his sister. Were *I* the person who has injured him, he must have made some discovery during the time we have lived together. The boy Antonio affirms that he knows Florestan Bastiani well; yet he lives with me in peace, and gives no sign of recognition. Is not this a proof that he accuses me wrongfully?"

"True! true!" cried all the hearers.

"But," added the priest, "how do you account for his assertions?"

"I believe him to be deranged," returned Florestan. "His deep melancholy and his wild accusations afford strong grounds for the belief. He probably heard my story at the time of his first becoming insane; it took possession of his mind, and he identifies himself with it."

"And," said Padre Severino, "he accounts for the disappearance of Rosara by affirming that she was murdered by you."

Florestan uttered an exclamation of horror.

"What wondrous calumnies are heaped upon my unhappy head! First sacrilege, then murder! And I never even once beheld my supposed victim. But, reverend Padre, can you believe Antonio, since he lives in amity with such a wretch as he describes me to be?"

"Oh! my son," said the old man, taking the hand of Florestan, whom he really loved, "believe me it is not austerity that makes me desirous to sift these mysteries to the bottom. It is my love for you and for my daughter, whose happiness depends on the restoration of your fame. It is my anxiety to be convinced that you can one day claim and obtain her hand. With what joy shall I welcome that day!"

"Believe me, believe me," said Florestan, with energy, "I would never have dared to reappear before you or Amidea, if I did not come in innocence and hope."

"I *will* believe you, Florestan," replied Amidea. "You *could* not be so cruel as to seek me only to renew useless agitations; you know that I have borne my share of trouble. My happiness was shaken to the foundation by the first accusation against you. I clung to every little hope of your acquittal; I wept over those extinguished hopes. I mourned over your supposed death; then I suffered myself to be persuaded that I ought to obey the wishes of my country, and the reward of my sacrifice has been . . . ." she stopped short, remembering Buondolmonte's presence; and

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seeing that he looked embarrassed, she said frankly, "Forgive me if I unthinkingly alluded to what is more than expiated now. Yet," she added, smiling, "I am inclined to doubt that you knew the good service you rendered me by your inconstancy. Tell me honestly, did you on *that day* know of Florestan's existence?"

Buondelmonte confessed he did not.

"Well," replied Amidea, "I am too much pleased with the issue of the event to seek further into it. In general we take the will for the deed, but I am content to take the deed for the will. But," turning to her lover, "was it not you, Florestan, who sang to me that lay of hope, 'The silver-white lily?'"

Florestan assented, and she resumed—

"It was a cheering song, but I did not guess half it promised. I only thought it prophesied justice to the dead. But why did you let your comrades agitate me with that contradicting song?"

Florestan expressed surprise; she explained to him the occurrence, and he at once understood the cause of his comrade's conduct.

"How came you with those men under the name of Brunetto?" asked Amidea.

"And why was I not killed in the Battle of Bouvines?" said Florestan, with one of his smiles of former days.

"There is so much to be explained," observed Buondelmonte, "that questions would be endless. It were better, Florestan, that you recounted all your adventures in order, as you did to me on the night you saved me. Meantime I will relieve you of my presence, and spend an hour with the superior. But before I go there is a health we must pledge." He poured out a cup of wine to each and continued—"This is Aleatico, the wine of your favourite Arezzo."

And Amidea remembered what she had felt when he offered her Aleatico at the Palazzo Donati.

"Come," continued Buondelmonte, cheerily, we three will drink 'to the speedy restoration of Florestan's fame.'"

The pledge was drunk, and Florestan reminded Amidea of the last evening they spent together at Arezzo, when they had breathed a last kind wish to each other over a cup of Aleatico.

"Something of that I had heard," said Buondelmonte, gaily, "and I was determined your meeting should be as charitable as your parting was. Now farewell awhile; and, reverend Padre, do not marry them till I come back; it would not be proper without a witness, you know."

And he left the room, and they heard him run merrily down the stairs, humming a tune as he went.

Amidea eagerly demanded of Florestan his story; he promised compliance, and seated himself opposite to her and the priest. And Florestan and Amidea felt that simple turret-room was to

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them more than a palace; that quiet hour was worth a life-time. They were very happy—not with riotous, vehement joy; it was a sober and chastened feeling. Vehement joy wearies the spirit; chastened happiness refreshes it. The happiness that comes after suffering and sorrow is like the blessed rest that steals over the senses after a release from wearying pain. The spoiled child of prosperity does not know the blessedness of this feeling, even as he who has never been a weary watcher knows not the value, the blessing of sleep.

VIOLA.

A LEGEND OF THE ADRIATIC.

BY THE STUDENT.

THE stars are brightly beaming, love,
Over the rippling sea,
Their gentle rays down-streaming, love,
Have steer'd my bark to thee;
That now, while the world is dreaming, love,
We forth may wander free!

Day is for busy care, my love,
For strife and the victor's palm,
But at eve our spirit's share, my love,
The hour's sweet tranquil calm;
When the heavens and sea are fair, my love,
And each whispering breath is balm.

Then over the waters wide, love,
'Mid the stillness and repose,
Swiftly our bark shall glide, love,
Unheeding friends or foes,
Whilst bright in the heavens our guide, love,
The star of evening glows.

Then, now by the pale light beaming, love,
Over the rippling sea,
From the deep blue sky down-streaming, love,
To guide my bark to thee.
While the weary world is dreaming, love,
Forth let us wander free.

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Soft falls thy gentle step, lady so fair,
Calling no echo forth on the still air;
Back with that jealous veil! mantling thy charms,
Shine in thy loveliness, fear not alarms.
Joy thee, Colonna, now! night is around thee,
Else might thy rivals claim charms that have bound thee;
Else as thy lady-love left her proud halls,
Where now her light step in loneliness falls,
High hearts had bounded, and strong arms had striven,
Ere to thy victor-hand she had been given.
Guard thee, Colonna, now, guard thy prize well,
Who shall the perils that compass thee tell?

The light bark is entered, her treasure secured,
Then silent she glides from her resting unmoored;
Like the sea-bird that bathes its bright plumes in the spray,
She speeds o'er the waters—away and away!
And list now! the Spirit of Silence awakes,
Though sweet is the breath that its slumberings breaks—
The breath of sweet melody, plaintive and slow,
Entrancing the waves as they tranquilly flow.
Colonna's lone bark is the well-spring of song,
As the glad waters bear it so gently along;
Colonna's fair Viola pours forth the strain
To the wondering heavens and listening main.

VIOLA'S SONG.

Alas, for human tenderness!
Its hopes and fears;
Love's fount is, in life's wilderness,
A fount of tears!

Alas! affection's faithfulnesss
Brings no relief;
From love's warm-hearted truthfulness
Springs only grief!

Love we? yet vainly, hopelessly,
Not lov'd again.
What can we, but seek cheerlessly
The grave to gain?

Or are we lov'd? Yet fearfully
We may estrange
Our fond heart's wealth, and tearfully
Mourn the sad change!

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Woe, then, for human tenderness!
Its hopes, its fears!
Love's fount is, in life's wilderness,
The fount of tears!

Who steals with secret step, now in night's noon
By the dark, silent shore of the Lagoon?
Why stands that lonely one, wrapp'd in deep shade?
Keeps he his trysting hour? waits he the maid?
Sternly his gaze is fix'd, low'ring and dark,
On the swift bounding course of yon lone bark;
Near and still nearer the waves bear it on,
Swiftly the shore and its home will be won.
Mark you that loneliness! dark though the night
The glance of those bright eyes shed radiance and light.]
Mark you that noble form! lightly he lands
And in Viola's palace Colonna there stands.
"One kiss and I leave thee, my Viola, now,"
And his lips leave their seal on his Viola's brow.
He turns,—but more swift than the lightning's own dart,
Has the murderer's steel found a grave in his heart.

Ah! Viola, hearts have been faithful ere now;
Where, where shall we seek the more faithful than thou?
The pale marble round thee stands now far less pale
Than the marble brow shadow'd beneath thy dark veil;
The cold earth around thee no coldness can know
Like the death-chill that Mercy hath sent to thy woe!
Alas! for earth's tenderness, hopes, and sad fears,
Too truly love's fount is a fountain of tears!

Pangbourne Cottage.

ON AN OLD PAINTING INSCRIBED "AMOR IN CORDE," REPRESENTING A CHILD WITHIN A HEART.

BY J. K.

Lo! here the painter's hand hath figured out
A heart of human mould, and all within
Sits a boy, smiling, with roses twin'd about,
As calm as peace, and beautiful as sin.
Such were the eld Love and his dwelling-place,
When knights broke lances and the minstrels sung;
But Love's now lost his smiles, his chiefest grace,
And dwells no more in hearts but on the tongue.

Morden, Surrey.

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THE GALLEY-SLAVE.[1]

FROM THE GERMAN.

"WHILE he spoke, or rather stammered this, I observed his inward emotion. His face was deadly pale, his lips blue, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. All convinced me that last night, when under the influence of wine, he had divulged that at which he was now terrified, as he saw himself entirely in my power. Laying my hand upon his shoulder, I whispered in his ear—

"'Bertollon, lose no time, dress yourself, take money sufficient, and fly! the consequences I will take upon myself.'

With a look expressive of some dreadful purpose he asked—

"'Why?'

"'Fly!' said I, 'while there is yet time.'

"'Why?' repeated he; 'have you the intention—? or perhaps already—'

"'By everything you hold dear or sacred, fly, Bertollon.'

"While I was whispering to him he jumped out of bed, and ran about the room as if seeking for something. Thinking that he had forgotten to remark, in the terror of the moment, that his clothes lay upon the bed, I stooped to reach them for him; in the same moment I heard the report of a pistol and saw the blood flow over my breast. The door was opened, and the alarmed officer entered. Bertollon, who stood with a pistol in each hand, seemed petrified at the unexpected appearance of the officer.

"'Villainous dog!' cried he, with the distorted gesture of despair, and pointing the loaded pistol towards my head, fired a second time. Bertollon had shot himself! He staggered a few paces towards me and I received him in my arms. His head was shattered to pieces.

"I fainted, and on recovering found myself in my room, attended by the doctor and servants. My wound under the left shoulder, after being examined and dressed, was pronounced without danger. Everything was in the greatest confusion. Many of Bertollon's friends came and overwhelmed me with questions; but I made my escape from them, and as soon as I had changed my dress, and felt in some degree refreshed, I ordered a sedan-chair to convey me to the Hall of Justice.

"Meantime, Bertollon's suicide being generally known, a number of people surrounded the house; and on hearing where the sedan was ordered, curiosity induced them to follow. A private

[1] Concluded from page 444, vol. xliii.

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sitting of the court had already decided the sentence of Madame Bertollon. In the same moment I entered, she was conducted into the court to receive her sentence before the assembled multitude. I begged to be heard, as I had important discoveries to make. The permission to speak being granted, I commenced—

"'My lords, I have before stood in your presence as the accuser of innocence; I am now come to her rescue, and to prepare her for that triumph which she merits. I have been misled by the appearance of circumstances; deceived and abused by my friend, I became participator in a cruelty without knowing it. The unfortunate before you, whose sentence you were about pronouncing, is innocent of the crime imputed to her!'

"I now circumstantially related the events of the preceding night, as well as an account of Bertollon's suicide, and his attempt to deprive me of life. The officer and lame Jacques stood near me as witnesses. The latter perfectly remembered seeing Bertollon come out of his wife's room the night previous to his being poisoned. No one had expected such a solution of events, after I had gained the victory over my adversary.

"While I spoke, astonishment and horror were depicted in the thousands of faces around me. When I ceased a slight murmur rose, which broke forth into loud and repeated shouts. The mob cheered my name, and the eyes of those around were bedewed with tears. To think of restoring order again in the hall was impossible. Madame Bertollon had fainted, while surrounded by her congratulating friends. The vice-governor of the province, a relation of the Marshal de Montreval, whom either chance or curiosity had induced to visit the court of justice, descended from his elevated seat and publicly shook me by the hand. M. Mernard followed his example, while cheered by the shouts of the enthusiastic crowd.

"I desired to be conducted to Madame Bertollon. My knees trembled, and I sank exhausted before her, moistening her hand with my tears, as I exclaimed—

"'Can you forgive me?'

"With an angelic smile, and a look of unutterable affection, she repeated my name, while tears prevented her saying more.

"The sitting of the court broke up, and the judge noticed me with marks of peculiar favour. In vain I endeavoured to return to Madame Bertollon. I was conducted through the mass of people, who overpowered me with proofs of approbation and respect, to the outside of the hall.

"Just as I was about stepping into the sedan, a young and well-dressed man prevented me.

"'It is impossible,' said he, 'that you can return to a house with agreeable feelings which contains the corpse of a self-murderer, and which in every respect must remind you of past dreadful

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circumstances. Do me the honour, I beg of you, sir, if only for a short time, to make my house your home.'

"This invitation was given with so much warmth and sincerity, that upon his repeating it I could no longer refuse. He pressed my hand, and giving his orders to the sedan-chairmen, disappeared. Followed by the shouts of the populace through the streets of the town I arrived, after some time, at the house of my unknown friend. I remarked that it was in the neighbourhood of Bertollon's house, and in the street where Clementine lived, which, though confused and stupified as I then felt, was no unpleasant discovery to me. The sedan was carried into a large and magnificent building, where the friendly unknown already awaited me. I was conducted up the marble staircase by two servants. All that is dreadful or delightful in the life of man I experienced in the few short hours of this day. A folding door opened and some ladies advanced towards me. The eldest addressed me—

"'I am much indebted to my nephew for having procured me the honour of seeing the noble-minded deliverer of innocence at my house.'

"Who can describe my astonishment? It was Madame de Sonnes, and Clementine stepped forward from behind her mother. I attempted to stammer some reply to her politeness, but in vain. The loss of blood in the morning, after a night of watching and a day in which I had been a prey to the most violent and affecting sensations, had so exhausted me that at sight of Clementine I fainted. A fever was the consequence of my wound and agitation of mind, and for many weeks I was confined to my bed and room. Young M. de Sonnes seldom left me; he had procured my small possessions from the house of Bertollon—the harp was there, but I looked in vain for the wreath. M. de Sonnes informed me, that immediately Madame Bertollon was liberated, she had left Montpellier and retired to a distant convent. He then presented a letter directed to me, which had been enclosed, under cover, to Madame de Sonnes.

"'No doubt it contains the thanks of Madame Bertollon,' said he, as I took it with trembling hands, and as soon as I was alone read it with eagerness. Since then it has been my companion in weal and woe. Here it is.

"'Convent, St. G *, at V * *
"'May 11th, 1702.

"'Farewell, Alamontade! These lines, which are the first I have ever addressed to one of your sex, will also be the last. I have retired from a stormy life, and taken refuge in the solemn stillness and sacred walls of a convent. I have separated myself without regret from all that was once dear to me, and have only taken with me the thorns which have wounded me. Oh! that I

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could have left them, and my too faithful memory without. But these remain to make me anticipate with delight the approaches of my best friend—death. Yes, Alamontade, even in this sacred spot I cannot disguise from you what you already know; but that you should believe me guilty, become my accuser—you, for whom I would cheerfully have sacrificed my existence! This, Alamontade, has weaned me from the world, and broken the link which still bound me to life. Yet I will not reproach you, most noble, generous, and still beloved Alamontade, for you were innocent. Deceived by false appearances, you risked being unhappy rather than ungrateful, and offered me as a sacrifice to friendship and justice. In a moment of desperation I determined to put an end to my existence; to lose in death the misery and guilt of that affection which I could not subdue. For this purpose I procured the poison. Here is the secret which shame locked in my bosom, even when threatened with the torture; and must it be you, Alamontade, who persisted in forcing it from me? In the walls of this convent I see the end of my short pilgrimage. The lime trees before the grated windows of my cell spread their shade over the small spot where I shall soon be at rest. Ah! how melancholy it is to feel so solitary in the world! I am forlorn, for no one loves me; my friends have forgotten me in their joyful circle, for my tears would only disturb their happiness. I fade like the lonely flower upon the mountain, unseen and unknown, and my disappearance will excite neither tears nor regrets. And you, whom I have so tenderly loved, receive these lines as an eternal farewell. They are dictated by a broken heart, and written by a dying hand. I have performed my last duty; disturb not my repose by writing; I will receive no letters, and will never see you more. My last sigh shall be yours, and in a prayer for your happiness death will conduct me into a better life.

"'Amelia Bertollon.'

"I complied with her desire, and neither attempted to write nor see her. She died, and I have often wept at her remembrance.

"During my illness Madame de Sonnes and Clementine often visited me, and treated me more like a near relation than a stranger. Madame de Sonnes was a woman of superior understanding and polished manners. She seemed to live more for others than herself, and was never so happy as when procuring pleasure, or rendering service to some one. Clementine was worthy of such a mother, for no one could approach this innocent lovely creature without being attached to her. Distinguished as she was by all, she appeared ignorant of her superiority of mind and person. Since I had been an inhabitant of the house she had not played upon the harp; she was likewise much more bashful than during our former distant intercourse. She spoke less with me than

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others, and yet was attentive to my minutest wishes. As my affection for her increased to an unconquerable height, a thousand hindrances likewise occurred to check the hope of ever calling her mine. I was poor, in possession of nothing but a good character and the general esteem. Since Bertollon's law-suit I was considered of more importance, and daily increased the number of my clients. But how long had I to toil before a sufficient fortune would crown my industry that I dare request the hand of Clementine! I saw her daily in the room, in the garden, and in company. She must have perceived how much I loved her; my speech, my silence, every action betrayed the state of my heart. Each day added to my unhappiness, and there seemed no alternative left but to separate myself from her. This I quickly determined to put in practice, and hired a house, at the same time informing M. de Sonnes of my intention. He and his aunt in vain endeavoured to dissuade me from it, but I withstood their wishes and solicitations. Clementine seemed more serious, and, I thought, more sorrowful.

"'You are very cruel,' said Madame de Sonnes to me, one day. 'In what have we offended you that you will punish us so severely? If you persist in going you will take with you the content of our formerly happy family. We are all attached to you; do not then leave us, I entreat you.'

"Every reason I could assign to justify my departure was unavailing; the only and most important I dared not discover.

"'Well,' replied she, at last; 'we must conform to your decision; I see we are more indifferent to you than I thought. Why is it not allotted to man that friendship should take no deeper root in the heart than what might be obliterated at any time, and without painful feelings? This will give Clementine much uneasiness; I sadly fear she is going to be ill.'

"I was pale and trembling as I repeated—

"'Clementine! be ill?'

"'Come with me to her room,' said Madame de Sonnes.

"As she opened the door she said to her daughter—

"'He will not; do you persuade him!'

"I was left alone with Clementine, and the lovely image of pensive beauty which met my gaze will never be effaced from my remembrance; and amidst all the horrors which have encompassed me in different parts of the world, it has ever retained its vivacity and charm.

"On my entrance she looked up and smiled through her tears. Kneeling before her I took her hand, and said,

"'Do you likewise request my stay? Command and I will willingly obey, even if by so doing I should increase my own unhappiness.'

"With an inquiring glance she said,

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"'Are you then unhappy in our family?'

"'You are unconscious of it, Clementine, for you desire to spread happiness around you; but the time must sooner or later arrive when I shall be deprived of your society; what will then become of me?'

"As I spoke I pressed her hand upon my beating heart.

"'Always remain with us, then,' said she.

"'Would to Heaven that I need only separate from you but in death,' I exclaimed.

"'Do you then doubt the constancy of my friendship?' he asked.

"'Have I any claim upon your friendship, Clementine? And this heart; will it not be inspired with affection for some more fortunate being than—and then, Clementine, then—'

"'Never, Alamontade!' she replied, as she hastily rose, and turned away her face to conceal the soft blush which stole over it.

"Rising, I pressed her to my heart, and the sweet expression of her eyes betrayed what her lips refused to utter.

"'I remain,' cried I.

"'And for ever!' she added.

"A few hours after I met Madame de Sonnes; smiling, she asked,

"'What change have you wrought in Clementine? she is so altered, she seems the happiest of the happy. But why do you blush, Alamontade? I wish to express my gratitude; yet how shall I thank you?'

"While she spoke she embraced me.

"'You are generous, noble-minded,' she continued. 'I was well acquainted with the secret motive for your leaving us.'

"I was so astonished that I could not articulate a syllable.

"'Singular enough! And did you then imagine I had so little penetration, Alamontade, as not to discover your affection for Clementine? Why then would you wish to hide it from her mother? Clementine loves you; make her happy, and in so doing you insure my happiness.'

"Overpowered with agitation and gratitude, I sank at her feet.

"'Not so!' said she; 'why should a son prostrate himself before his mother?'

"'Madame,' cried I, 'you sanction more than my boldest hopes dare—'

"'Alamontade,' she replied, 'you have restored peace again to our family. Though a mother I possess no control over the affections of my daughter; they have long been yours; on your account she has refused every offer. I seek only her happiness, and upon a nearer acquaintance with you, I find not only reason to approve, but bless her choice!'

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"'It is too much,' cried I; 'it was my intention at a distant period, when I had fortune enough—but I am poor, madame.'

"'We are not speaking of fortune,' replied this excellent woman. 'You have a competence, and Clementine has already a considerable fortune, and will be my heiress. A fear of want can give you no uneasiness, and even should you lose your property by unexpected misfortune, you have talents, activity, and probity. I well knew your affection for Clementine was not mercenary; and independent of the partiality of a mother, she has merit enough to be loved for herself alone.'

"In short I was engaged to Clementine, and arrived at the summit of my most sanguine wishes.

"A letter came from London for my deceased father, which was forwarded to the Marshal von Montreval, as governor of the province, with a legacy which was said to be left him by his brother, who had been to the West Indies. At the order of the marshal I repaired for a few days to Nismes. He showed me the letter of the London banker, with a copy of the will, without giving me any further information. The money was delivered over to the government of Languedoc, through order of the Paris bank, and I was declared heir, which put me in immediate possession of a yearly income of fourteen thousand livres.

"I had heard that one of my uncles in his youth had emigrated to America, since which no intelligence had been received from him; but I could scarcely credit that he had accumulated so large a fortune. There seemed so much mystery attending the circumstance, that I determined to write both to the London banker and the magistrate of the province in America where it was said my uncle died.

"'I never heard any further intelligence on the subject, yet I could not help believing that Madame Bertollon, more than my uncle, had been the means of increasing my fortune. The marshal appeared almost dissatisfied at my scruples.

"'Enjoy your undisputed property, and order a dozen masses to be read for your uncle,' said he; 'and that you may not enjoy your fortune quite in idleness, come to me and fill the first place in the chancery of the government. But I must make one agreement, that you reside nowhere but in my castle. I must see you daily, as my occupations are so numerous I stand in need of your advice.'

"I thanked the marshal for this distinguished mark of his favour, but requested a little time before I accepted of a situation, the importance of which I feared my abilities were not equal to. He paid me many compliments; and smiling, threatened me with his displeasure if I did not soon decide to fulfil his wishes.

"M. Etienne, my good and excellent uncle, was delighted when he heard of the proposal of the marshal.

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"'Oh, Colas!' said he, 'when you came to me in your linen frock and wooden shoes, and stood before me poor and friendless, it seemed as if I obeyed the command of an inward voice which bade me protect and cherish you, for that you would one day prove the defender of the believers. The Almighty has exalted you; hesitate not to accept the offer of the marshal. It is not his vocation, but 'tis a voice from Heaven calling you to the aid and consolation of the gospel ministry.'

"My uncle, his amiable family, and all his friends, the whole of whom were unacknowledged Protestants, were unceasing in their remonstrances, till at last I half consented to accept the place; I waited only till I heard the opinion of Clementine and her mother. They both agreed that I should by no means reject the offer of the marshal, as it would be losing an opportunity to increase my sphere of usefulness.

"'And we will accompany you to Nismes,' said Clementine. 'Do you still remember the amphitheatre, and the house of M. Albertas? But as to residing with the marshal, that you must absolutely decline.'

"We went to Nismes, and I entered upon my new employment. Love and friendship, riches, consequence, and influence in the affairs of the province made my lot almost too blessed for an erring mortal.

"Clementine's family were in mourning on account of the death of her grandfather, and for the sake of decorum our union was postponed for half a year. But this did not occasion us any disquiet, as we saw each other daily; and what but death could separate us?

"During the first months the marshal favoured me with particular notice; but I never could persuade myself to place confidence in him, or even to meet his kind intentions with cordiality. His friendship inspired me with terror, and his smile conveyed something threatening. He was a man of sense and penetration, but obscured by prejudices which he had imbibed from his monastic education in early youth, and which he still valued as sacred. His constitution being exhausted by former dissipation, he was sickly, terrified at the approach of death, tormented with fancies, and a prey to suspicion. He was severe and arbitrary even to cruelty; and though considered a religious man, his conscience allowed him to sacrifice the interests of many an individual to his humour. The monks were his favourites, and he was led by them without being conscious of it. He never failed attending mass, and passed for a man of exemplary piety. He seldom smiled, was generally cold and serious, yet there was something commanding in his exterior. The more intimately I became acquainted with him the more rooted was my dislike.

"During the first few days of my abode in Nismes I was sur-

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rounded by the holy community of monks. These men feared my endeavour to influence the marshal contrary to their wishes, but after a short scrutiny they seemed perfectly satisfied, praised my character to the marshal, but at the same time regretted that I was a man without any religion.

"The Protestants of Nismes looked upon me as their head and protector, treating me with the most extravagant marks of respect, which must have excited suspicion in the marshal, even if he had previously had no disposition towards it. They began to assume boldness of speech and action. More than once I succeeded in obtaining pardon for their imprudence from the marshal; but this, instead of abating their fanaticism, seemed rather to increase it, as they built upon my intercession and protection. In vain I pointed out the danger which they wantonly incurred.

"'No,' cried my uncle, 'where God is we need not fear danger. Oh! my beloved Colas, fear not man, for God is with you. The good tidings of the gospel shall break forth in France as in the mountains of Switzerland and the forests of Germany. But we must have such men as Zuinglius, Calvin, and Luther, who trembled not before the princes of this world. Follow their example, Alamontade, and God will be your guide.'

"'Are you, too, a heretic?' asked the marshal, as I one day pleaded for the Protestants. He refused my request, and from that time was more reserved towards me.

"I was well aware the little benefit I could be of, as well as the mischief my stay in Nismes might produce, owing to my office, and the erroneous hopes and opinions which the followers of Calvin still entertained of my influence. I therefore determined to request my discharge. The entreaties of Madame de Sonnes and Clementine prevented me during the winter, and the absence of the marshal from Nismes allayed my fears, but only added to the boldness of the Protestants.

"It was on Palm Sunday, in the year 1703, that the marshal, who had shortly returned from Montpellier, invited me to a feast at the castle.. Although I felt no inclination, still I determined to go.

"'And in the morning I request my dismissal,' said I to Clementine, 'even should your mother still object; and then, Clementine, our union can with propriety be solemnized, as I observe you have to day left off your mourning. In eight days I shall claim you as mine, and then we will bid farewell to this dreary town, and hasten to enjoy the beauties of spring at our Montpellier estate.'

"I was called away from her, and in going out found my uncle Etienne, who desired to speak to me in private.

"'Colas,' said he, 'to-day is Palm Sunday, and you must accompany me.'

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"'It is impossible,' I replied, 'as I am invited to dine with the marshal.'

"'And I invite you,' said he, in a solemn tone, 'to partake of the holy sacrament. The nobles of the earth will not sit with us at table, but we assemble in the name of the Almighty, and he has promised to be in the midst of us. Wives and children, in all some hundreds, will assemble this morning to commemorate the Last Supper in my mill at the Carmelite Gate.'

"I was terrified at this information, and inquired if he knew that the marshal was in Nismes.

"'We know it, and the almighty God is likewise here.'

"'Will you then blindly precipitate yourselves into misery, and perhaps a dungeon? The law prohibits, on pain of the severest punishment, all such meetings.'

"'What law? the law of a mortal king; we are commanded to obey God rather than man.'

"He parried all my objections with quotations from the Bible. The more I perceived the impropriety as well as danger of the meeting, the more strongly I described the probable consequences of it. His zeal increased to passion, and he left, calling me apostate, hypocrite, and Papist. I hastened back to Clementine, who had seen my uncle, and observed the marks of displeasure and agitation in his manner; she inquired the cause, but I did not venture to inform her. In her innocent caresses I forgot my fears and uneasiness; and she added to my serenity by telling me her mother consented to my wishes. We were interrupted by my servant, who entered breathless and pale as death.

"'What is the matter?' I asked.

"'Sir,' stammered he, 'the Calvinists are assembled in the mill of M. Etienne, for the purpose of celebrating their prohibited service.'

"It was, then, betrayed.

"'And further?' I cried.

"'The mill is surrounded by dragoons, and all within are prisoners. The preacher and some more of the confined heretics endeavoured to make their escape through the windows; but upon a signal from the marshal the dragoons fired.'

"'Fired!' I screamed; 'and were any killed?'

"'Four of your relations lay dead upon the spot,' answered he.

"Without waiting to inquire further, I seized my hat to rush to the spot, but was prevented by the weeping, trembling Clementine, who, pale and speechless, hung round my neck. Upon the entrance of Madame de Sonnes, I related to her the shocking event, and my determination of hastening to the marshal to endeavour to deprecate his wrath towards these unfortunate people. She approved of my resolution, and entreated me to lose no time

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in putting it in execution. I went, yet turned once more to take another look at Clementine. She had thrown herself, pale and trembling, upon the bosom of her mother. I returned, kissed her pale lips, and hastened away. I had gazed upon her for the last time. Arrived at the Carmelite Gate, I rushed impetuously through the innumerable crowd of people, who stood gazing at the scene before them with a mixture of curiosity, terror, and mirth. With a shudder of horror I beheld above the countless multitude the glittering arms of the dragoons, who surrounded in triple rows the mill of my beloved uncle. On horseback, elevated above all, I saw the marshal. He looked serious and absorbed in thought.

"'Your highness!' cried I, on reaching him.

"He turned round, looked at me, and, pointing with his stick towards the mill, exclaimed without changing a muscle,

"'The wretches! now they are caught!'

"'What are the intentions of your highness?' I asked.

"'I have been reflecting upon them for this last quarter of an hour,' he replied.

"'Oh! pardon these misguided men,' I cried; 'they have trespassed against the law, but rather let them be the objects of your scorn than anger. Let your generosity be evinced to these erring men, and they will return repentant to your feet, and never again . . . .'

"'What!' interrupted the marshal, 'these men are incorrigible; they are rebels—audacious, fanatic rebels. Shall I permit this cursed religion to thrive to encourage the perpetration of a second *Michelade?*'

"'I am sure your highness is too wise and just,' I replied imploringly, taking his hand which hung down, 'to ascribe to these unfortunate persons a deed of cruelty which occurred nearly a hundred and fifty years ago.'

"'It is time to make a severe example of them,' said the marshal, who till now seemed undecided.

"Wresting his hand from mine, he rode a few paces forward without taking the least notice of me, and cried with a loud voice, 'Set fire to the mill!'

"Half petrified I staggered after him, and seizing the bridle of his horse, cried, 'For God's sake have mercy! mercy!'

"'Away!' said he, raising his stick and casting a furious glance at me.

"I relinquished the bridle, and fell upon my knees before the hard-hearted demon, still imploring 'mercy.' I heard the roaring and crackling of the flames, and saw the thick clouds of smoke playing upon the roof of the mill, while the hollow cry of anguish from within almost distracted me. I rose, and, clinging round the legs of the marshal, God only knows what I said to him in the agony of the moment. But he was deaf to me; he was destitute

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of human feeling; the tiger gazed only upon the burning mill. My voice was lost in the uproar around, the mournful cry of the sacrificed, and the thunder of fire-arms. I rushed towards the mill, and, in the same moment, a female precipitated herself from one of the windows. I caught her in my arms; it was Antonie, my uncle's youngest daughter.

"'You are safe, Antonie,' I said, as I carried the almost lifeless girl through the smoke, and exposed to the fire of their guns, and arrived, without being conscious of it, at the side of the marshal.

"'The dog!' cried he. 'I always thought he was one of them!'

"I was not then aware he spoke of me.

"'Down with them!' he roared, as two dragoons tore the fainting Antonie from my protecting arms, and, as she lay upon the ground, shot the innocent victim at my feet.'

"'Right!' said the marshal, with the utmost coolness.

"'Oh! you abominable monster!' I cried, foaming with rage, 'how will you answer this deed before your God and our God—before your king and our king?'

"He sprang towards me, gave me a blow with his stick, and rode over me. Believing he had given orders to murder me, I made an effort to regain my feet, and seized a gun from the arm of a dragoon, determined to sell my life dearly. None ventured to approach me, although the marshal repeatedly called out—'Seize him! seize him!'

"On casting a bewildered look around me, I beheld—oh! horrible sight!—my uncle, with bleeding head, hanging over the corpse of Antonie. I recognised him only by his figure and dress. Uttering a fearful cry, he fell under the fire of the soldiers upon the body of his favourite child. I made an effort to speak to the marshal, but my tongue refused its office; I could only raise my eyes, and point, with the gun still in my hand, towards heaven. I felt a momentary consciousness of receiving violent blows, and sank down in a state of insensibility.

"Till then I had retained my confidence in mankind. I was a subject of the most renowned monarch in the world. France called the reign of Louis the Fourteenth the Golden Age; and Montreval was the vicegerent of Louis; and Palm Sunday, in the year 1703, was a day in the Golden Age! when two hundred human beings were either burnt or shot; when even the infant at the breast was not spared; the property of the murdered was confiscated, and the barbarous act of Montreval crowned with laurels by the hand of majesty!

"As I regained the use of my senses, and could discern objects around me, I perceived I was amongst strangers, and that my head was bound up.

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"'Upon my faith you have a good constitution,' were the first words I heard.

"An old dirty fellow stood at my side and offered me medicine. I looked around in vain for Clementine. I was in a confined room upon a hard, coarse bed.

"'Where am I, then?' I asked.

"'You are with me,' said the man.

"I now recalled to mind the dreadful circumstances to which I most probably might attribute my present situation.

"'Am I, then, a prisoner?'

"'To be sure you are, and legally so,' answered my attendant.

"'Does Madame de Sonnes know of it? has she not sent? dare I not speak to her?'

"'Do you know any one here? where does she live?'

"'In the Martin's Street, at the house of M. Albertas.'

"'Simpleton! throughout Marseilles there is no such street as the one you mention. I believe your fever is not yet over; or, perhaps you do not know that you are in Marseilles.'

"'In Marseilles? Am I in Marseilles? Have I been taken away from Nismes? How long have I been here?'

"'It is about three weeks, poor devil! I can believe that you know nothing about it, for till last night you have been in a raving fever. You must have a good constitution, as long before this we expected to have buried you.'

"'Why am I brought to Marseilles?'

"'When you are recovered you are to put on that frock. Do you know it?'

"'That frock is for a galley-slave; tell me, am I then .... I cannot, I will not believe it. Have they condemned me?'

"'Most likely! But it is said only for nine-and-twenty years!'

"It was too true! As soon as I was quite recovered they disclosed the dreadful sentence to me. On account of ejaculatory threatenings and murderous assaults upon the life of the Marshal von Montreval; exclusive of which, the proofs I had given of being a Protestant, as well as having made use of my influence in my situation for the benefit of the heretics, I was condemned to the punishment of the galleys for nine-and-twenty years.

"I sighed, but in the sweet consciousness of innocence assumed without despair the habit of a galley-slave. It was Clementine's fate that made me weep. I wrote my farewell to her with a pencil upon a torn leaf; but, alas! I was too poor to bribe my attendant, who took my letter, and, after reading it, laughed heartily, and tore it in pieces, saying, 'Here is no post for love-letters.' After putting on my fetters they conducted me, in company with more unhappy beings, to the port, and left me aboard the appointed galley. It was a lovely evening; the last rays of the setting sun reflected upon the town. The harbour was crowded with ships

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from all nations. The dark green hills glistened with innumerable snow-white country seats, and at the entrance of the harbour the eye wandered over the boundless ocean. The shores of my native land now seemed to possess beauties and attractions which I had never before observed, and all now rose in my estimation to make me feel more poignantly the greatness of my loss. Everything seemed to breathe pleasure; I alone was joyless, and saw no end to my wretchedness but in the distant prospect of the grave. I passed a sleepless night; early in the morning the galley left the port. When the sun was risen above the wave, Marseilles was lost to my view. I was chained to the oar, and near me sat five other slaves. What a fate was mine! to be separated for ever from all my friends, from the companions of my youth; ah! Clementine! Clementine! and from thee! Torn from the lap of affluence to the severe task of rowing a galley; forgotten, dishonoured, and among criminals. In exchange for the sweet accents of Clementine, the oaths and ribaldry of thieves, smugglers, and murderers; without books, destitute of any information of the progress of science, left to the resources of my own mind, deprived even of hope! instead of the loved notes of Clementine's harp, the dismal clanking of my chains! No death, in all its terrors, could be so bitter as was this awful transition. 'And yet I will bear it,' I repeated to myself, 'for there is a God, and my spirit will live beyond the grave; my conscience does not accuse me; I have not forsaken the paths of virtue; and though I am forgotten by the world, I possess that inward peace of which no one can deprive me. I have only renounced what was lent me, and my sufferings are only the pain of a body which has not been accustomed to hardship.'

"It was by these reflections that my mind obtained the victory. I have now passed the greatest part of my life, and have attained to old age in the midst of calamity, and without ever hearing of those who once loved me. The only cheerful moments I experienced was during the few cessations from labour to transcribe my griefs, and bedew the recital of my long-departed youthful paradise with my tears.

"The monotonous sound of the oar often awakened the visions of the past, which I should frequently have considered as the effects of imagination, had not the mournful letter of Madame Bertollon by some chance been preserved. I hoarded it with veneration, for it was the last sacred relic of what I once possessed. I have read it upon distant seas, and on the burning coasts of Africa.

"Nine-and-twenty years are elapsed, and now death, my long and ardently desired friend, comes to my release. And you, sir, who have had the compassion to smooth my last hours, your virtue will receive its reward, and we shall yet be re-united in another and a better world."

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The Abbé Dillon laid aside his papers, saying, "This is the fate of Alamontade, from the commencement of his uncommon sufferings. The account of his slavery I have only gathered from some loose papers which were found in a bag, with a knife and pewter spoon, the whole of his possessions. I learnt from Captain Delaubin, who had been for some time commander of the galleys, that Alamontade was not only esteemed, but almost venerated by his fellow-captives. He was their umpire in quarrels, and they never deviated from his decision. He was noticed by the officers in the ship, and was allowed more liberty than the others, and sometimes better fare. The first he seldom availed himself of, and the latter he always divided amongst the slaves, without keeping any for himself. Upon remonstrating with him for so doing, his general reply was—'Amongst us there ought to be no preference, as every favour you bestow upon me only increases the unhappiness of the others.' The clergyman belonging to the vessel sometimes endeavoured to convert him, but he continued an obstinate heretic, and this was his only fault. He was seldom seen to smile, neither was he often depressed. In the midst of the most violent storms he rowed as tranquilly forward as in the stillest calm; and in battle, amidst showers of ball, he was never once seen to stoop. Some considered him fool-hardy, while others looked upon him as shot-proof. It was generally believed that he belonged to a respectable family, not only from the knowledge he betrayed, but likewise from the neatness and order he observed in his coarse slave attire. In the last battle with the Corsairs, when his arm was nearly shot off, he suffered it to be amputated without a groan, only exclaiming, 'Why was it not a few inches higher!' On his being removed from the galley, all his fellow-slaves bewailed his loss, and some of the roughest of them wept like children. This was the substance of what I learnt from Captain Delaubin concerning Alamontade," said the Abbé. "Throughout his chequered life he evinced the most undeviating rectitude, as well as unshrinking fortitude. With a mind rich in its own resources, and heart fixed upon his Creator, he awaited with tranquillity the end of his pilgrimage."

"Unheard-of, indefensible cruelty," said Roderick, "to condemn such a man to the galleys!"

"But, dear Abbé," said I, "there is still one circumstance we wish to be informed of—Did Clementine de Sonnes go to Marseilles? What joy must it have afforded Alamontade to see this tenderly-beloved being after so long a separation."

"When I told him," said the Abbé, "that as soon as Clementine heard he was living and in Marseilles she formed the resolution of seeing him, he was deeply affected, and remained for some time silent. At last he said, with an agitated voice—'I now only desire my life to be prolonged till I have once more seen her.

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Oh, Clementine! perhaps it is not an illusion to think that the Governor of the world regards our noblest feelings.'

"The thought of once more beholding Clementine seemed to overbalance all his former sufferings. He awaited her arrival with the most tender solicitude; but he who with so many virtues had experienced so little happiness, was also denied this blessing —that of seeing her—for Clementine arrived one day after his funeral. She was extremely ill, and accompanied by a physician, who ordered her immediately to keep her bed. I attended her summons, and found her weak and wasted away. Still her countenance bore the traces of former beauty. On being informed of the death of the beloved slave, she raised her weak arms, and elevated her eyes to heaven with a look of inexpressible desire. I showed her Alamontade's picture which I had had taken; she pressed it to her lips, and ordered it to be copied for herself. She likewise requested his knife and spoon, out of which from that time she took all her sustenance and medicine. She seldom spoke, but her mind appeared calm and resigned. I imparted all I knew, and spoke to her only of Alamontade; her eyes were continually fixed upon his picture until they closed in death. At her express desire she was buried by the side of him she had so faithfully loved. She had been deceived by false intelligence, and had long since believed him dead. It is now fifty years since these circumstances happened, yet the remembrance of Alamontade is still vivid and sacred in my memory; for his instructions conducted me out of a labyrinth of doubt, and attached me again to the world with nobler and better ties."

MUSIC AND MOONLIGHT.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

When moonlight softly slumbers
  Upon the breezeless lake,
I love to hear the numbers
  Of music round me break;

For then the new-born pleasure
  Of life's unclouded morn
Comes back in that sweet measure,
  On viewless echoes borne.

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Oft as the soft note lingers
Of some remembered song,
It seems as though the fingers,
That had been mute so long,

O'er silver cords were stealing
With all their wonted sway,
To rouse the heart to feeling,
And call the soul away.

Ye brilliant orbs of glory,
Ye countless eyes of night,
That read the wondrous story
Withheld from mortal sight,

Oh! say, do souls departed
Their blissful wings extend
To seek the lonely-hearted—
The once beloved friend?

Methinks the breeze that flutters
The silken leaves of flowers,
In mystic language utters—
"The *friends* of *former* hours."

And she above all other,
My childhood's light and guide,
My own immortal mother,
Like moonlight seems to glide;

E'en as in life she glided
Along the paths I trod—
Mine own, mine undivided—
Till call'd away to God.

And can such *sweet* communion
With life's extinction end?
The soul's mysterious union
Divorce the living friend?

Ah, no! the soul remembers
Earth's dear affections still,
And guards those sleeping embers
That time can never kill.

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THE PREDICTION.[1]

BY S. J. G.

CHAPTER V.

THE next morning Lady Julia was summoned to Lord St. Roeben's study. His air was cold and silent. He pointed to a seat on her entrance, and placed himself on an opposite one. Julia's cheek was pale, but that was the sole visible trace of emotion; her pure heart neither sank nor trembled; she had marked out for herself one distinct line of conduct, and that, happen what might, she had determined to follow.

"Lady Julia," commenced her father, "I have sent for you in order to explain some matters which are closely connected with yourself. You discarded one lover yesterday, and I to-day present you with another. You may have perceived by the conduct of Sir Arthur Linstead hitherto, that you have made a deep impression on his heart: he has made proposals to me for you hand, and when next you meet him I expect he will be received as your intended husband. He is a man every way worthy of your esteem and affection—young, amiable, wealthy, noble. I trust that no barrier will be opposed to my decision; you have always been treated by me with the utmost kindness and affection, and now in requital I trust that you will cheerfully comply with my request. As for your silly attachment to this Montley Forrests, you must be already so fully convinced of its hopelessness and impropriety that it is unnecessary for me to enlarge on the subject. I shall overlook this matter, as I know it is only the whim of a moment."

During this speech his daughter had listened without betraying one sign of the deep emotions that in the course of that time agitated her heart. Her worst fears were now confirmed; she collected all her energies, and drawing up her graceful form, replied in a clear, calm voice,

"You mistake, my lord, in supposing that my affection is of such an empty nature; you mistake in supposing that I can school my heart to forget or relinquish one who is so worthy of its regard; you mistake in supposing that I can receive, as my husband, him whom I have just proposed. Oh! my father," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "think not that he is fitted for your daughter's husband; see you not evil in his eye; hear you not evil in the tones of his voice? What is nobility—what is wealth, com-

1 Concluded from page 501, vol. xliii.

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pared to purity of heart and soul? Can riches purchase happiness? can riches purchase love? can they bring amity or peace to the costly board, or comfort to the sinner's departing spirit? I covet not an empty title; I covet not wealth; let me only, at some future time, become the bride of him who must ever possess my deep affection; it is all that I wish, all that I crave."

For a moment Lord St. Roeben was overpowered by the eloquence that love and despair had poured from her lips; he could scarcely believe that in the being before him he beheld the silent, timid girl who was wont to obey his slightest command; still his cruel purpose remained unmoved, and after a single instant he exclaimed, stamping his foot furiously on the ground,

"What! madam? What mean you by this bold tirade? Think you I will suffer myself to be bearded at every turn by a silly girl and beggarly boy? Know, Lady Julia, that my wishes *must* be gratified, my commands *must* be obeyed. I will have no more of this whining romance about love and wealth; Sir Arthur's bride you *shall* be."

Lady Julia perceived that if she now yielded an iota, all hope of escaping this odious alliance would perhaps be at an end.

"Pardon me, my lord," she said, "but indeed I cannot be his wife; my affections are irrevocably bestowed on another, and he who does not possess my heart shall *never* possess my hand. I deeply regret that I must appear a disobedient daughter, but from the first hour of our acquaintance I have dreaded and disliked Sir Arthur Linstead."

"Those are," replied her father, endeavouring to restrain the passion that blazed in his eye and quivered on his lip; "those are but the weak ravings of a romantic brain; they will produce no effect on me. Here am I planning your future happiness, and yet you ungratefully endeavour to thwart those plans."

"I am thankful—most thankful, sir," she replied, "for your kind intentions, but you mistake; not to my happiness will they conduce, but to my misery, for should this union which you propose take place, my life would be one tissue of wretchedness."

"I perceive how matters stand," said Lord St. Roeben, trembling with rage: "this scoundrel Forrests has incited you to this; he believes that you must at some time or other become possessed of immense wealth, which he is most willing to secure to himself. But have a care; you both may be disappointed."

"He is incapable of such baseness, my lord!" exclaimed Lady Julia, the warm blood flashing to her cheek at the injustice of such a suspicion; "it is my own unbiassed choice, and *never* shall my hand be Sir Arthur's."

It was in vain that Lord St. Roeben stormed at, threatened, and commanded his daughter in order to gain her assent. Strengthened by her aversion for the baronet and her love for Montley Forrests, she firmly yet respectfully refused to comply.

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"Leave the room, obstinate and ungrateful girl," at length cried her father. "Leave the room, I say, whilst I am able thus far to restrain myself; but mark me, you *must* and *shall* be Sir Arthur Linstead's wife!"

"See, dear mother," said Lady Julia on entering next morning Lady St. Roeben's sick room; "see, I have gathered for you some of those white roses which you so much admired when you were last in my garden; I have reared a tree of them for you, and I think its blossoms are the loveliest I have ever beheld."

"Thanks, my sweet child," replied the lady, tenderly kissing her daughter; "those are indeed beautiful; but—stay—look at me, Julia; why, your cheek is as pale, love, as the flowers you have brought me. How is this? you have been weeping; tell me, are you unhappy? or—ha! do you not love Sir Arthur Linstead?"

Lady Julia covered her face with her hands, and sinking on the couch burst into tears, nor did she rise from that position till her mother was acquainted with every secret feeling of her heart.

"I have not much influence," sighed the Lady St. Roeben, "I have not much influence; but whatever I may possess shall be exerted, my child, with Lord St. Roeben, in imploring him not to urge an alliance which is so hateful to you, and it may happen that at some future time he will consent to your union with him whom you love. Let us hope for the best."

Many more encouraging words did the fond mother speak, much valuable advice did she pour into her daughter's ear, and sleep fell that night on Lady Julia's lids with a calm influence to which she had long been a stranger. Alas! what short-sighted beings we are! Lady St. Roeben, who had long languished in decline, became the next morning alarmingly ill; for three days and three nights did the affectionate daughter unceasingly watch by her parent's bed, and it was by the strongest entreaties that Mrs. Felton could prevail on her even to taste the food which, during that time, she brought to her side. Towards morning on the fourth day the broken-hearted lady breathed her last, her head resting on her daughter's bosom, one cold, thin hand clasped in her's, and the other bathed in Mrs. Felton's tears. When Lady Julia found that her mother was indeed dead, she laid with terrible calmness the dear, dear head upon its pillow, closed the eyes that still gazed on her, and then seated herself beside, cold, still, colourless as a marble statue. She had, it is true, long been expecting this event, but its suddenness had almost bereft her of reason, and thus she sat for many hours seemingly unconscious of Mrs. Felton's presence, and that of two or three favourite domestics, who all vainly endeavoured to rouse her from this terrible apathy. At length the nurse glided from the room, and the next moment a

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beautiful little dog, which had been a favourite of Lady St. Roeben, bounded in, and running to the mourner's side seemed, by every effort, to solicit her attention. At sight of the animal they saw her bosom heave, and uttering a loud, mournful scream she fell senseless on the floor.

In a few days Lady St. Roeben's funeral took place, and from her chamber window the bereaved daughter watched with an almost breaking heart the dark and mournful procession. Never had she felt so utterly lonely and miserable. She could not endure to look upon her father's heartless apathy; there was no friend at hand to sympathize with or console her; that mother, who had been her best and dearest one, was borne to her last home, and some time previously to that sad event Lady Charlotte Hinton had left England for the continent. But the maiden was not friendless; oh, no!—"There is a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother," and in that hour of agony she cast her burden upon him.

By his lady's decease Lord St. Roeben was in decency obliged to postpone for a time his matrimonial schemes, and poor Julia was thus allowed to indulge her sorrows undisturbed. But this period of calmness produced a powerful effect on her destiny. During that time several reports, very detrimental to Sir Arthur Linstead's reputation, were circulated in ——shire and its neighbourhood, but the only one which made an impression on Lord St. Roeben was, that the baronet did not possess the wealth of which he boasted, as an unfortunate propensity for gambling and other pursuits, equally injurious, had involved him in debt and considerably diminished his property. Those unpleasant reports reached his intended father-in-law from persons whose veracity could not be doubted. Most of his acquaintances were aware on whom he intended to bestow his daughter, and they now cautioned him against being precipitate in the matter. She was the last of his race, they said, and one who deserved a king for her consort.

One day very suddenly the nobleman mentioned those whispers to Sir Arthur Linstead himself. The crafty baronet was taken by surprise; he changed colour, and stammered out a vague and imperfect denial; but after a few moments' embarrassment, habitual hypocrisy came to his aid, and with an unabashed countenance he declared that they were vile and scandalous fabrications; that they must have been invented by the malice of an enemy; that he fervently wished he could find out from whom they originated, and that person, *whoever* he was, should feel the wrath of a belied gentleman; and then, with his glittering hand on his heart, turned to Lord St. Roeben, and vowed that above all persons he would not deceive *him*.

Those protestations, however, produced no effect on his lordship. The embarrassment which Sir Arthur had at first manifested tended to increase his suspicions of their untruth, and he

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informed him, that till matters were satisfactorily cleared up Lady Julia could not be his.

Sir Arthur resented this cruel decree with all the seeming ardour of an adoring lover, but finding Lord St. Roeben continue inflexible, he manfully endeavoured to submit.

As the reader may previously be aware, those reports were true; of this Sir Arthur was aware, and he knew, too, that except by words it was impossible to refute them.

On the way home his thoughts were the reverse of agreeable; the idea of possessing Lady Julia's gold, and the immense property which of necessity she must inherit at her father's decease—this idea he would not, and could not, resign; besides, if once *certain* of attaining those desirable objects, he could discharge his debts and bid adieu to a place in which he was so unpopular. But how were those ends to be achieved? Only by the heiress becoming his bride, and he had seen enough of Lord St. Roeben to feel convinced that his inflexibility would not yield till all was explained. There was Montley Forrests, too; if he himself were discarded, that rival might succeed. What plan was he to adopt? With such perplexing thoughts he entered Linstead Park.

CHAPTER VI.

The visits of Sir Arthur Linstead were now, of course, discontinued at Castle Roeben; however, he had one or two interviews with Lord St. Roeben, and those he employed in speaking of his innocence, and soliciting that nobleman to revoke his decree, but this proved equally vain.

A ray of hope and happiness stole through Lady Julia's heart as she perceived the growing coldness between her father and the baronet; those reports concerning the property of the latter had reached her ears, and as wealth, she suspected, was the golden bait which had attracted Lord St. Roeben towards him, she trusted that now, since that had disappeared, his addresses would no longer annoy her. She had been able since her mother's death to see Montley Forrests but twice; however, these interviews were sufficient to convince both parties that never could they forget or relinquish each other.

It was a calm sunny evening in autumn, scarcely four months after Lady St. Roeben's death, when a long elm-shaded avenue in Linstead Park was entered by a servant of Sir Arthur. He was a man not much above the middle height, with a large broad-leafed hat slouched so much over his brows that the features beneath were almost imperceptible. He came in the baronet's

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retinue when first that worthy personage had visited Linstead Park, and enjoyed, it was rumoured, a considerable share of his confidence. Jorton—such was the man's name—did not, however, stand very high in the good graces of his fellow-domestics, as he was exceedingly moody and reserved, appearing ever anxious to avoid observation, and refusing to join in their merriment or pastimes. There was, moreover, an undefinable air of mystery thrown around him, which much annoyed them by its impenetrability. As he paced through the shady walk his head was sunken upon his chest, his arms were folded, and he seemed deeply absorbed in sullen reflection.

"So," he muttered; "so the train of my revenge is again laid, and with goodly hopes of success; may the stars shine with benignant influence upon it! I had well nigh thought I was baffled when her hand was refused this villain, this profligate. Yet it avails not; by my present plans, if they succeed, she may still be his. What joy I feel at the prospect of this full revenge! Was it not *I* who first prompted him to look upon her beauty? Was it not *I* who first whispered of her wealth in his ear? And what a husband he is for the last of an illustrious line! a soulless, heartless profligate; a broken-down, impoverished gambler! Oh! will not the blow cut with delicious depth to the heart of yon haughty noble?"

"What art thou cogitating upon now, Master Solomon?" exclaimed the voice of Sir Arthur behind him.

The man started, turned quickly round, and on perceiving his master, respectfully touched his hat.

"Well, well," said the baronet, "I have come to consult with you a little. This is really a clever plan, Jorton, which you have suggested, but what if we do not find the Lady Julia in her favourite resort to-night?"

"There is little fear of that, sir," replied the other; "I have watched her well, and every evening that is at all fine she is certain to visit the cluster. There are numbers of places there which would conceal more than four men; the lady herself is always alone, and the spot is far removed from every habitation, so that I think we stand a fair chance of carrying her quietly off; however, women are capricious, and if she should *not* be there this evening, we can watch an opportunity of executing our purpose."

"But tell me," said the baronet, "can you rely on the secrecy of Jones and Edwards?"

"Fully, Sir Arthur, fully; the fellows will do anything for gold, and your liberality has supplied them with that," answered the other. "They have promised, too, that when this affair is over they will, if you give them the means, instantly leave for America."

"They shall have what they require," replied the baronet; "if

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this matter prospers I shall be rich enough to make dukes of them all; for even should Lord St. Roeben in his foolish anger refuse to give his daughter's dowry, she *must* at his death inherit all that he possesses. Now, I am aware that this lord is not a *very* old man, but then one might accelerate a little—his—his—you understand me, Jorton?" and he looked significantly under his servant's hat.

"Perfectly, Sir Arthur," he quickly replied, in a tone of voice that seemed strangely agitated: "be assured the hint shall not fall unheeded."

"*You*, at all events, shall not be forgotten," replied his master. "Now, hearken for a moment; you know Montley Forrests? curses light on him! I hate, I abhor him. *He* has been my rival from the very commencement; but for *him* I might long ere this have possessed a handsome wife and a noble fortune, but *he* has thwarted me in all. Well, perchance the tables are about to be turned. I would carry off this silly girl, even were she poor as a mendicant, for his affections are fixed on her, and her's on him. He has been at Sorley these three days past; to-night he returns, and I have directed my faithful Italian, Vinci, to lie in wait on his road, and have a little *rencontre* with the youth as he passes. Well, Jorton, how like you my plan?"

"I confess, Sir Arthur," replied the other, "I do not see the necessity of sacrificing his life."

"His life! fool! not his life! Oh no, no; he shall live to behold the woman whom he adores the wife of another. This will be some revenge. His life! tush! I would not take it now for a million! But when the report reaches him that Lady Julia has been carried off, very probably his suspicions will light upon me, and every effort in his power will be made to rescue her. Now of her father's pursuit there is no danger; he cares more for his dogs than for his daughter; but 'love laughs at locksmiths,' and therefore I should prefer being free of the lover's interference. Vinchi shall give him enough to confine him to his room for at least some weeks, and it is hard if ere that time Lady Julia is not my wife."

"Now that I comprehend it, Sir Arthur," replied his companion, "I think that the plan is an excellent one, and that I may even now congratulate you on having such a rich and beautiful wife."

"Why, so I think you may, with perfect truth," said the baronet. "I am almost beside myself with delight at having it in my power to be revenged on that hateful Forrests. Do you recollect the little ruined tower which stands on the left side of the road from Sorley Villa? That is Vinchi's hiding-place. I think it is time now, Jorton, that you and the others should prepare yourselves, and when you are in readiness I will join you."

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Lorton bowed, and they separated. No sooner had the boy disappeared, than a peasant sprang from some dense thicket at the walk, and, after standing irresolute for a moment, ran with great swiftness from the spot. He did not slacken his pace till he reached a small, neat cottage. On a rustic seat in the neatly wreathed porch sat a young and pretty maiden, with bright blue eyes, soft, fair hair, and a gracefully rounded form. She was busily employed sewing, and did not perceive the young man till panting, he stood beside her. Then, as she looked up, the quick blush rose to her cheek; but it was not displeasure, but as she perceived the distress which his countenance expressed.

"What is the matter, George? What has happened?" she anxiously inquired.

"Oh, dear Rose, such a tale as I have to tell you!" exclaimed he, throwing himself on the seat beside her. "Lady Julia and I have come to consult with you what is best to be done, for there is no time to lose. I went this morning to regulate the little garden for old Jacob Florde, the carpenter, and while I was at work I passed by the elm walk round Sorley Villa, and Sir Arthur and his favourite servant were walking inside. Lady Julia and I were going the same direction with me, the hedge only dividing us, I heard them mention Lady Julia St. Roeben's name, and presently from something they said, I thought it necessary to listen."

He then proceeded to relate the entire of that conversation which Sir Arthur had held with his confidant.

"And now, dear Rose," he added, "now dear Rose, what shall we do? I know how you love Lady Julia, and your advice is always wise."

"This is indeed a dreadful plot," she said, throwing aside her work and starting up; then placing a pretty finger on her lip, she mused for a moment. "We must set about baulking the villains at once, as they are to make the attempt to-night," she said; "I will myself instantly set off to the cluster to warn Lady Julia of her danger. I fear she may be there already, as I know every fine evening she sits reading on that spot."

"Do not go yourself! oh, do not, Rose!" said her lover. "There may be danger, indeed there may; let *me* go."

"Do you fancy, George," replied Rose Grey, "do you fancy that I think of danger when going to serve sweet Lady Julia, her whose kindness to us all we can never repay? And then, I may reach the spot before there is any danger to be feared; and you, George, must go for one like purpose to meet Mr. Forrest. There is a short way from this to Sorley Villa, that joins the long one before it reaches that ruined tower. Go as quickly as possible to that point, watch there for the young gentleman, and, when you meet him, guide him by the short road to the cluster, and you will then know how matters have gone on. How I wish," she

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continued, "that my brother were at home to go with you; but may God be your protection. I will run in for one moment to tell my mother not to expect me back for a little time;" and she stepped over the threshold.

"May God bless and protect you from all harm, Rose dear," said her lover when she again appeared, imprinting a kiss of the purest affection on the lips of his promised bride. "I am very uneasy on your account; and only that I don't know what might happen if we delayed, I should not let you go alone."

"Don't fear for me," replied Rose; "I have a sure Friend above." And, pointing to heaven, she set off on her mission with speed.

In the meantime Lady Julia, ignorant of the impending evil, was spending a delightful evening with her friend, Lady Charlotte Hinton, who the previous day had returned from the continent, and the young heiress was pouring into her attentive ear her joys and sorrows, her hopes and fears. They had wandered out, and Julia led her faithful and sympathizing friend to her favourite resort—the cluster of trees. They had scarcely sat on one of the numerous mossy seats which were erected through this beautiful retreat, when, pale with anxiety, and breathless with haste, Rose Grey rushed into the enclosure, and sank at Lady Julia's feet.

"Oh! come away, come away, my lady!" she implored; "there is danger in being here; men lie in wait, or will do so, to carry you off. Oh! hasten away!"

"What do you mean, Rose?" said the lady she addressed, calmly, yet not without a fear that the pale, panting girl before her was deranged.

"There is no time for explanation," she exclaimed, hurriedly; "but, oh! my dearest lady, if you do not make haste in leaving this, Sir Arthur Linstead and his men will be upon you."

Lady Julia sprang up at that name, and caught Lady Charlotte's arm, who had hitherto been too much astonished to interfere.

"I am convinced there is danger," she now said. "Julia, let us leave this at once."

But scarcely had the words escaped her lips, when a voice near them exclaimed, "Here she is!" and, springing from the thickets, four or five men rushed on the helpless females.

"I will secure Lady Julia; gag the others and tie them to trees," cried the voice of Sir Arthur Linstead; and he caught up the poor girl, whom agony and despair had rendered almost senseless.

He made his way, holding the now lifeless form in his arms, to the place in which two or three horses were concealed; but just as he was raising his victim to his own beautiful steed, he heard a

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loud trampling, and, looking in the direction from which it proceeded, perceived Montley Forrests, his horse covered with foam, sparring furiously towards him. The guilty villain trembled at sight of one whom he thought his minion had, ere this, rendered incapable of interfering, and he stood as if chained to the spot.

"You are baffled, villain, you are baffled," cried the youth, as he flung himself from his reeking charger; "lay down the lady, scoundrel; draw and defend yourself;" and he unsheathed his sword.

The form of Lady Julia slid from the unnerved arms of Sir Arthur; but his horrified gaze was still rivetted on what he considered an apparition.

"Do you refuse to draw?" shouted Montley, "Coward!" and with his sword he struck the baronet smartly on the shoulder.

He appeared electrified by that touch; his keen eyes flashed, and the blood rushed for a moment to his sallow cheek.

"Hah! this is no spirit," he exclaimed; and drawing his weapon, he attacked Forrests fiercely.

In the meanwhile Rose Grey had contrived to escape from her captors, and, making her way with lightning rapidity to the castle, gave the alarm. Lord St. Roeben, followed by a few domestics, the only persons within call at the time, proceeded immediately to the rescue; but ere they had advanced ten paces, George Melling, whom the fleet horse of Montley had left behind, met them and joined the party. They reached the cluster just at the moment when Forrests' strength was almost overpowered; for, having been attacked at all points by Sir Arthur and his minions, the brave youth was nearly mastered by numbers. They were now, however, compelled to turn and defend themselves; and George Melling having released Lady Charlotte Hinton from the tree to which the ruffians had bound her, she and Rose united their efforts in restoring Lady Julia from her swoon.

The instant that Lord St. Roeben appeared, Jorton, Sir Arthur's servant, sprang like a tiger upon him. The attack was so sudden and so unexpected, that the man had dragged him a short distance away ere he had time to recover himself. Not a hundred feet removed from the cluster, was a wild chaos of lofty, jagged, and precipitous rocks, and those bordered, for almost a mile, a deep and rapid river. To the verge of this frightful precipice was Jorton endeavouring to drag Lord St. Roeben; but by this time the latter's presence of mind was restored, and he exerted all his strength in striving to shake off his antagonist's grasp. This, however, he found it was no easy task to accomplish; and almost imperceptibly, step by step, they neared the verge of the beetling cliff. It now became evident that the man's design was to hurl the nobleman into the dark waters beneath; but he, actuated by the impending danger, put forth all his strength, and succeeded in shaking off the deadly embrace. Again

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ere the man bound upon him, but not till the other had had space to draw his sword.

"Murderer!" shouted Jorton, dashing the slouched hat from his own brows; "murderer! dost thou remember the gallant youth whom thy tyranny had caused to be flogged to death? *I* am his *mother!*"

The cheek of Lord St. Roeben paled, and his limbs trembled like an aspen leaf, as he recognised in the being before him the parent of his hapless victim.

"My hour of vengeance is at last come!" she cried, wrenching, by a sudden effort, the sword from his enervated grasp, and whirling it into the boiling surge. "Dog! thou must die! Unknown to thyself thou hast often escaped my avenging hand; but *now* thine hour is come. I have lived for this alone."

During this time Lord St. Roeben had regained his self-possession, and again they are struggling like maniacs on the verge of that frightful precipice. Is it not a fearful sight? The female is actuated by the strongest feelings that ever burned in a woman's or a mortal's breast. See how her eye flames—see with what deadly hatred it is fixed upon him! And he, the guilty one, though the ashy paleness has scarcely yet left his cheek, and a visible quiver rests upon his lip, laughs away his fears, for now is he aware that his antagonist is only a woman. Her strength is already beginning to fail; her desperate efforts to hurl him from the cliff are fruitless; she strains every muscle to accomplish her revenge; the veins on her brow and temples appear bursting, but all is unavailing; she will soon be in the nobleman's power, and herself will probably fill the grave she had destined for him. But Lord St. Roeben's foot slips—they fall—they struggle on—they are now at the very verge—they—they roll over! A loud, wild shriek of delight issues from the Gipsy's lips as she sinks with her hated foe into the sable waters beneath!

When Sir Arthur Linstead's men were attacked by those who accompanied Lord St. Roeben, Montley Forrests, released from the united attacks of so many, continued to fight with the baronet. The tender assiduities of Lady Charlotte Hinton and Rose Grey had restored Lady Julia to consciousness; but their efforts could scarcely restrain her from throwing herself between the combatants. At length Sir Arthur was disarmed, and thrown to the ground.

"Implore your life, villain!" cried Montley Forrests, a foot on his chest; "implore your life, or this sword shall be sullied with the blood of your base and ruffian heart!"

"Strike!" said the prostrate wretch; "but if I cannot, *you* at least shall never possess her;" and before Montley could interfere he had drawn a pistol, hitherto concealed, from his side, presented it at Lady Julia, and fired.

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With a long, mournful scream the maiden fell, bleeding to the ground. At that sight her lover grew sick and dizzy; and, taking advantage of his agitation, the ruffian who had perpetrated the deed regained his feet, and escaped amongst the neighbouring trees. Unconscious of all, save the melancholy condition of her whom he adored, Montley rushed to the spot where lay the unfortunate lady. Her head was supported by Lady Charlotte, the dark eyes closed, and the cheek and lip as pale as marble; whilst Rose Grey vainly endeavoured to stanch the crimson flood that was welling from her side. The lover gazed in heart-breaking agony on the wreck of all his cherished hopes, and, putting aside the trembling hands of Rose, strove to repress the fastly-ebbing tide of life.

"Oh! Julia, Julia, Julia!" he distractedly cried, "look once more upon me; live, dearest, live for my sake!"

She faintly unclosed her eyes, and they beamed upon him with undiminished affection.

"It is in vain, dearest Montley," she murmured, seeing him redouble his exertions to stanch the wound; "this is my heart's blood. I would—I would I had lived for your sake; but all is over now."

"Julia, Julia, do not speak thus, or you will drive me to madness," cried her lover. "Oh, God! oh, God! to think of losing you thus, and by that villain's hand! But I will be revenged—I will be revenged."

"Stain not your hands with his blood," said Lady Julia, faintly. "Leave vengeance to Him to whom vengeance belongs."

The last word had scarcely left her lips, when the whole group was startled by a wild, shrill scream, and Mrs. Felton stood before them the very personification of sorrow.

"'Tis come to pass at last," she cried. "What the Gipsy foretold is fulfilled. I shall be alone now, indeed, in the wide world. My child! my beautiful child!" and she threw herself madly at Lady Julia's side.

"Do not weep, Felton," whispered the dying girl, "I cannot bear to see you weep. And you, Charlotte, dearest Charlotte, think sometimes of the friend who loved you so dearly, so truly. May you be happy, my kind Rose, happy as you deserve to be. But *you*, Montley, best beloved of my heart and soul," and by a sudden effort she raised her head from Lady Charlotte's breast and tenderly clasped his hand; but she would have fallen again had not the despairing lover passed his arm around her waist, and she sank exhausted on his shoulder. "Dearest," she said, after a pause, "dearest, be reconciled; do not forget me; think of me as one from whom, perhaps, it was best to be parted. You have suffered much for my sake; had I lived you might have suffered more. Beloved, farewell! Comfort my father, he will now alone."

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In a moment more the gentle spirit had left its earthly tenement.

Montley Forrests lived, indeed, but his recovery from a terrible brain fever appeared to all little less than the effects of a miracle. Never after Lady Julia's death, even by the few who most frequented his society, never was he seen to smile. A gay word never passed his lips, and he lived an almost hermit life on his little patrimonial estate. His exertions to discover Sir Arthur Linstead's retreat were indefatigable; but, nevertheless, no clue could for several years be obtained. One day, however, a newspaper fell into Forrests' hands, containing an account of a horrible murder which had been lately perpetrated in Italy by a party of notorious banditti. It went on to say that the victim's name was Sir Arthur Linstead, that he was of high rank and descended from an ancient family, and had but lately visited the country which had witnessed his death. The account of Lord St. Roeben's fearful end was soon, with a hundred exaggerations, repeated from mouth to mouth. A little boy on the other side of that dark river which had proved his grave witnessed the event and spread the report. George Melling and Rose Grey were married; and poor Mrs. Felton, who never ceased to lament "her beautiful child," dwelt ever after beneath their happy roof.

MIGNON.

Know'st thou the land where spicy citrons blow—
Gold oranges through dark-green foliage glow—
A soft wind breathes along the pure blue sky—
The myrtle silent stands—the laurel high—
Know'st thou it haply?—Then with thee,
Thither, my lov'd one, thither would I flee!

Know'st thou the house with columns white and tall,
Its gleaming chambers and its sparkling hall?
Pale marble statues stand and gaze on me,
And say, "Poor child! what have they done to thee?"
Know'st thou it haply?—Then with thee,
Thither, my guardian, thither would I flee!

Know'st thou the mountain and its misty bridge?
The slow mule feels his way along the ridge;
In holes lie coil'd the serpent's ancient brood;
Down rolls the rock, and over it the flood.
Know'st thou it haply?—Then with thee,
Thither my way, my father, homeward would I flee!

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A LAY OF ST. FRANCIS.

IN THREE PARTS.

In one of the convents in Seville there formerly hung a singular picture. It represented a scene emblematical of that investigation into the merits of each individual which, according to the Romanist doctrine, takes place immediately after death, and on the result of which depends the admission of the soul into purgatory or its immediate consignment to the infernal regions. The legend connected with it is contained in the following erudite and recondite composition.—*See Doblado's Letters from Spain.*

PART I.

THE BEGINNING.

"The night was dark, the wind blew keen,
In sudden gusts and squalls,"
To quote the old song of the talk between
The Monument and St. Paul's;
The rain came down from the pitchy sky
As it can come down in Spain,
When English folk cry, with despondent sigh,
"'Twill never be fine again."
In short, altogether
'Twas as wretched weather
As really could be in any country,
From Nova Zembla to Barbary.
Now it's all very well in this good land of ours,
When the evening sets in with some cold wintry showers,
To sit with our friends round a bright blazing fire,
And the harder the weather to pile the coals higher;
But you may be sure,
To be out on a moor
On some such bad night,
Not sure you're going right,
And quite soak'd to the skin,
Is not quite the same thing.

Now, one evening late
This was just the state
In which fate two poor friars did place;
They had quite lost their road,
And, as onward they strode,
They bewail'd and abus'd their hard case.

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"It's confoundedly bad,
On this wild despoblad-*
o, to spend such a night," says the one,
"How I wish I were well
Ensconc'd in my cell."
Says his friend, "So do I, brother John.
I can't see a star,
Do you think we are far
From some house? Oh, help us, St. Francis!
If the saint feels inclin'd
To do something kind,
Why surely there now a good chance is."
Now it really appear'd
That the good saint had heard
The words which his servant had said;
As the last word he dropp'd
The moon out she popp'd,
And show'd a large castle a-head.

When I say *a-head*, don't by that understand
That this castle by any means was close *at hand*
But still the mere sight
Gave them such great delight,
That with hearts made much lighter,
And faces much brighter,
With all their fatigue they yet put so much steam on,
That, as rustics would say, "they'd more go than you'd dream on."

Brother Peter for his part was always inclin'd
To be jovial, and so he began
To give brother John a small piece of his mind,
As they walked, or, in truth, almost ran.
"Now, brother, be jolly,
It really was folly
For us to despond and complain.
Though we *are* quite wet through—
I am, are not you?
Despair I will never again.
Oh! a really good monk
Need ne'er be in a funk
As to where he's to lay down his head.
He never need fear;
But I must say I prefer
To a stone cell a good feather-bed.
Just think of the food,
It's sure to be good,
For the castle looks splendid and large;

* Despoblado—uncultivated country.

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Oh dear, how kind fate is!
We shall get it all gratis;
For nobles can't make any charge.
Then fancy the wine,
That again must be fine—
Why my throat feels as dry as a bone;
Come, brother, be quick!
Move along, that's a brick,
Or, by St. Francis, I'll leave you alone."

Brother John's breath was short from the speed he had made,
(He was slightly inclined to be stout), * *
So his feelings in short, broken words he display'd
(You'll perceive he was also devout),

"Yes, brother, 'tis famous,
* * * * *
Tibi gratias damus,
* * * * *
O Sancte Francisce,
* * * * *
With joy I feel frisky—
* * * * *
The saint heard our prayer—
* * * * *
How I wish we were there!

Oh! I've a stitch in my side from running so fast!
Hallo! here's the gate, we have reach'd it at last!"

PART II.

THE MIDDLE.

Don Antonio sat in his easy chair,
But yet he by no means was easy,
For his person decidedly was not spare,
As, in truth, he was fat, puff'd, and wheezy.
Don Antonio lived on the fat of the land,
But he never gave to the poor;
And the beggar who came with empty hand,
With empty hand left the door.

In his easy chair Don Antonio sat,
Though I hardly can say what the Don was at;
His *dinner* had been most especially good
(He had eaten at least fifteen kinds of food),
So he might have been thinking, he might have been dosing—
We'll say so—there can be no harm in supposing.

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Don Antonio starts—there's a thump at the door—
A thump, do I say? more nearly a score—
And such a loud ringing as none heard before.
"Why, who can it be?
Who now can want me?"
Not long did he ponder,
For his man, for a wonder,
Immediately open'd the door;
With the monks having talk'd,
Upstairs José walk'd,
And explain'd all the case to senor.

* * * * * * *

"Two monks, do you say,
Who have lost their way,
And expect to find here
Good food and good cheer?
Just like them—all trash!
I'll settle their hash!
They'd much better be quick,
And soon cut their stick;
I never *do* give—
Never will, while I live—
Any charity, so please the pigs;
So they need not try on,
But had better hie op,
And play on some others their rigs."

St. Francis he heard
Every scandalous word
Which the Don in his ire thunder'd out;
So says he, "I'm afraid
I must bring in my aid—
I'll give him a twinge of the gout."

'Twas said and 'twas done
Before you could count one.
Now most people say that the gout in its "*natur*"
Can be termed by no means the "head pacificator,"
But in this one sole case, as the saint he expected,
The twinge, though severe, his full purpose effected;
For always before
The senor he swore
When nipp'd with a twinge of the gout;
Now he gave but one groan,
Then quick chang'd his tone,
And proclaimed with an air most devout,
"Stay, I've alter'd my mind,
For I now feel inclin'd
To relieve them; they shan't go from hence;

With this wondrous permission the servant descended,
And show'd our poor monks to their lodgings so splendid,
Then left them aerial castles to build,
Or gloat o'er their prospects so nobly fulfill'd.
Two eggs were not much for two hungry men,
You'll allow, but they piously eat them
(For fasts by compulsion might count to their score,
Why not? p'raps as much as some others, or more,
If St. Francis would graciously let them.
So a virtue they made of necessity); then
On their bundles of straw their tired bodies they toss'd,
And chanted small portions of *Paradise Lost.*

PART III.

THE END.

Years passed by, and their supper at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long pass'd,
By Antonio
And our friars also;
For the former by no means was content
That so much in charity he had spent;
For never before, he in truth confess'd,
He had given so much—if he had, he'd be bless'd;
And as to the friars, that one night's food
Was certainly not so *especially* good
That they could look back with mem'ry glad
To the jovial repast that night they had had.

Don Antonio lived for many a day,
But, "*Never again,*" did Antonio say
To José his man, "*will I feel inclin'd*
To relieve the poor and to alter my mind,
And give to the friar who calls and begs
A bundle of straw and a couple of eggs."
Don Antonio kept his word to his pride,
And for years having kept it, Antonio died.

Don Antonio died! And to judgment appear'd,
No more the fat noble of whom you have heard,

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But pinch'd-up, and shrivell'd, and wither'd, and thin,
With nothing outside him, and not much more in;
If I think of a simile, I can find none more proper
Than to call him the shadow of the ghost of a pauper.
The balance on which each one's fate has depended
To the terror of all from on high was suspended.
Don Antonio, viewing, doesn't seem quite secure,
But wishes that all his bad deeds had been fewer;
Or, what comes to the same, his good deeds had been more,
And exclaims, "How I wish this dire weighing was o'er!"
But nothing avails that the poor Don can say,
The trial proceeds—there's allow'd no delay.
In one scale is thrown
Don Antonio alone,
In the other are heap'd his bad deeds in a lump,
And full sure you may be they went down with a thump!
Oh, sad is his fate!
Alas! now 'tis too late
To attempt to atone,
For his chance is all gone.
Then rush to his memory score upon score
Of poor starving beggars he'd turn'd from his door.
Not one act of charity? Yes, there was one;
"Oh! help me, St. Francis, or else I'm undone."
As he utter'd the words
St. Francis appear'd,
And, to his joyful surprise, Don Antonio saw
In the saint's hand two eggs and a bundle of straw.

"I come at thy bidding, O recreant son,
To reward thee for that one good deed thou hast done;
What thou hast once given in charity free
I now bring back with me and give it to thee."
His burden he straight in the high scale threw,
And upwards the other immediately flew;
That one deed just sav'd him, and, so goes my story,
Sent him off to that region they call purgatory;
Whence, in process of time,
Purg'd from earth's filthy slime,
He might hope for the day, when, his bad deeds forgiven,
He might 'scape from the fire and ascend up to heaven.

MORAL.

Now, reader, this moral reflection I draw—
Ne'er be tempted to say, "*It don't matter a straw;*"
For little expected Antonio, you see,
Of what wonderful value a few straws could be.

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THE TEMPTATIONS OF HAFIZ.

Not far from the city of Shiraz lies the valley of Piriseba, called the Green Old Man, with which in ancient times a strange legend was connected. It was said that any youth who should pass forty successive nights therein, without yielding to the seductions of its tempting pleasures, or to the influence of sleep, should, in return for his virtuous self-denial, become endowed with the bright gift of poesy. And they told how that an old man clothed in green would, on the fortieth morning, come, and presenting the successful candidate with a cup of the Drink of the Immortals, then bestow on him this heavenly boon. Many of the noblest youths of Persia had striven to attain this reward, but all had yielded to weakness in the hour of trial; and now the valley's mysteries were fast becoming mere gossip's tales, whose wonders only created a doubt that such things could be.

At length, after the lapse of many years, one other aspirant presented himself at the gate of the garden, and upon demanding admission, pledged himself, by taking the customary vows, faithfully to observe the conditions of his probation. There was a firmness in his step, and a fixed resolve in his mien, that spoke well for his success; and young as he was, and pleasure-loving as was the glance of his full blue eye, and eloquent as was the swelling curve of his arched lip, there existed withal such an expression of consciousness of strength and manliness of purpose, as made each indication of weakness of little worth. He was the boy dreamer of Shiraz, Mohammed Schemseddin, not yet known by his future proud title of that Hafiz whose name has resounded even through the cold climes of the north, and who was, in his generation, even as a renewed Avater of Crishna, the Beautiful and Beloved!

And could the tender youth, on whose smooth cheek the mark of childhood's rosy touch yet seemed to linger—could he dare to wage unequal war with temptation's mighty hosts? Ah, yes! and with right; for he had been tried, and now was purified. But the ordeal-fire through which he had passed had been fierce enough to scathe the best defended, and even on him had left that saddest mark of its presence, the knowledge of sin. Imperfect had been the state of the young Mohammed in its ceaseless conflict between those contending powers, the power of the hidden world—the spiritual, and the power of the seen world—the sensuous. His soul filled with wild thoughts he could not utter, his life peopled with

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bright-haired visions he might not stay, fleeting as he gazed; his waking as another's dream, and his dreams as another's inspiration—all spoke the stirrings of a voiceless poetry, the painful feelings of mute desire, the strivings after a god-like being; whilst, on the other hand, his warm and passionate nature was all too prone to resign itself to the unworthy delights of earth-born enjoyments. One while a voice echoed from his soul, commanding him to burst the chains which pleasure and luxury were forging for his nobler part, and to live for glory and virtue, according to the intent of his existence; commanding him to turn his straying eyes from the flowers of earth to the stars of heaven; to dash down the cup of intoxication, and bathe his breast in those waters of life which flow from the regions of the blessed. And as Hafiz listened to this voice of his soul he vowed to obey. But, ah! now there wandered by troops of maidens, lovely as Lachshmi, the Sea-born, when she welcomes her lord to the Elysium of Vaikontha, with lips glowing like the malati's crimson buds, all moist with youth's fresh dew, all warm with youth's fresh life—lips where lurked the sharpest of Cama's amra-tipped shafts, to wound him for ever who dared rifle them of their sweets, yet which, spite of this penalty, wooed so irresistibly, that sight, transgression, and love's dear punishment, were one; maidens with large, languishing eyes, kindling flames, as do those strange crystals which, collecting all the sun's hot rays in one fervid point, might warm the very marble of the tomb; and the sweeping lashes resting on their dusk cheeks—in truth they were but mocking blinds; for the beauty they could not hide they heightened, and by the false friendliness of their jetty shade lent greater lustre and fiercer warmth to the fire they might not stifle. And these came round him in bands linked together with flowery fetters, and they brought him rose-crowned goblets, filled to the brim with wine, whose every drop poured a Titan's strength and a god's delight through his whole being; and they sang as they proffered the draught, and waved their white arms above his head in graceful interwreathings; and their long black hair, braided with gold or gems, or the cesara's yellow buds, fell on his burning cheek, and wandered over his brow; and the glossy tresses blinded him so that he could not see aught else, and the soft music of their silver voices shut out all other sounds, and their smiles and their caresses steeped his soul in the delicious floods of forgetfulness, and their white arms cradled him and he slept; and the life of Hafiz was in vain.

Ha! he starts, he wakes, he springs up with the bound of a roused antelope; he opens wide his bewildered eyes and gazes out for the morning's light; and, lo! the clear beams of the day poured in upon him, and he looked and beheld. Faded—faded lie the roses, poisoned is the chalice, unlovely gloom the maids! The morn hath arisen, and the glories of the night pale in her

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pleasure, and luxury for this, for that manliness, action, self-subjection. And darkness had fled from the soul of Mohammed, and light had come in. And the goddess of the morning, the bright-robed Anumazi, who had aroused him, was Shakhi Nebat, the stag-eyed girl of Shiraz; and thus, once again, love was the herald of virtue.

Then there came back on the boy the longing desire felt in those fervid years, ere he had given heed to the seducing notes of the nightingale. Pleasure; the desire for such a speech as should worthily recho all he felt and listened to within, as should give to other men that matchless wisdom which true words, faithfully spoken, alone can impart.

And there floated before him beautiful fairy visions of the day when he should kneel at the lotos-marked feet of his beloved maid, and lay there his best offering—the child of his thoughtful days and watchful nights—his angel-whispered poetry. But, alas! his hopes soon drooped, and soon he thought that glorious star of light which ever beckoned him to hasten and draw nigh was but some false meteor of the marsh, which would lure him only to disappointment; for his words came forth few and scant, cold and dead; and while the idea within was all warm and vivid, and living, these were but empty, mocking, soulless sounds! And Hafiz laid his head on the ground and wept, for the bitterest sorrow of the poet had fallen on him.

Yet another grief. Horrid tongues of dreadful speech whispered round him,

"Thy love is false; thy star hath sunk; virtue is a mockery! What will be to thee the praises of the universe if thy soft-voiced girl, mute only in thy applause, gives unto others those sweet words thou didst set before thee as thy highest meed?"

They told him that she who had been to him his very life was faithless, and that her heart, too light and worldly-looking to cherish affection for one of mean birth and lowly station, had unresistingly bestowed that toy it called its love upon the high-set Prince of Shiraz; that henceforth the dear nest wherein the weary dove had been cradled and blessed was torn and despoiled, and the flowers that twined around it, hiding it from the cold gaze of the heartless world, were all ruthlessly plucked and strewn on the dead air. What now remained?

"I will not yield to sorrow, or bow before affliction: as a man will I stand forth; as a man will I advance and conquer. None shall say, We have constrained Hafiz. And though I may not win my maiden's love, still shall I win the bright crown of poetry, the glorious reward of virtue. And for this who would not venture

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Brightly shone the yellow summer moon over the groves and plains of Pirisebz, and softly she wove for the sleeping plants and trees a veil from the woof of her golden beams, or bound with a glancing fillet the dimpling brows of the blue waters, or tangled her radiant threads amongst the syama's labyrinthine twists. And all the flowers, nature's first-born and dearest, were pouring forth their rich treasures of their secret storehouses in boundless prodigality, till each separate stream of odour mingled and flowed over the face of the earth in one full tide of heaven-kissing perfume. The birds were silent in the woods—all save one, and he was only heard where the rosebuds, which in the day-time had hid themselves blushing within their folding green, now so modestly, so bashfully drew aside that envious screen at the voice of his tender prayer, and gave their glowing beauty to the kiss of the moonbeam and the flattering sighs of the young wind, or opened their bosoms as a bower for the fire-flies' meteor wings when, wearied with their gambols, they longed for rest.

A fair scene did the yellow summer moon shine upon when she smiled on the groves and plains of Pirisebz! A fairer lay not before her through all the breadth of sunny Iran, for the beauty of life and the magic of love were there; and these are the two seraphs which stand before the gate of the garden of Paradise. The softness of the air, the luxuries heaped up on all sides, the dreamy splash of waters whose waves ran languidly, as if enchained, overpowered with the caresses of the young flowers blooming on their sedgy banks, the hum of insects sounding through the dim glades with a lazy music—all induced that repose of voluptuousness, that sleep of intoxication, whose seductions few can resist. And added to these of nature's spells were those of wine, whose trickling drops seemed heavy laden with shapes from the land of dreams, and woman's soft eyes, and the hushed sounds of distant instruments, and the tinklings of rosy feet in maze-like dance: and all so still, so subdued, so dream-like, each glance and motion seemed a spell from the poppy-crowned god.

But bravely had the young Mohammed resisted, until now, the thirty-ninth night of probation. With his eyes fixed on the pure star-writ page above, his senses closed to the sweetest allurements below, drinking in only the faint melody of the planets' sacred harmony, the wine untasted, the lip untouched, the once easily-tempted boy of Shiraz sat beneath the spreading palm, unmoved as an aged anchorite.

"Nay, sweet youth, wilt thou not look upon our dance?" hissed one girl, who, coming forward from her band with a slow, caressing grace, stole her white fingers through the black locks straying over the shoulders of Hafiz. "Lo! we have danced and we have sung to thee now these nine-and-thirty nights, and thou hast heeded us not. See, how reproachfully yon moon looks on thee! Fie, Mohammed! are maidens' eyes so little dear unto thee?"

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"Beautiful Gulrokh! not so," said Hafis; "but fame, and poetry, the guerdon of virtue, are dearer."

"Poesy, Hafis! Ah! I have heard that the best inspiration of *this* comes from love. But thou dost reject the smiles of the glorious-eyed Cama for grim solitude and sad melancholy; trust me, dear youth, in the roses of delights lies a sweeter boon than in all yon pale stars' peevish glimmerings. See, I have brought thee wine; I have touched the goblet's brim with my lip—thou wilt not refuse it?"

"Though all the dearest kisses from the fairest lips young love ever made his home were clustered round its edge, yet must I put it from me."

"Art thou indeed Mohammed of Shiras?" exclaimed another girl, putting her rosy hands over his eyes, and laughing with a clear ringing laugh that seemed the very soul of gladness let loose upon the gale. "Oh! how art thou changed! Thou, whose young eyes, like water-lilies in the stream, were stirred by each passing breath; thou, whose lips, formed but for soft love words, opened only to utter them, whose heart's least thrill was ecstasy, o'er whose inmost soul each thing of beauty reigned; and now thou sittest there, thy cold looks fixed on the unheeding sky, thy rose-like mouth pale and silent, like a fountain of sweet waters dried up by the simoom; thy heart, languidly beating where formerly it wildly throbbed; music—the dance—love—wine, around thee, and thou, the lover of all, careless and blind! What magic is this? What hath woven so dark a spell over thee?"

"Wouldst thou know, maiden?" said the boy, slowly turning his eyes full upon her: "a purer love than pleasure, and a nobler aim than enjoyment!"

The maid pouted, and shaking back the rebel tresses that fell in wavy masses down her sweet face, cried,

"I gainsay them both;" then clanking her golden anklets, and making the small bells round her zone ring out like the hyacinth when they chime the fairies' revel hour, she flung herself on the moss by the boy's feet, and, resting her head against his arm, sang in a low chanting voice this strain:—

"Oh! the fairest of the flowers
Which Heaven has lent to earth;
Oh! the dearest of the hours
Which dance round pleasure's birth;
Oh! the bird of loveliest wing,
And the brightest star above,
And the magic charm of spring;
What are they all but love?
The grass-blades on the hills,
The light which floods the air,
The buds that in the rills
Are mirrored yet more fair;

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The rainbow moths of sense,
The weed we cast aside;
One tale alone they weave—
Young love is nature's bride.

Oh! who would coldly throw
And cast sweet joy away?
Oh! who'd reject love's crown,
When in his hand it lay?
Man's largest life's too small
The rapturous delights to know
Then regret, pass them all,
Oh! ne'er the least forego!"

"Is it not so, Mohammed? Said not the poet well when he framed this lay? Ah, yes! He who bends not unto the power of love must be more or less than human!"

"Amine sings well," exclaimed the maiden who had first spoken, "Crishna, the beautiful, the glorious Crishna! he withstood not the charms of Radha, and wouldst thou be greater than he? Is that to which a god could yield too base to claim men's submission?"

Mohammed smiled.

"Dear Gulrokh, thy tongue moves like a silver bell in a stream of clear water, and thy words are soft as the voice of the young doe upon the mountains; but I bear a talisman about me which will keep me untouched by even thy charms—the talisman of a more faithful love than that of which Amine sang."

"For the Branch of Sugarcane—the maiden Shakhi Nebat? Insensate! knowest thou not that soon will her vow be plighted to the Prince of Shiraz? And canst thou still reject present joy for pale and ghost-like future hopes? Is this thy wisdom?"

"It is not ghost, nor shadow for which I strive," replied Mohammed; "the poet's reward is not visionary."

"Here is thy best reward," said Gulrokh, taking up a basket filled with flowers glistening with dew, and flinging handfuls from the young buds over him; "here, sisters, bind him with yonder chains, and, thus fettered, teach him that ye can subdue even his talisman!"

A burst of mingled laugh and song broke from the cinnamon groves, and a band of beautiful girls came dancing forth with bounding steps, and crowded round the youth; then, with dimpling smiles and gleaming eyes, whose rapid glances spoke a world of witchery from behind their jetty fringes, they unloosed the flower-chain which had linked them together, and twined it over his breast and arms; while one placed on his head a wreath of the dazzling hemasagora mixed with gold, and others poured the sweet perfumed abir over the ringlets which wandered low round his bare throat; some darted through the thickets of the fragrant

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chandana to gather fresh blossoms to strew upon his mossy couch, and one—the loveliest—kneeling, offered a small tray laden with the most exquisite fruits.

"From thee, sweet, even poison!" exclaimed the boy, as he held his hand for the cup; but before she could place it therein, he had sprung from his place, and, tearing off the chains and chaplet, flung them passionately on the green sward. "Tempters! away! away! my time is not for ye, nor my hopes, nor my aims! Away! away! This is not that poetry after which my thirsty soul doth long; this, with its false, fair mask, conceals real deformity; that, though won with toil, and rugged to outward look, yet bears a jewel that can beautify the very ghoul of the grave."

And the maids of the groves of Pirisebz found in Mohammed the boy-dreamer the first heart they could not warp, and they all withdrew silent and saddened, as women ever are when their beauties have failed to charm.

And now the morning dawned, and this thirty-ninth night of trial was passed, and this other temptation was overcome. Well might the youth's step be proud, and his look lofty! But a few hours more—but one other effort—one other victory of manhood over sloth, of virtue over luxury, and his foot would be on that high place which his boyish imagination had painted as his Elysium, and his youth's ambition made its only aim. Courage, Hafiz! courage, and persevere.

* * * * * * * * *

The morning had dawned, the day had risen, and now was almost passed. Evening was drawing nigh, when Mohammed left his home to betake himself for the last time to his night-watch in the groves of Pirisebz. His way thither led him immediately past the house of the Branch of Sugarcane, and, as he passed, his eye wandered up to the lattice, through whose matted blinds he had so often caught the stolen glance of her gazelle-like eyes. While he gazed, he beheld a small henna-tinged hand slowly unfasten the casement, and he heard a voice, sweeter to him than the sweetest song of the bird of spring, gently lisp his name. Was it fancy? Did he dream? Were spirits sporting with his credulity, and offering him delusions for realities, and mockeries for truths? Ah! surely that eloquent letter writ in flowers, love's best symbols, which now fell against his foot—surely, surely that was no delusion!

"Wilt thou come unto me, Mohammed?" said the gentle, loving voice, "I have much to say to thee. Wilt thou come to thy Shakh Nebat?"

"Nay, do not plead for that which is my soul's best boon," cried Hafiz, fervently; "hadst thou commanded me even to my

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ruin, beautiful, thy right to rule would not have been denied, little needst thou then beseech me to accept so dear a bliss as that of seeing thee once more."

"Come then, quickly, for I am weary of waiting," said Shakhi Nebat, "and my heart draws thee to my side swifter than can thy swiftest steps. It draws thee with the cords of a maiden's loving impatience. Come, my beloved, tarry not."

In a moment Hafiz, breathless with haste, knelt at his maiden's feet; in a moment her arms were entwined around his neck, and her sweet head cradled on his heating bosom. For a long, dreary time they had been parted; the bliss of meeting might then well be unrestrained.

"And thy speech with me was this," said the youth, as he strained her to his heart, "My beautiful! how can I thank thee worthily for thy all too great condescension! Now, indeed, am I repaid a thousandfold for all my late sorrows."

"And these have not been light, Mohammed," exclaimed the girl mournfully, as she put back his clustering hair and gazed into his eyes with a full, fond glance.

"Light! nay, love. But what great good was ever yet attained lightly? As the rarest gems lie the deepest hidden, and the fairest flower is the most seldom seen, so is man's brightest gift gained with pain—the brighter, the more painfully earned."

"And cannot thy love offer thee aught of reward? Can her lip distil no dew for thy soul?"

"Thy kiss, dear maid, had healed up my heart's deepest wound; thy looks of fondness had meshed a veil through which life's bitterest grief had glowed like a peri encaged."

"And thou still dost believe me thine?"

"Yea, though slanderous tongues have indeed spoken evil of thy faithfulness, and have told me thou wert given to another—to one whom, were it thus, I had not dared to rival; for how can a poor poet withstand a high-born prince?"

"Yea, yea. Thinkest thou that riches will vanquish faith, station overcome love? Thinkest thou that the gold of a crown is half so dear as the flower-wreath of poesy? Nay, Mohammed; the one lies cold and heavy, and pains the brow it feigns to adorn; but the other, dropping rich odours and refreshing dews, gives loveliness to the unlovely, and life to the dead. Thine I was or ere the prince had deigned to cast his eyes upon my humble house; thine am I still; and though every prince of wide Iran wooed me for his bride, yet in thine arms, with loneliness and poverty, would I rather dwell—yea, and find there more bliss than were I the coroneted queen of the world. And now stay with me for ever. Leave me no more. Our days of mourning and separation are at an end; from henceforth let delight alone wave his radiant wings over us. See, I have bound thee in the net of my

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tresses; my two arms are chains for thy freedom. Thou canst not escape; thou art mine—mine own for ever."

Mohammed was silent, and his looks fell to the ground.

"Ah! thou art mute as the young bird when its mother hath sped to its nest. Is it the silence of joy, Mohammed?"

The youth pointed to the east, which was gradually darkening beneath the footsteps of the night.

"Yet once again," he whispered in a low voice, as if he feared the sound he himself made; "yet one more night of watching, and then indeed am I thine for ever! But now I may not stay. A claim more mighty than even that of love summons me away."

"Nay, thou art jesting, boy. Ah! dear, love, jest not so like unwelcome reality! Thou surely canst not leave me when I thus kneeling do beseech thee to stay? What! wilt thou humble me so far? Wilt thou make my woman's love a shame and a reproach to me? Far from thy noble heart be such a slight of coldness! Thou wouldst not pay back devotion with repulse, caresses with forbidding? Mohammed! beloved, thou art silent. Oh! speak to me, and tell me that my jealous heart foreboded falsely; tell me that thou art still the warm, the true, the faithful! See, I kneel to thee; I kiss thy hand humbly as a slave. Canst thou leave me thus?"

"I must work according to virtue," gasped the boy, shading his face to shut out the sight of that young and beautiful thing lying there like some fair flower cut down in its morning of life, pale and broken, and weeping as she lay.

"Thou callest it virtue!" cried Shakhi Nebat, starting up and dashing away the tears with her hand, her lips quivering, and her brow crimsoned with sudden anger. "Words change their meaning marvellously! That which is thy present virtue was but late the very abhorrence of thy soul. Nay, give not thy lips the labour of speech! I know what thou wouldst say, and I know its worth. Farewell! thou art free to depart! Oh! mad, mad that I was to trust to the faith of man! Leave me, Hafiz; thine eyes are like false diamonds—they shine, but not with truth. Leave me to the coldness of disappointment. Ah! the fire of shame will soon warm my frozen heart with so intense a glow, that I shall pray for any wintry torment rather than this!"

The sky was darkening—the hour was passing.

"Shakhi Nebat! thou whose words were wont to be as soft as the west wind when it stirs the blossoms of the almucta, and whose eyes were ever tender as the eyes of a babe when its young mother sings it to rest, now art thou unjust, severe, and cruel. Dost thou dream I would willingly cause thee pain? Dost thou dream that I would flee from thy dear embrace to the loneliness of my night's watch, and flee with my heart's will? Thou canst not so believe! Thou art but testing my patience! Sweet!

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fairer than the fair apsaras when they welcome the blest to the bowers of bliss! I will forgive thee, for who could chide? To-morrow shall see us one in life as we are now in heart. Farewell!"

"For ever!" said the maiden, proudly. "He who could think of aught but his beloved, merits not the heart of any."

The night was fast closing—Hafiz still lingered.

"Still inexorable, my beautiful? I cannot stay to kiss thee into smiles; yet, oh! give me thy musk-scented hand, and let me press its glowing fingers to my lips. My life! wilt thou part thus? Canst thou part thus?"

"Silently the girl pushed aside the large curtain which hung before the door of the next chamber, and silently she entered; she did not even cast one glance upon the young poet as he stood there—his very silence eloquence. She passed, and then he held forth his arms, he called her by every love-taught name, he knelt on the marble floor, and pressed his fevered forehead to its coolness, he besought her for one glance, one moment's speech; all was mute. And the night darkened.

"This is worse than folly!" said Mohammed, aloud; and he hastily rushed from his chamber and sped on his way to Pirisebz. The still air heard his sighs, the quiet moon beheld his tears; alone with nature, he gave vent to his grief, and sobbed in the violence of his passion like a young child forbid. But this proved not weakness. The bravest heart hath ofttimes shed the bitterest tear. It is not with the iron-souled alone that nobleness doth dwell. The pearl is more precious than the pebble, but the one can be destroyed by a grasp that could not have moved the other from its bed; the one can be wept away—the other is unimpressible, save by the sharp steel of the workman. Yet which is highest prized, and which do all men covet?

The tempting wiles of the maids of Pirisebz this night stirred not the heart of Hafiz. His thoughts were too high for their love to obliterate, and his cares too stern for all the delight of their beauties to lessen; and even his darling maid might turn from him cold and angry; the heavenly door of love might for the moment be barred against him, yet he could not pine in hopeless sadness when the radiant star of poetry shone over him—when the glorious hope of an imperishable fame fleeted dazzling on his path! Though love be the poet's sun, which, shining in the heaven of life, sheds warmth and lustre on all its beams encompass, yet is fame and sympathy in the universal heart of man the very breath and air of that poet's life, without which the sun himself would gloom dimly through dark clouds. And still there remained to Hafiz the hope of renown, the inward consciousness of well doing, the anticipation of success; and these, like those gentle spirits watching over us in our dreams, brought shapes of marvellous

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And the music, and the dance, and the song, and the honeyed words of flattering speech, and the gentle touch of flattering caress still went on; but Hafiz heeded not, heard not. His thoughts, with his heart, were far away, tangled in the flashing wheels of the rushing spheres, which led him captive whither they would.

And again the morning dawned, and again the youthful maids fled from the groves, and left the ice-bound heart free to its meditations. Hafiz sighed as they departed, with the full, relieved inspiration of one from whose breast a heavy weight had been removed; for their charms, which delighted not, burdened; and the glowing web of their graces, which entangled not his spirit, hung about him pall-like.

Who is he that comes down yon dusky glade, with his slow steps supported by the long staff his withered hand tremblingly bears, his white locks flowing in the wind, his calm grey eyes thoughtfully bent on the verdant earth—his whole air breathing the majestic repose of a virtuous old age? A thrill of quivering ecstasy shot through the poet's frame, he scarcely knew wherefore, and involuntarily he rose from his place to prostrate himself at the feet of the ancient sage; and, taking the hem of his robe, pressed it to his forehead and his lips with the deepest humility. His heart told him that his joy and veneration were not ill-bestowed, for that his rewarder stood before him. The legend ran, that he who should give unto the successful aspirant the boon after which he had endeavoured, was not one lovely of exterior, nor one whom the fancy would have pictured as the dispenser of poetry; but that old, decrepid, withered, he would come as if bearing in his own person his most earnest exhortation to work in the day time, for that soon the evening would steal away her roses, and soon the night would bury all in her grave of darkness.

"Brave youth!" said the old man, kindly; "well hast thou withstood the trial, and great shall be thy reward. Thou hast placed manliness and virtue before sloth and luxury; thou hast girded thee with the poet's starry band of high hopes and pure aspirations, rather than with the silken cord of an effeminate love; thou hast passed through the valley of enchantments with thy senses closed from even the loveliest, the rarest beauties therein; thou hast passed through, and now, at the end of thy pilgrimage, thou shalt have thy meed. The greatest foes to poesy, as to all good, have been placed in witching shapes before thee; idleness, pleasure, unworthiness, fairly painted, tricked out with false gems, and flimsy, many-coloured robes, these are the gnawing worms that spoil the bud of virtue, and make its tender leaves all sere and its young heart corrupt. Thou hast been tempted with them all. The seductions to sleep in the dream-laden flowers, and waves, and odours, were the shapes of idleness; the glowing girls of the groves, with their warm looks and tender caresses, were the

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handmaids of the enchantress, Pleasure; thy love's fond arms that would have stayed thee from thy noble course, beckoned thee to thy shame and disgrace. But thou didst conquer all, and, obeying thy soul's pure mandates, wert heedless of all others. Now, O Mohammed, take this cup, and drink from thence the rich draught of inspiration. None but the brave and noble are worthy to taste such waters—and that art thou! Drink, youth of the honeyed voice, and, lo! thy tongue shall be loosed from its silence, and shall pour forth its burning words till they echo and re-echo to the utmost confines of the earth; and nations yet unknown, and ages yet unborn, shall all hear thy speech, and shall hail thee star of the land which gave thee birth, sun of the generation which welcomed thee to life. All hail! Hafiz, the poet of Iran! With this do I bless thee—with this do I consecrate thee!"

Then Mohammed, kneeling low, received from the hand of the old man a goblet of burnished gold set round with countless gems, one of which would have thrice paid a king's ransom. He raised the chalice to his lips. Oh! joy beyond all that the human tongue can tell! Oh! ecstasy beyond all the heart can fathom! What living fire ran through every vein! What spirit's harmony filled the air! What glorious light flooded earth and sky with its dazzling radiance! And oh! what heavenly form stood there? It is no longer the feeble old man, shrouded in his dark-green mantle, his silver hairs telling of youth long passed, of death nigh at hand; but it is a glorious being, with lustrous eyes flashing rays like the sun in the summer sky, filled with an unutterable eloquence, beaming from under the gently-arched brows with a mild, though wondrously beautiful light; his radiant breast, on which glittered the celestial gem, bhrigulita; his rose-like crown, where strings of jewels, such as earth never hid in the mines of her treasure-house, were interlaced in complex twines, like varied rays of light woven from the rainbow's arched woof; his yellow robe glistening like gold; his look of mingled love and majesty—all proclaimed the Day-god Vishnu, Khize, the beautiful-haired.

Yet this was nor the first nor sole time when the gods themselves have ministered unto men—when the reward of virtue has come direct from heaven. And Hafiz drank and was refreshed—he drank and was perfected. And he went from the Groves of Pirisebz the hero of his age; the hero destined to live in the hearts of many ages—Hafiz the poet.

Could Shakhi Nebat still frown? Ah! all in vain did she strive to robe her lovely face in wrath, and frame her tender lips for harsh reproach; one word from the blessed of Khize was potent enough to destroy all her bulwarks and barriers of woman's anger. And Hafiz gained through self-subjection honour, immortality and bliss; but had he yielded to temptation, he had

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been an abject, outcast and reviled. And though all men attain not his reward, yet is there a boon for each who will follow in his track, and to every one who merits comes the meed.

SONG.

THE RANSOMED SLAVE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I am free, I am free! they have broken my chain,
The sons dear of England have ransom'd the slave;
I am free, as the wild horse that knows not the rein,
From the demons that scourge us on land and on wave.
I am free! but my kindred—ah! where are they all?
My *mother*—oh, God! when they forc'd us apart,
I heard her last breath on the Great Spirit call,
And say that the white man had broken her heart.

I am free, I am free! let our tyrant's dispute
Our right to the blessing, I laugh them to scorn,
Who degrade us, because of our skin, to the brute,
And exult in the wrongs we have patiently borne.
I once had a *brother*, the twin of my heart,
But he sank at my side as we toil'd on the plains;
The Great Spirit call'd on his soul to depart,—
I am free, I am free, but *he* died in his chains.

I am free, I am free, and to England alone
Let the slave look for freedom, the land of the free;
Too dearly she prizes that gift as *her own*,
To barter for gold a black brother like me.
Oh! still may her flag of renown be unfurled,
Her sword be uplifted on land and on wave,
And the war of humanity rage through the world,
Till earth cannot echo one sigh of the slave.

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THE OMNIBUS.

In these locomotive days, when travelling is much more common than staying at home, when steamboats and railroads have become household words, and household hearths are deserted through the temptations they offer, it would be difficult even to imagine the sensation which was created a few short years ago in the little provincial town of Haddenton by the news that an "omnibus" was about to pass through it every day, on its way to the sea-port and bathing place of T——. The old people shook their heads and discoursed of the good old times when families were content to stay at home, the careful and stingy buttoned their pockets still closer as they thought of their wives and daughters; while these very parties ran to look for the word in the dictionary, and found delightful food for their imagination in the vague explanation that it conveyed all sorts of things.

Expectation was therefore on full stretch the day of its first appearance; the idlers collected in the street, the ladies stood at the windows; at length a shout from some ragamuffins round the corner announced its arrival, and up through the long street at a slapping pace it drove, whip cracking, streamers flying, horns sounding, everything brought forward to give a dashing impression at the first going off, but all in vain; its gaudy trappings could not long disguise the fact that the "omnibus" of those days was, after all, but a heavy, lumbering machine, swinging uneasily from side to side, badly lighted and worse ventilated. Expectation had been raised too high; it fell in proportion; the window-gazers returned murmuringly to their work and their firesides, the street loungers sauntered discontentedly away, while out of all the crowd none but the urchins who announced its first approach were found resolute and constant enough to follow the now despised vehicle into its appointed quarters, and such was the revulsion of popular opinion, "ever in extreme," that had the fate of the omnibus depended on Haddenton patronage, it would soon have fallen to the ground, for no one would venture the loss of caste by travelling in it; the shopkeepers made it the medium for conveying their parcels, but while they used they abused it, and the very servant-maids turned up their noses and pronounced it "vastly ungenteel."

From the ashes of its popularity, however, a brighter phœnix arose, and to make up for the disappointment caused by the omnibus, a more sagacious speculator set up a light and well-appointed coach, which, doubly favoured by the contrast, soon secured the patronage of grave and gay.

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It so happened one fine season that Miss Hannah Raymond, a rather antiquated and not very prepossessing member of the Haddenton society, had resolved to spend the summer by the sea-side in search of either renovated youth or health, both of which were fast departing. She had graciously invited her young and lively little niece to accompany her, and as it was Lucy's first trip from home, she anticipated the excursion with unqualified delight, and with exemplary patience had attended her aunt through a long morning's shopping, as she made the several purchases necessary for her removal.

It must be confessed that the tediousness of this employment was considerably lightened to Lucy by her own buoyant imagination, which, taking little heed of present annoyance, was gaily floating on the sparkling waves of T——, while she mechanically attended her aunt from shop to shop, and assented to her remarks; but young ladies should keep their wits about them, as the sequel proved. Just as they reached the milliner's shop, aunt Hannah exclaimed—

"Oh! Lucy, I never thought of engaging our seats in the coach, and now there are so many going to the sea, it is ten chances to one if we get them; do run away as fast as you can to the office and have our names put down at once."

Lucy accordingly set off, but had not gone many steps when she recollected her ignorance of the locality, and afraid of her aunt's rebukes to return, stepped into a shop and received the necessary information. On reaching the coach-office, however, the agent informed her that there were more names down for seats than the coach could hold, and that it was useless to think of obtaining one; but he added, with a half smile, which Lucy attributed to her own disappointed face,

"There is another very nice coach leaves in half an hour, and will arrive nearly as soon; I can give you two seats in that."

"Oh! thank you," replied Lucy, quite relieved, and taking out her purse paid for the seats, thinking at the same time that they were very cheap indeed. She then rejoined her aunt, who deep in the mysteries of dress caps and ribbons, was delighted to find she had half an hour longer to spare.

Before the appointed hour Lucy's father, who was to see them off, called at the shop and warned them to hasten or they should miss the coach, but he was silenced at once by his sister appealing to Lucy and to her watch, at the same time rather imperiously desiring him not to interrupt her; he accordingly left the shop, but returned in a few moments, exclaiming hastily—

"You see I was right; there goes the T—— coach, as full as it can hold;" and running to the door with looks aghast, aunt Hannah indeed saw her hopes of reaching her journey's end that evening rolling away as fast as four horses could carry them.

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She turned sharply on Lucy, who, though puzzled and disconcerted, still resolutely maintained that three was the hour mentioned by the agent, and that he had also said the first coach was full, so gave them places in the second. There was a mystery in this, so to clear it up aunt Hannah quickly concluded her business and all three set off to the office, poor Lucy in a measure acting as porter to her aunt, and carrying all the small parcels she had considered too trifling for a hired messenger, but which now in the aggregate formed a very inconvenient burden indeed. Her father attempted to relieve her by slipping some of them into his pockets, but aunt Hannah spying the manœuvre, cried out,

"Oh! Lucy, do keep those things in your hand, or half of them will be forgotten;" and she, too full of hope to murmur at anything, resumed the care of them again.

They soon reached the street from which the coach was to start, and looking eagerly down, spied in all its dingy, clumsy, vulgarity, the despised and rejected omnibus drawn out, and the horses in the act of being put to. All three stopped short, gazed first at the vehicle, then at one another in speechless amazement. At last Mr. Raymond burst into a fit of laughter long and loud.

"So, Lucy, this was your nice coach. Well, nothing like a good name," cried he, as soon as he could speak, while poor Lucy hung down her head in utter discomfiture, and appeared to think the torrent of wrath poured on her from aunt Hannah only too well deserved.

"Come, come, Hannah," said Mr. Raymond at length, "enough said now, a mistake is only a mistake, we can't put old heads on young shoulders; Lucy will be wiser the next time, and we must only make the best of a bad bargain now."

"Make the best of it," re-echoed his sister, in a tone of indignation, "do you suppose anything on earth would tempt me to set my foot inside that filthy, abominable machine, or give it to any one to say that Miss Raymond travelled in it? A nice story, indeed, and a pretty debût Miss Lucy would make!"

"Oh! as to that," replied her brother, "now as the thing can't be helped, I don't suppose the journey will do Lucy harm, and," added he, drily, "I think the alternative preferable to disappointing Mrs. Lowe, who will have her carriage to meet you, and being absent from the dinner-party she gives to-day."

At this suggestion aunt Hannah wrung her hands in despair; she surveyed the vehicle irresolutely, yet still with a look of unconquerable disgust, but at this moment the driver mounted his seat and the horn sounded; there was no time for further discussion, and Mr. Raymond effectually ended it by opening the door and handing his daughter in, while aunt Hannah, thus taken by surprise, unresistingly followed, and off it drove.

During the foregoing discussion Lucy, guessing what the result

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after all would be, had glanced into the cavernous gloom of the vehicle, and not perceiving any occupant, disencumbered herself of her parcels by quietly throwing them in, one by one, through the aperture over the door; her surprise was accordingly great when on entering she perceived an individual seated in the furthest corner, and as her eyes became gradually accustomed to the dim obscure of this new region, she could perceive that he looked like a gentleman, if it were possible to imagine one in such a place. Quite distressed to see that, from his position, some of her parcels must have unceremoniously reached him, and that he had returned good for evil by collecting them all into a tidy heap upon the seat, she had just commenced uttering some thanks and apologies when her speech was interrupted by the torrent of abuse which aunt Hannah, now recovered from her surprise, directed against the luckless vehicle into which she had been, as it were, entrapped; unmindful of the stranger she continued alternately to bemoan her hard fate, and throw the blame of the occurrence on Lucy, who vainly endeavoured by quiet endurance or playful remonstrance, to turn the tide of wrath, but just as she imagined herself nearly successful in allaying the storm, some fresh jolt, as the uneasy vehicle rattled over the uneven pavement, would arouse it anew. At length the machine suddenly stopped, and glancing contemptuously at their present companion, aunt Hannah exclaimed,

"Some fresh contamination!" and threw herself back with a look in which anger and resignation ludicrously combined seemed to say, "Fate has done its worst, for the future I defy it!"

But she little guessed the miseries which were still in store. The door opened, and a decent tradesman-looking person appeared at it, with a child of about four years old in his arms, and a boy following with a flower-pot in each hand.

Now aunt Hannah, in common with many others of her standing, had an unconquerable dislike to children, considering them at best but as necessary evils, to be kept as much as possible out of sight, and only to be endured on well guarded and stated occasions; the reader may therefore imagine what pleasure it gave her to have their party thus increased, as the man placed the child carefully on one seat of the vehicle, while directly opposite he deposited the flower-pots, and seemingly quite satisfied with the arrangement, looked smilingly at the juvenile traveller, and said,

"Tommy will be a good boy and sit quiet there, and not be troublesome to the ladies and gentleman, and he'll take care of the flowers for poor sick mamma;" and with these reasonable expectations the father closed the door, and contentedly placed himself on the outside, quite satisfied with this effort of parental care.

Seldom are human calculations realized. The omnibus set off again, but hardly had it made a dozen bounds when poor Tommy, who was perched lightly on the seat, his diminutive members dan-

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ging restlessly a few inches below, found it impossible, even with the most dutiful intentions, to comply with his father's commands: he clung on convulsively with his tiny hands, endeavouring to clasp the hard unyielding cushion, looking all the time piteously in his companions faces, but at a jolt rougher than usual, the poor child's strength and courage failed, and down he rolled off the seat, followed by his opposite companions the flower-pots. A scene of noise and confusion followed, which may be easily imagined, the child shrieking with pain and terror, aunt Hannah scolding in a still shriller key as she rubbed her foot, against which the flower-pot had rolled, and Lucy's gentle laughter mingling with that of the stranger at a scene too ludicrous for even good-nature to resist; but it was only for a moment; kind-hearted Lucy soon raised up the little victim, tried with many a winning word to soothe and quiet him, and assisted by the stranger their united efforts were soon successful in restoring peace. Lucy comforted the little fellow with some cakes her father had provided for her journey, and then her fellow-traveller relieving her from her charge, placed him beside himself, and supporting him with his arm, the child nestled into him and soon sobbed himself asleep.

Aunt in the meantime ceased not to inveigh against this new accident, ever and anon glancing reprovingly at Lucy for her involuntary companionship with the stranger, while a quiet smile flitted across his features as he occasionally intercepted the glance and witnessed the confusion it created in his fairer neighbour. She meanwhile was now observing him with more attention, and though, as we have said, of a sufficiently imaginative disposition, was still rather at a loss in what class to place him; he was not young, at least to eyes of eighteen, though his countenance told a tale either of care or hardship, or suffering which might have done the work of time; they were, however, evidently the traces of what had once been, for his frank smile and clear benevolent eyes told no sorrowful story now. His dress could give to Lucy no clue to his station, for it was merely neat and unpretending, and she might have pronounced it somewhat of the shabby genteel had it not acquired a certain degree of elegance from its wearer; so after much secret conjecture, she had nearly set him down in her mind either as a travelling artist or author, two avocations which in her imagination combined poverty and good taste, had not a slight military tendency in his costume inclined the balance in favour of his being a reduced or half-pay officer.

"Poor man," thought Lucy, unconsciously surveying him with a compassionate look, "to think of his passing his early days in the service of his country, and now, with his gentlemanly habits and manners, obliged to dress poorly and travel in an omnibus."

This was almost the climax of distress, but Lucy went on building her castle—

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Perhaps, too, he has a family to maintain, perhaps a daughter in delicate health, in some poor lodging near the sea, and she glanced at a little box beside him, very like those in the fruit-shop windows, which she at once set down as containing oranges for the invalid.

Poor Lucy! a little more experience in the ways of mankind might have told you that it was as probably filled with cigars, and turned your thoughts into another channel; be that as it may, your reverie was a pleasing one, and taking as it did the hues of your kind warm heart, did you more good than the shrewdest guesses that worldly knowledge could have given.

And now the omnibus stopped to change horses, and the unlucky little animal who had already caused so much disturbance within, suddenly wakening up from his slumbering position, set up a second cry at finding himself amongst strangers. It was so loud this time as to reach his father's ears, and with haste he alighted from the roof, and presented himself at the door, quite shocked at the trouble his child had given, and full of apologies, which were, however, cut short by a lecture from aunt Hannah, who insisted upon having the urchin removed. Lucy endeavoured to soften this mandate, and the language which accompanied it, by kind regrets at the fate of the geraniums, and by the good-natured smile with which she put the remainder of her biscuit into the little fellow's hand as his father submissively lifted him out. Their remaining companion then stooped to examine the prostrate flowers, saying as he did so,

"I wish something could be done to revive these crushed plants; I think the poor man said they were for some invalid, probably to cheer her sick room."

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," thought Lucy, with a glance at the little box, and immediately entering into the benevolent wish, and bringing her own knowledge and love of flowers to its aid, their united efforts were rewarded by seeing them hold up their heads again and give some promise of recovery.

"I am sure they will live," exclaimed Lucy, joyfully, "and here are some buds low down which will come out before another week; so 'tis only to cut off the bruised and broken top-shoots and they will look quite fresh and compact again."

The stranger smiled at her eagerness, but aunt Hannah muttered in a peevish tone,

"Great matter, indeed! he deserves well to lose them for tormenting us." She was probably thinking of her wounded corn.

They had now arrived at their destination, and once more experienced the delightful exercise of rattling over the disjointed pavement of a country town. Aunt Hannah drew back into the furthest corner, to avoid observation, and vainly telegraphed to

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Lucy to do the same, but her attention was too much engrossed with the novelty of the scene to observe this mute language. At length starting forward with an exclamation of pleasure, she cried out,

"There is Mrs. Lowe's carriage," and waved her hand to the servant; while poor aunt Hannah, thus seeing herself publicly exposed, threw herself back on the seat with a groan.

The light open vehicle turned rapidly and drew up close just as the omnibus halted with a tremendous bang, and aunt Hannah fancied a suppressed sneer on the servant's face as he came up to explain that, never expecting them in the omnibus, he was returning home when Miss Lucy called his attention. The stranger by this time had opened the door and stopped, turning civilly to assist his companions. Miss Raymond drew back, declining his services with a haughty air, but Lucy, fancying the poor man looked hurt at this repulse, gave him her hand as he assisted her out of the machine and placed her in their friend's carriage. Aunt Hannah followed, under the footman's guidance, and with a heartfelt exclamation of satisfaction at finding herself once more in a suitable conveyance, ordered the servants to drive off without delay, never bestowing a look upon their late fellow-traveller, who stood quietly waiting to see them depart, and raised his cap as they went off, in acknowledgment of Lucy's parting bow. The latter had to endure a long and sharp lecture from her aunt on the impropriety of forming the slightest acquaintance with such a free, presuming fellow as their late companion.

"I am certain," pursued she, "that I have seen him before in some low situation; I remember his face perfectly, and think he must be one of the clerks in Logan's shop. Yes, I am certain now that I have seen him behind the counter, but his being in *the omnibus* was quite enough; you should not have exchanged a syllable with him."

It was useless for Lucy to plead the inevitable circumstances of the case, or to suggest that this person looked too old for any of Logan's clerks; that he might have been compelled to travel in the omnibus, like themselves, from accidental causes; any doubt of her penetration was received with impatience. Enough, she had seen him behind a counter, and it only remained for Lucy humbly to regret the unfortunate circumstances which had placed them in so disagreeable a position, and to hope that nothing would ever bring it to their recollection again.

They arrived just in time to dress for dinner and found a large party assembled, the star of which was the fashionable and beautiful Lady Trevor. Aunt Hannah suffered agony during the repast, lest any unlucky turn of the conversation should expose her late degradation, and shrunk with nervous apprehension from any subject bearing on travelling, horses, carriages, or roads; well

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knowing that Lady Trevor, amongst her numerous accomplishments, possessed a power of satire, not the less keen and provoking for being invariably couched in the most polished and elegant language. No wonder, then, that aunt Hannah sensitively shrunk from having her feelings laid bare to one from whom she could expect no anodyne, but who would probably repeat again, in many a circle and with many an amusing addition, their adventures in the omnibus; but who can describe her horror on hearing their kind hostess at the further end of the room inquiring from the artless and ingenuous Lucy what had detained them so long, adding, "I thought the coach arrived at five, and you were an hour later; I trust no accident ."

Here she was interrupted by Lucy, who frankly and without disguise stated that the coach adhered to its usual hour, but that they had travelled by the omnibus. We may judge of her feelings at this moment by what she had already endured—how red, how pale, she felt almost suffocated, and fancied that on her were turned the eyes of the whole company. She darted one glance of despair at the calm and unconscious Lucy, and then awaited breathlessly the consequences of the announcement. But there was nothing in Lucy's gentle, unpretending manner to provoke sarcasm or ridicule, and having replied to Mrs. Howe's expression of surprise at their choosing such an uncomfortable conveyance, by relating simply how it had occurred, the appalling subject was dropped and apparently remembered no more, though the redoubtable Lady Trevor was at the very moment seated on the same sofa.

Aunt Hannah drew a long sigh of relief; well was it for her, with all her management, that she was not in the candid Lucy's place, as her apologies and excuses would at once have betrayed her sensitiveness to the ridicule they would as surely have provoked.

The next day they drove again into T to look for suitable lodgings during their stay. Hard was it to satisfy aunt Hannah, and discontentedly did she turn away from many a one which Lucy pronounced perfect; but then Lucy only cared to get a view of the blue waters, or to watch the snowy sails or busy oars as they passed to and fro, while a rose-tree or a jessamine trained against the wall were, in her opinion, worth all the carpets or curtains ever wove or spun. Aunt Hannah, however, had very different ideas of comfort, but luckily, at length, one situation offered gratifying the predilections of each, and evening found them happily seated together in the oval window of a very pretty little cottage, with roses and jessamine wafting their sweetness to Lucy, and a sufficiency of internal comforts to satisfy the most fastidious taste of her aunt.

They continued for awhile silently gazing on the scene before

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them, watching the sparkling waters, and listening to the clear notes of a bugle which sounded at intervals from a fort at a little distance; at length Lucy turned on her aunt a look of affectionate delight, as she exclaimed, "What happiness have you given me, dear aunt; this is so lovely."

And aunt Hannah, her heart softened by the sweet girl's gratitude, responded to the feeling as she passed her hand fondly across her shining ringlets, and replied, "Long may your innocent heart, my dear child, retain its ready power of pleasing and being pleased."

But, with a temper like aunt Hannah's, those indulgent moments never lasted long, and one source of annoyance continually presented itself when in their daily walks they encountered their fellow-traveller of the omnibus. He invariably raised his hat with a respectful salute, and Lucy could not forbear returning his diffident bow, though in a manner sufficiently reserved to show she only acknowledged it; while aunt Hannah always drew up her stiff figure still more into the perpendicular, and deplored in bitter accents the result of Lucy's indiscretion; until, at length, her senses, sharpened to acuteness by apprehension, could distinguish his figure at almost any distance if he were coming towards them, or know his step from a hundred if he overtook them in their walks.

One unlucky day they were returning from their usual stroll by the sea-shore, and had turned from the strand into the road leading towards the town, when, advancing along the foot-path, Lucy's quick eyes discovered her unconscious tormentor; he was attentively reading a letter as he slowly proceeded, and she hoped he might be so deeply engrossed as to allow them to pass unperceived, but in vain; for, just as he was in the act of passing, he suddenly raised his head, and a quick smile of pleasure brightened his face at the abrupt encounter.

"He'll walk up and shake hands with us next," muttered aunt Hannah, in an indignant tone, almost within his hearing, and was on this text commencing her usual tirade, when a step behind them which Lucy knew too well, made her heart beat quick with the fear of some fresh annoyance to her aunt. Nor was she mistaken; the stranger overtook them, and, politely apologising for the intrusion, explained that he had a few minutes before encountered a set of drunken sailors, who were fighting vociferously at the entrance of the village, and that he had, on recollecting this, turned to warn the ladies of the annoyance, or to offer his services in escorting them through.

His manner was so perfectly gentlemanlike, that, notwithstanding all aunt Hannah's prejudices, it insensibly influenced her, and being naturally of a cowardly disposition and especially afraid of drunken sailors, she considered that of two evils it was better to

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choose the least; and so, with a very ungracious attempt at thanks, accepted his offer of protection, the more readily as the group of the fray already reached them. They proceeded in silence, however, the two ladies occupying the footpath, and their protector walking on the road at a civil distance. Aunt Hannah seemed determined not to speak, and Lucy was afraid to do so, though feeling the silence sufficiently awkward. Her good nature at last conquered her timidity, and having mentally sought and rejected twenty different subjects, she at length had fixed on one to commence with, when the quick roll of a carriage was heard approaching, and instantly round the corner came the pony phaeton of Lady Trevor, who gave them a smiling salute as she passed rapidly by. But that smile, which only brought ideas of beauty and kindness to Lucy's unsuspicious heart, came fraught with malice and all uncharitableness to the irritated feelings of aunt Hannah; she gave one look of undisguised abhorrence at their officious attendant, and, hurrying on at a pace with which Lucy could scarcely keep up, made her way independently through the crowd, forgetful of her fears, unmindful of assistance, and leaving her niece both to receive the benefit of the escort and to render her acknowledgments for it; nor stopped or turned until she found herself safely lodged in her drawing room at home.

Lucy, who could accurately interpret aunt Hannah's feelings, vainly strove to conquer her nervous anticipation of some outbreak, or to conceal her trepidation from her companion. He imagining that it proceeded from terror at the crowd, kindly strove to reassure her; but the more he addressed her, the worse the evil became, and, measuring with her eye the distance which aunt Hannah had gained on them, her only comfort arose from the hope that he spoke in too low a tone to reach her ear. He had piloted his young charge through the noisy crowd and gained the open road again; the cottage was now in view, aunt Hannah proceeding in double quick time before them, and he was about to take leave when he suddenly noticed with surprise the agitation of his trembling companion.

"Terror has made you ill," said he, kindly; "do take my arm until you reach your home; no need to be frightened now that the danger is past."

But Lucy declined his services, and glancing apprehensively towards her aunt, requested him in hurried accents to take no further trouble, but allow her to get home alone. Her evident trepidation, so much greater than the occasion warranted, and her nervousness increasing rather than diminishing, awakened his curiosity, and, following the direction of her eyes as she anxiously gazed after her aunt, who in sullen dignity was stalking at a tremendous pace along, the truth immediately flashed upon him; he saw how matters stood, a gay smile for a moment passed across his usually serious countenance, and he seemed irresolute how to

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but the distressed look of his companion decided him, and, stopping suddenly, he said,

"Well I shall not intrude any further now, as I have placed you in safety, but hope on some future day to be authorized in inquiring whether you have suffered from the anxiety you appear to undergo."

"Oh! thank you, there is not the least occasion," replied Lucy, scarcely knowing what she said, but with one wish uppermost in her mind—that she might never behold him again; he still, however, lingered, and in a hesitating manner again accosted her as if in conclusion of his former sentence,

"Perhaps at the ball on Thursday night; do you intend being there?"

"Yes—no—I am not sure," stammered Lucy; and her tormentor, apparently satisfied, bade her a smiling adieu, and departed.

But he had placed a thorn amongst poor Lucy's roses of enjoyment, and the pleasure she had been for weeks anticipating with delight was by that short sentence converted into a prospect of unmixed dismay. It was her first ball, and though her aunt resolved to witness her debût, still she was to be chaperoned by her friend Mrs. Lowe, who had promised to call for her and introduce her to plenty of partners; and now all was spoiled. Only to think of this horrid creature coming up before every one to claim her acquaintance! he at a ball, indeed! Aunt Hannah was right after all, for what could a poor reduced officer with a large family want at such a place of amusement? And, angry with herself for the false trick her imagination had played her, and for the compassion she had wasted; indignant, too, with the stranger for his impertinence, and for the provoking smile which accompanied his words, and which now recurred to her memory, poor Lucy's spirit fairly gave way, and she burst into a flood of tears.

But she had still to encounter aunt Hannah's ire, and, hastily drying them up, she followed, little comforted by the conviction that, let her aunt say what she would, she deserved it all. When she entered the drawing-room, she found Miss Raymond, as she expected, nursing her wrath to keep it warm, and was immediately asked in a taunting tone what she had done with her delightful beau?

Lucy replied with gentleness, and her aunt continued to run over her usual invectives without interruption, when suddenly, in an excited tone, she exclaimed,

"I will give you a specimen of his impudence. Just as Lady Trevor passed us, when I was ready to sink into the ground with shame, and was hardly able to return her salute, I saw him—yes, I actually saw the fellow—take his hat from his head with an impudent smile, and return her bow as if he took it all to himself. Oh! what a fine story for her ladyship!

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Lucy was aghast at this fresh instance of his presumption, and thought with trembling apprehension of the moment when she should become the object of his persecution, and lay down that night with a heavy heart, scarcely venturing to hope that some fortunate accident might yet relieve her from her fears.

The long-expected evening arrived, once so joyfully anticipated, now expected with a painful mixture of delight and fear. Poor Lucy's apprehensive looks were noticed by her aunt, but placed to the account of youthful diffidence; and, with some good-nature, she endeavoured to encourage her, while, with pride and affection which could not be repressed, she contemplated the light graceful figure and sweet ingenuous countenance of the blooming girl. The band of pearls was clasped round her sunny hair, the last ribbon pinned to her dress of purest white, when Mrs. Lowe's carriage drove to the door, and, without time for further thought, Lucy followed her aunt quickly, the door was slapped to, and in five minutes' drive they reached the scene of all her expectations. The ball was held in the public room of T——, and its gay illuminations showing through the windows, with the enlivening notes of the band, gave an idea of festive gaiety which somewhat restored Lucy's spirits. They stopped for a few moments in the hall to form their party, during which interval aunt Hannah repeated her often-enforced admonition to be very particular as to her partners, and only to dance with those introduced by Mrs. Lowe. Poor Lucy's terrors were in a moment renewed: for one instant the idea of disclosing her apprehensions and throwing herself on her aunt's compassion flashed across her mind, and she raised her soft and pleading eyes with a deprecating expression; but Mrs. Lowe caught the look, and gaily cried,

"My dear Miss Raymond, you are absolutely frightening our young friend out of her wits; Lucy, my love, you must not listen to any more good advice; take courage, and depend on yourself; believe me, your usual look of happy enjoyment and innocence will succeed better than all the studied manners in the world. So cheer up now and come away."

Lucy followed, drawing a long sigh. It was easy to talk of innocence when her heart was sinking under a load of secret care; and she already pictured to herself Mrs. Lowe's look of displeased surprise, her aunt's fiery indignation, and the contempt and sneers of her acquaintance, when she should be accosted by the quondam shopman, and invited to join him in the dance; but all her fears were soon lost in the bewildering sensation of wonder and pleasure which the first glimpse of the gay scene afforded. The dancers had just finished the first set of quadrilles, and as Lucy listened to the inspiriting music, and gazed on the moving mass of dress and beauty, her heart revived. "It is impossible," thought she, "that I could be discerned in such a brilliant crowd;" but at this moment the sets broke up, and the different

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groups proceeded to take the circuit of the room in search of seats or chaperons. As they passed Lucy's party, however, she soon became convinced, by many a smiling salute, or word of recognition, how slight was her chance of escape, and she continued to watch each successive individual as the former ones passed on and opened a fresh view.

At length the gay voice of Lady Trevor was heard approaching, distinguishable above the others by its clear, silvery tones. She was leaning on an officer with a brilliant star upon his breast, and immediately stepped out of the line of saunterers to join the newly arrived party. She shook hands cordially with Lucy, and congratulated her on her appearance, then turned to accost some one else, whilst Lucy resumed her silent and apparently abstracted occupation of watching for the figure she most dreaded to see; but whilst she gazed eagerly along into the distance, she was startled by a voice close beside her. She could not be mistaken in those low, musical tones, and with difficulty suppressing a cry at this sudden realization of her worst fears, she turned and beheld, not the mild and retiring traveller of the omnibus, not the disappointed and indignant half-pay officer of her imagination, nor yet the forward and presuming shopman, but, supporting on his arm the gay and brilliant Lady Trevor, in glittering uniform, his fine countenance lighted up with animation, the observed of all observers, there he stood; and, replying to her anxious and astonished gaze with a smile of undisguised pleasure, was introduced by Lady Trevor as her friend Sir George Montague.

It needs not to describe Lucy's amazement as she mechanically gave him her hand to join the dancers, nor aunt Hannah's vexation at her want of sagacity, and regrets for past rudeness; and our readers would have but little imagination if unable to guess that the secret of all Lucy's doubts and apprehensions was soon drawn from her by her brilliant partner. Whether he felt more gratified by the compassionate interest his first appearance had excited in Lucy's mind, or annoyed by aunt Hannah's derogatory suspicions, might have been guessed by the expression of countenance with which he encouraged her ingenuous confession. Nor need we add, that this acquaintance so inauspiciously commenced did not terminate here, but that, when long years were passed and gone, the still fair and happy Lucy Montague would remind her adoring husband of the first and only cloud which had shadowed her sunny life, and laughingly request he would never ask her to disobey the solemn command of aunt Hannah, who, as she gave her a parting embrace on her wedding-day, whispered as Colonel Montague was leading her to his carriage, "Dearest Lucy, you have, for once escaped, but let nothing ever again induce you to travel in an omnibus."

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CLASSIC HAUNTS AND RUINS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED," &c.

No. I.

TIBUR AND THE TEMPLE OF THE SIBYL.

TIBUR! sweet Tibur!* where spring's earliest flowers
Blush on the hill, and deck the valley's bowers;
Where nature paints with freshest, greenest dyes,
The leafy woods, and spreads the bluest skies;
Where mount, grot, ruin, other days recall,
And genius haunts the Anio's silver fall.
Here, in Rome's palmy time, from summer's heat,
Her sons retired to many a cool retreat;
Statesmen and chiefs forgot ambition's dreams,
To muse in groves, and sit by babbling streams.
Renounced awhile the forum and the field
For the calm joys that nature's beauties yield.

But where are now the palaces of pride,
Where sculpture triumphed, art with luxury vied?
As flowery mountain Adrian's villa crowned;
All gorgeous things, all beauties there were found;
Arched galleries spread, proud columns rose on high,
Gilt chambers blazed, and statues charmed the eye.
Dim now the scene; taste, luxury's reign is o'er,
And ruin sits where beauty smiled before;
Pillar and sculptured hall, and cornice stone,
Blent in one crumbling mass, and prostrate thrown.
Yes, the fox hides, the owlet builds her bower,
Where once an emperor dwelt in state and power.†
The porphyry columns, too, by Anio's stream,
That rich Vopiscus reared, no longer gleam.
Fall'n are Mæcenas' walls on Tibur's side;
The seat of Horace ferns and thistles hide;

* The modern Tivoli and its neighbourhood.

† Extensive remains of the once magnificent villa of Adrian are still seen on a hill near Tivoli. The Emperor, after having travelled over the whole of his dominions, is said to have designed this villa as a concentration, or a blending of all architectural beauties, and gathered within its walls the finest specimens then extant of Greek and Roman art. Tibur was very celebrated as the favourite resort of literary men, and the spot where the patricians and such Romans as possessed wealth erected their country residences. The most famous of these, after Adrian's, were the villas of Mæcenas, Marius, Scipio Æmilianus, Virgil, Catullus, Vopiscus, and Horace.

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Where others dwelt—on mount, in classic dell,
No stone remains, no memory lives to tell.

Oh! Time, with iron foot and crushing hand,
Hath walked in triumph o'er this lovely land;
By him man's proudest works to dust are hurled,
King of the past and witherer of the world!
Yet hath he spared one relic taste endears,
One beauteous pearl from out the sea of years.
Sweet temple! shining on yon bank afar,
Fair as in heaven some singly glittering star;
For thou alone remain'st to charm the gaze,
A radiant dream of long-departed days;
High on the rock thy slender columns glow,
The flashing cascade sounding far below;
Thy hue as fresh, thy pillared form as fine
As when the sibyl whispered from thy shrine;
Age hath not stooped to wither, but caress,
And wreath a glory round thy loveliness.

'Twas here, 'mid ancient woods, the dryads' home,
That he who built yon fabric loved to roam;
Mæcenas, too, and Horace paced along,
And tuneful Virgil dreamed his deathless song.
Do not, e'en now, their spirits haunt the spot,
Glide through the temple, whisper from the grot,
Or sigh above the wrecks on Tibur's hill,
The scenes they loved in life enchanting still?
Here on this mound, beside the rushing stream,
By plane trees screened from noontide's scorching beam,
How sweet to rest and link thought's subtle chain,
While fancy's visions crowd the musing brain!
But not the sibyl, with her proud dark brow,
Nor bard, nor hero, flits before me now.
Where pours the cascade down yon dizzy height,
Like sheet of diamonds or a flash of light,
Close by the brink a form of beauty stands,
With rounded limb, white neck, and lily hands;
Like stars at midnight gleam her bright black eyes,
Her cheek of roses rich as morning's skies;
An iris, glittering through the pearly mist,
Plays o'er her head—an arch of amethyst.
In the white foam she sleeks her ebon locks,
Her silvery laughter echoing round the rocks;

* Some antiquarians are inclined to believe that this well-preserved relic of antiquity, commonly called the Temple of the Sibyl, was dedicated to the goddess Vesta. But several circumstances tend to favour their opinion; but the locality of the shrine of the Sibyl at Tibur, whose oracles were consulted for many ages, is pretty clearly proved by the descriptions of Virgil and Horace as being identical with that of the building standing at this time.

† The Emperor Augustus.

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Then sings, with sprightly voice, like some young bird,
Yet sweet as harp-strings sigh by zephyrs stirred.
And who the maid?—'tis she who guards the wave.
The aerial nymph, the naiad of the cave.*

Tibur! thy ruins whitening 'mid green shades,
Thy classic fane, bright falls, and leafy glades;
The Sabine hills so famed in other day,
Rome's towers of glory gleaming far away;
And more than all, the spell which lore hath cast
O'er each bright spot—the memories of the past:
These to thy ancient name a charm impart,
And well may bind them to the wanderer's heart.

Oh! 'tis sweet to stray by the tranquil deep,
When the waves are still and the winds asleep,
And all is hushed, save the gentle lapse
Of the tide that the pebbly beach enwraps;
When night's peerless queen sheds her placid light
In radiance soft o'er the stilly scene,
And the sparkling stars are all gleaming bright
Like glittering gems in the sky serene.
How grand is the stance by the wild sea shore,
When the surges break with a deaf'ning roar,
As with foaming crest o'er the rocks they dash,
Neath the light'ning's gleam and the thunder's crash!
And the skies are clad in a misty shroud,
Which, low'ring looms o'er the writhing sea;
And onward impell'd by the tempest loud,
The dark heaving billows are plunging free!
In calm or in storm there's a joy that thrills
To the inmost soul, and the bosom fills
As enraptur'd we gaze, with an awe-struck sense
Of mystery, might, and omnipotence!
For here it is, as the billowy seas
Or the spangled sky in repose we scan,
Are felt, in soul-humbling submission,
The power of God and the weakness of man!

* The cavern at the second fall of the Anio is the reputed residence of the Naiad, the "domus Albuneæ resonantis." The rocks above rise to the height of nearly two hundred feet.

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RICHARD BIDDULPH;[1]

OR,

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

To Critical Gentlemen.

Most worthy and powerful Sirs,—It seems necessary that something should be written to you, but really what that something is I am at a loss to conjecture; so it is better perhaps to allow the pen to run on just as it likes, and I must be answerable to you for the result. Well, then, Richard Biddulph appeared for the first time some eleven months since in this magazine, under anything but outrageously encouraging circumstances; there was no note of preparation, no introduction by the editor, no particular announcements in the newspapers! As the junior counsel he opened his case quietly, and it is to be hoped, modestly; simply specifying what was in the brief, and leaving all circumlocution to the senior chap, who was higher in the trade than self, and who, moreover, was dressed in shining silk. Now the gentleman who ought to have been the leader somehow or other, like to a young actor, forgot his part; so that the weight was, and is now, thrown upon the shoulders of no more worthy a fellow than the junior; so that after hemming forty-nine times, pulling my woollen robe around me seventy-eight times, and standing upon the very tip of my boots a hundred and ninety times, I, the junior counsel—mind that—thus address you as

Gentlemen connected with the critical literature of the country—

You have done me the honour of mentioning me in your various periodicals, and, as luck would have it, favourably; so that, for that I thank you. I flatter myself I am unlike those ungrateful curs who get more halfpence than kicks, and yet don't get quite upon 'em. No, gentlemen, for your praise, far, *far* greater than could have been ever dreamt of, I herewith, on behalf of my client Richard Biddulph, tender you many heartfelt thanks, and wish your literary lives may be as happy as is that of,

My dear critical Gentlemen,

Your devoted Servant,

Richard Biddulph's Junior Counsel.

[1] Continued from page 312, vol xliii.

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CHAPTER XLI.

THE AGED STONES OF LONDON GET OUT OF THE WAY OF THE "NEW METROPOLIS."

On a certain day those peaceful stones which had slept in the streets of London for a long time were taken up with pickaxes, and were broken into pieces by means of bars of iron. The workmen went about this work just as though they were lifting mud or any other nuisance out of the public path, and seemed not to be aware of that romance of history which was actually attached and clinging to each rough stone amongst them. In reality the stones were full of mind, and memory formed a great portion of it, for men of thought looked upon them as they were taken up from their long resting-places, when each particular one got right up on the top of a pile and spoke; yes, to the white-faced genius they actually assumed different faces of different passions, which resembled those which are carved by the minds of sculptors out of solid blocks of marble—only that these London stones were common, every-day chaps, and spoke only common every-day events of life and hope, and joy and sorrow, of wisdom and of unmitigated madness. One stone had stood by the opening to a church, so that it told of bridals and of christenings, as well as of coffins being carried over its surface towards the common tomb. One stone had been placed in front of an assembly or ball-room, so that it knew nothing beyond white dresses or on the other side of French-polished boots. One stone had lain by a palace where kings and queens had lived one after the other, and it told of cringing treads of courtiers as well as sycophants, of pages as well as maids of honour; whilst it revealed real tears of anguish which had fallen from those whose pockets were lined with gold, and whose heads were ornamented (?) with a diamond crown. One stone had lived close under a prison window, so that it had a thick surface of sighs and sorrows upon its face. Another had listened to the protestations of lovers, and told something of the purity of affection. One had the tear of a beggar upon it; one had the hope of an adventurer; one had the red blood of the murdered right within its heart, and one—oh! this was a common one—and one had the heartless, callous, devil-me-care laugh of the despised prostitute right in the centre of its side, which was reflected as in a glass, and looked most pitiful as well as hideous. One—but stop, this will never do; let it be understood that each and every stone had its own particular and peculiar story about that joy or sorrow which is natural to the human race. Lord bless you, the stones didn't care one jot for any other joy or any other sorrow than those which were human; so that cats or horses or dogs rattled over them with impunity, whilst men and women engrossed the whole of their attention. After all, shall not the stone rise up in judgment against the marble-hearted murderer? and shall not the stone rise up in judgment when those are judged who drop tears of philanthropy and of charity? Shall it?

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Well, then, the old stones were taken up and broken into pieces, so that each piece might, in its turn, stand up in evidence, when the whole world might be judged, which small pieces rested for a very short time, as they went away from one another, so as to cause puddles in the public streets; when even larger stones came into fashion than had ever been used before, but they did not satisfy the folks of London for a long time. No, their memories were scarcely tested when wood began to take possession of what might have been considered their eternal sanctuary. But previous to saying one word about wood, it is better to refer to the regeneration of the lamps; for after all, the round globular chaps with iron crowns upon their heads deserve to be thanked for the service they did to society; that service was little, to be sure, but then it was all they could perform, and they did it right merrily, for they bobbed up their heads as high as they could go, just as though the next attempt would prove more successful, although, to tell the honest truth, it was not so. The little oil lamps, after standing in the old streets of London for centuries, were treated with the greatest contempt all of a sudden by the go-a-head ingenuity of modern philosophers, who threw them aside, and erected in their places great iron temples with a pipe running in the centre of them, through which pipe rose towards the top a thin ethereal liquid called gas, which took the shine out of the old lamps quite and entirely. When the first lamp was erected there were many old chaps from all parts of old London around to witness the first rush of the new light into the eyeballs of the inhabitants, and various were the opinions as to the safety as well as to the eligibility of the new mode. In spite of these opinions, however, the lighted gas assumed its mighty prerogative in the midst of its glass temple, until it had actually taken away the breath of the bystanders, when it continued then, and continues now, to get on in a similar manner. Of course there were all kinds of gas companies for the purpose of laying down pipes, building houses for its manufacture, as well as supplying every part of every house with the subtle, light-headed fluid; and in good time gas took full possession of the whole English nation, so that nothing whatever was heard of, or thought of, or dreamt of by old ladies or young ladies, by bachelors, spinsters, or lord chief barons, besides the all-important fluid! Thus when gas did take possession of the British mind, a new metropolis sprang up right upon the ruins of the old one, which was as essentially different from the old one, that no ghost that had been a ghost for only twenty years would have been able to identify it. As to comparing the London of gas and new policemen to the London of frowzy watchmen and cotton lights dipped in oil, that would be quite ridiculous; so that the only way it appears possible to show what the one is and what the other was, must be by the simple statement, that Miss Georgiana Puffy, of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, does not look one half so ethereal when divested of her paint and tinsel on her way home to her garret in the immediate locality. Some folks admire Miss Puffy when she is enveloped in paint And spangles, and some folks admire Miss Puffy in her own original dirt, without any kind of decoration or effect whatsoever; and so is, and so was, London—that is to say, London was like Miss Puffy when sur-

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rounded by her dirty garret walls, as well as her own dirty clothes, and London is like unto Miss Puffy when standing in the very centre of glare and glitter upon the stage of a theatre, so that it be a theatre royal. Why, putting aside every other consideration, the very policemen themselves might occupy fifty chapters if they were estimated at the cost they set upon their own persons; but inasmuch such is not now to be the case, they must be contented with the passing remark, that if they would look more after thieves and murderers and less after servant wenches, more after public interests and less after their own particular private persons, they would be more efficient than they now are. Although, for the life of me, I have no grudge against the buttoned-up blues, or any enormous complaints to make against them, having had the loss of only three wenches, seventeen legs of mutton, and one particularly proper lobster salad attributed to their being in the neighbourhood; so that it is better to say that they are just as ornamental as they are useful, and just as civil to the rich as they are tyrannical and domineering to the industrious poor. There may be exceptions—nay, then, there are exceptions, and God grant they may all be exceptions, so as to make them better beloved than they now are.

This partial digression is meant to put in a back ground to the picture, so that the new metropolis may stand right in front of it, dressed in palace-like houses and shops, which are more beautiful than the goods which are to be purchased within them; plate-glass with letters of gold; chandeliers with gas peeping out of them; and, to finish, pale-faced gentlemen with comical expressions breathing and coughing through tightly-fastened white cravats. There was a mighty change, or what may be called a great improvement in the place, save and except that want of improvement in the condition of the poor which ought to have kept pace with the rest; but no! along the gas-lighted streets, paved with wood or with stone, slank as before the poor creatures, whose condition appeared much more wretched from the contrast; for the rags which partially covered their besored skins were not in unison with the silks, jewellery, and gew-gaws thrusting themselves into the squalid eyes of the farthingless. Oh! Heaven! But stop!

Richard Biddulph deserted from the ranks of the army, and after wandering about the country for a time, he followed the example of many others by making his way to London. It is not necessary to say what the vagabond thought when he saw the great change which had taken place, for of course there was wonder and all that; but it is essential to state that his mind grasped a whole volume at once, so that he saw what he was to do in an instant. "The world has taught me a lesson," he said to himself, "and now I will practise it; and after all I cannot go down in society, and I may get up a little; so that come what will, I'll *do*—I will, that I will."

Prompter! don't you hear the whistle? Drop the curtain for a time, and when the music has floated through the air, let the reader see the next scene or chapter.

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CHAPTER XLII.

THE "MODERN TAILOR" CREATES A MARKER AT A BILLIARD TABLE.

When Richard Biddulph arrived in the new metropolis, he was badly dressed, although he had some money in his pocket. How he got that money must not be questioned, lest it should come out in evidence that he had stolen it; so that the first object of his inquiry was for a shop where he might be rigged out in the clothes of a gentleman. There were several reasons for his doing so, such as his not being recognised as a deserter on the one hand, and not being laughed at by the street passengers on the other. Soon, very soon, he met with the object of his inquiry; for he was informed by a long troop of sickly, diseased, and miserably-clad personages, who carried large printed announcements upon their backs, that Messrs. So-and-so's emporium was then open for the convenience of the public, where clothes at such and such prices were to be procured. Nay, so anxious were Messrs. So-and-so to benefit the world, that they actually gave away little books full of cuts and prices, so that gentlemen might use them when they performed the tedious operation of shaving. The vagabond made straightway for this paradise of benefits, and after walking for a time he made a full stop in front of the modern tailor's shop, which had immense plate-glass windows, with coats, waistcoats, and unmentionables behind them, with a ticket on each article, so that it might be purchased separately or quite independent of its neighbour. The emporium had just opened when Biddulph reached it, so that there were a number of curious-nosed chaps arranging the clothes with the most scrupulous exactness, in order that they might attract the eyes of those who passed through the undignified neighbourhood. Biddulph stood for a long time looking at each article, which seemed to give infinite satisfaction to the aforesaid shopmen, who winked at one another with their yellow-bound eyes, and smiled sickly smiles one towards the other, which said, "That fellow's badly dressed, ain't he? but he'd be a reg'lar prig if he were to wear our garments, wouldn't he!" Mustering up courage, Biddulph at length marched right in amongst the chaps, as well as the whole army of clothing; he mentioned his intention, and was soon fitted with a showy suit for the rare sum of 23s. 9d., which he put on at the back of the warehouse, and left his old clothes as a gift to the man who assisted him to refit, when he marched with a self-confident air right up to the gas-beaminated fellows, as much as to ask, "Ain't I as good as you now?" And it really appeared as if he were much better, for they treated him with the same respect they would have shown to a lord. He purchased a hat, a pair of ankle-jacks, and gloves at the same emporium; when, after looking at himself in several glasses, he had a moment left to examine a number of chalky-lipped personages of both sexes and of all ages, who entered into the shop timidly with bundles under their arms, which appeared to make them lean on that particular side from the weight of them. These wretchedly poor people presented their bundles,

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balcase, and then set to work sharp-eyed and sharp-speaking, and rapidly examined the contents of them minutely, whilst the wretched pupils stood trembling lest any of their work should meet with his objection. The young men behind the counters held up their heads, and their presence of their inferiors, who seemed to emanate even from them. Oh! they were a curious race, were these pallid people—so timid, so wretchedly abject, that they really appeared to be mere machines without souls, or at any rate as though they did not dare to call them their own property. Some of them had been tall men, who were now bent like the letter C, little curiously-dried-up women without breasts, stunted girls too, whose legs inclined towards one another from very weakness and debility. Then the whole race of them had sunny-looking, pinched-up faces, which told tales of bygone days without sustenance, and terrible nights spent with cramps, and aches, and body pains of all kinds, as well as mental dreams of famine and starvation. There were girls of fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, waistcoat makers, ship makers, and collar makers at so much a dozen, who were dressed in rotten frocks which they had not time to wash, and they had thin tissue slips, which they pressed one against the other whilst the keen man looked over and accepted or rejected the work they had brought for his scrutiny. After such scrutiny the poor people went into a counting-house, where they received as much in payment for their labour, and little as it was, it made their eyes sparkle again with very gladness, when they walked away—if dragging one thin leg after another thin leg could be called walking—out of the splendidly-fitted up emporium back to garrets, so that they might gain eightpence-halfpenny at the most by working hard for seventeen hours.

The tailor's carriage stood at the door as the thin bodies went from the shop, and then struggled forth the coin in the impudent puff dolling in a splendid chariot, whilst industry and toil and labour and meekness got the reward of so much—how much?—fivepence, sixpence, sevenpence, ay—and even eightpence a day. The devil said to the old ones, "Work, old fellows, and you'll soon die;" whilst he said to the others—good God! young girls, for instance—"There, there, you are the sinners!" No, no, my dear good girls, work on quietly until you find the tone of the public changed; for one day or other those who call themselves Christians will not purchase at such men-women-and-children slaughter-houses, but will rather patronize those who pay for people honestly in proportion to their labour; for if Christianity does not include such a principle as that, then the sooner it does the better.

Richard Diddulph had not much religion about him, so that he went forth into the streets decked out in his new suit, and was not at all surprised at the difference which had taken place in respect from policemen and others now that he was dressed in the apparent clothes of a gentleman. His features, however, were the same as heretofore, but then the police did not look so much at the face of a good coat and ankle-jacks, as at the poverty-stricken jacket and shoes which were to be met with here, there, and everywhere, as if in mockery to the grandeur which was about them.

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Now in this place it may be as well to say that pudding-headed staggering-shirt, spring-headed, policeman make a singular mistake when they suppose that, as well as every species of wickedness in the midst of a ragged, and altogether behind-hand and damask-and-gilt chief baron's ermine, for the understanding of the future, that that very ragged, patched, darned, and riddled as it is, which covers the yellow skin of poverty, is the very evidence which casts out lastly, "Not guilty, my lud;" whilst the rich velvet which hides the silk stockings, &c. sometimes has its price. Magistrates, policemen, as well as thief-takers don't ask what the price is—how much? or what? but rather crush honesty in well-worn and mangled, whilst criminality rides in a coach, or pushes the ball about on a billiard table.

But to our hearing. Richard Biddulph was dressed like a gentleman, and like a gentleman he played billiards. He got the cannons, and made the ivory fly into the pockets as if magic were his cue. The bystanders opened their eyes, and their mouths, and their pockets also, so that the fellow, who played by instinct, as it were, might do nothing but count his winnings; shillings, crowns—nay, even pounds fell all around and about him; and well it might be so, for there was a quiet understanding with the proprietor beforehand, and naturally enough he, half the profits fell to his share in consideration of a certain leaning of the table. Young men who lost oaths which must not be repeated—nay, they even stamped and pulled away at their shirt-collars, whilst Biddulph paid their money with the most perfect ease or sang-froid imaginable. Biddulph was a stranger to the table, so that he had just the odds the keeper wanted, allowing him to win, and win until an appointed time came, when, as a matter of course, all went back again. Then there were more oaths, more bitter reproachings, and so on, which ended in the vagabond settling himself down in the bragadocio occupation of marker at a billiard table. Through the long day and the tedious night there he stood, crying out the game for those who were playing, and furthermore taking an interest by betting upon strokes, until his cheeks went in, and in, and in, so that they grasped his very jaws, just as every marker's cheeks do, whilst his eyes were full of cunning—low, despicable, cunning—and kept twisting about as though they were not looking at anything, when in fact they were most fully intent upon each touch of the ball, as every other marker's eyes are.

The scenes exhibited at the particular billiard table Biddulph was marker to were about the same as those usually to be seen in others; dupes and dupers, chaps apparently never having seen one another before making the game tell, and chaps who had failed to risk losing all. The gamester's last chance, or the young scion's first effort, were alike to the marker, who cared about as much for the loss of a fortune as he did for a fight; marking, marking, marking one game after another with perfect nonchalance, he led the life of a desperate vagabond, and was quite ready, as he was eminently fitted, to engage in any kind of life so that it had vagabond stamped upon the outside of it.

Still, in spite of all this callousness, the man Biddulph could not help seeing, by the aid of the gas, many, many players who were decked out

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in the clothes provided by the modern tailor, who thus effectually contributed them in gaining admission into the society of those whose industry was crushed by dissipation, and whose habits were bent upon the ground. Biddulph did not, however, go himself—the marker at a billiard table's Low, despicably low, isn't it? Ay, but he has to go down that ladder yet, whose last step is a place not to be dreamt of by young ladies who eat boiled beef and onions at midnight, when the county man is in bed. Soon you may know all, but you can't be upon the jury if you neglect to read the evidence. So gather together the dust of another chapter in

CHAPTER XLIII.

AN OLD BONE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The old bone had lived soberly as well as steadily enough at the house of Mrs. Harty, in May's Buildings, many years, while Jerico—little darling Jerico—the beggar's child, had been growing out and away from the infant into the woman, so that he had more time on his hands for charity and general kindness to the whole human family. Besides, he had managed to print upon the mind and heart of Jerico some of his own quiet thoughts and actions; so that she went about the humble offices he had been accustomed to, just as though she were a rich bone, and not the bone of a beggarly vagrant, which made the poor folks reciprocate smile for smile and blessing for blessing until she was surrounded with a holy—ay, a benign radiance, similar to that which shone round the head of a Saviour in an old painting, and which was nothing more or less than the pouring out of universal sympathy. God has stored wonderful degree, so has the Son of God, so have all those old or young bones which feel pleasure in pouring oil into the wounds of the afflicted. But much, very much, as the old bone loved Jerico, he took no trouble to her tell that he did so, although she knew right well that he bedewed her very handkerchief; then she was fully aware that it was only on account of her being the very mirror which reflected back his own inborn charities, and not for any other reason whatever. The poor folks about London loved both the old bone and Jerico—ay, and the Harty family as well; so that they looked up at the windows as they passed, not beggingly for halfpence, but rather beggingly of the great God and Father of us *all*, to embrace those within the home of united charitable action. It might have been this which made the flowers grow upon the sill of the windows, or it might have been this which made those holy flowers rest upon the human faces of the whole set of the inhabitants; for what can be so beneficial to a plant as the smile of a sun, or what so healthful to a Christian man or woman as the blessing, the inside blessing, of the poor?

The old bone did not neglect any of his public duties during the whole time, in the shape of this, that, or the other board of governors or directors of various institutions founded for the sake of the sick, the lame, or the halt, or the blind. He attended most regularly also, though he rarely opened his lips at any of them; whilst in fostering

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education and nourishing the minds of future generations his old heart palpitated so. Still, for all these public as well as many private avocations, pressing in upon him, the old fellow had a good deal of time upon his hands, so that all of a sudden he made up his mind to get elected into the Reformed House of Commons as one of its members, so that he might use the remaining portion of his life in establishing permanent good for the wheezy poor of the land. He rubbed his glasses, perched them on the top of his nose, and gazed for a long time at nothing in particular, so that he might find how the political world went on, now that he was waking at it were from a long trance as far as regarded that particularly abstruse study, when he saw long speeches about this reform, and that reform, and the other reform, until he was entirely lost in the centre of reformation, which appeared to be the realization of the old watchman's former dreamy tale in the leather-market, when Richard Biddulph was his only companion; for a reformation of the Parliament was contemplated, and such a reformation (?) as made him almost start again out of his chair as though he were affrighted outright, more than once, I can tell," he began petulantly.

"What will you, daddy?"

"I shall, Mrs. Harty, for it's no use asking me not to do it, for I will, I will, I will."

"Well then, sir," said Mrs. Harty, quietly, for she was used to the ways of the old man, and knew that it was no use making a fuss about anything, and really the old chap didn't mind about the questioning of the other party, for he continued in an open reverie, just as though he were communing with his own mind.

"Yes, I have been out of it long enough, whilst lines have been drawn and laws made which run against the comforts of the poor; so come what will, say, if I even die after the struggle, I will get into the House of Commons."

Now, as the old fellow's resolutions were firmer than pie-crust, the whole family considered the matter settled, and Mrs. Harty actually told her daughter, as well as Jerico, what a monstrous sensation he would create when he went amongst the assembled members, to which the noise which rattles out of the jaws of an earthquake might be considered positively a squeak; nay, she even hinted that the Speaker's eye-glass wouldn't be able to grapple or take in at a glance the whole assemblition of feeling when Mr. Howard sat for the first time on the long-eared benches.

"When he enters through the doubly-locked door, I wouldn't be the Black Rod Keeper, that's all; no, nor the little clerk either, because I see and know full well his spirit is not to be put down easily in a whisper; besides, only fancy how he'll make the nobles tremble when he tells 'em all the wrongs, as well as all the neglected rights of the poor. Why, it all seems like a living dream to me, that it does, or a gigantic picture, and I actually can see how the landed gentry will hang down their heads in dismay, and how the ministers button up their buttoned-up coats for fear of seeming flurried at the argument. He won't say much, I can promise 'em, but then what he does say, will be red-hot ignite 'em, or pepper, or even ginger, to a certainty."

Then she prognosticated other things when the old chap was quietly

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to implore you not to pass the New Poor Law Bill, sirs. (Hear, hear, and cheers from all parts of the House.)

After this he sat down, trembling all over with fright, and little drops of perspiration stood out of his skin. Still, for all this, they passed the new law, which made the old man quite angry with himself, because he had not been taught oratory, so that he might have convinced them that it was contrary to every principle of justice or mercy.

The New Poor Law passed both Houses, and it became time to put it into operation; but previous to doing so, the old chap, after he had watched it narrowly step by step when passing through committee, without being able to do any good by the exercise of his feeble voice, gave up his seat for the county in disgust, and went into private life, so that he might occupy that time which was valuable to the poor in looking after their private interests. The iron age stopped the good man's purpose; but there may come a time when such holy aspirations shall be attended to. But really this has been like an old bone, a dry chapter; so let us see what the next will be; but I do assure you, my dear reader, I am not as yet acquainted with the fellow myself.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MISS STIFF DIES OF TIGHT LACING, WHEN MR. AND MRS. DEATH ARE APPOINTED TO THE OFFICES OF GOVERNOR AND GOVERNESS OF THE UNION.

In recording the death of Miss Stiff it is not imperative that you should be made acquainted with the species of malady which carried her lanky form within its arms into the dominion of spirits; but, inasmuch as I give you credit for being a friend to the distressed and weary, you shall be let into the very joint of the secret, with the understanding that you never divulge it. Well, then, Miss Stiff kept her situation at the work-house, and, as a matter of course, she took an interest in the manner in which affairs were going with the poor in the House of Commons, because the lower they got in the scale of creation the higher she ascended herself. The poor and she were on the opposite ends of a see-saw, and it was curious to observe with what zest and fervour she devoured the speeches of those members who advocated the new law, and also with what phlegm and vexation she ground between her teeth those few sentiments which were different to her own. Gradually, as she found the tide rising in her favour, she held up her head and used her pocket-handkerchief when she came into collision with those paupers who were placed by the parish under her charge; then she took to wearing stiff frills and collars under her chin; then she took again to tight-lacing. Oh! how Miss Stiff read the papers every night after her paupers had departed to rest, and, oh! what welcome intelligence it was to her when she read in large characters the result of the division in the House of Commons, as well as in the House of Lords, as well as the consent of the reigning monarch, to its being carried into full ope-

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ration. She went to bed and had a dream, when she got up and tugged, and tugged at her stay-lace until she got nearly white in the face; when putting on the remainder of her dress—it ought to be mentioned that her garters were tight also—when putting on the remainder of her dress she went down to breakfast. Now it must not be supposed that the paupers didn't see the change which had taken place in Miss Stiff, not only in her figure but also in her conduct towards them; nay, they even rebelled a little, but it was of no use, for now having the new power she did not care for any one but the Board of Guardians that were to be.

Miss Stiff had just now arrived at, as she supposed, the very pinnacle of prosperity when, what with pride and what with the swelling of her heart through satisfaction, the circulation stopped all of a sudden, and Miss Stiff fell down as cold as a whipping-post. There was surprise; there was a look of joy from one pauper towards another pauper, when, after putting the woman beneath a few lumps of earth, all went on as smoothly—nay, much smoother than before. In the meantime a contract was entered into with an architect for the erection of a strongly built, morose, prison-faced building, large enough to contain the poor of several parishes around all under one roof and management, which, when finished, was to be christened "*The Union.*" The contract specified that there was to be one place for the men, and another place for the women; and again, another place for the separation of the children of the poor from their own natural mothers. The contract specified many things which were to be done in the shape of not making any portion of the building sufficiently inviting or comfortable for any of its visitors remaining beyond the time flesh and blood kept company, save and except one portion of the place, which was to be fitted up in a snug manner, so that the governor and his lady might luxuriate and fatten in the midst of poverty and desperate desolation. The builder accordingly erected an establishment which went to the very letter of his bargain; and after he had finished he wrote a note to the Board of Guardians, asking their opinion as to its appearance and adaptability. Thus the house—the dismal house of mourning—was completed, and, as before hinted, the Board of Guardians were not only appointed, but had actually commenced carrying out the views of the commissioners, when, prior to the entrance of the paupers, it was resolved that a governor or master, and a governess or matron, should be forthwith appointed, when an advertisement appeared in the country newspapers, in order that eligible personages should make their appearance, so that the ugliest might be initiated into the office. The paupers looked on at the whole machinery tremblingly, for they knew by report that the change which had taken place in the law was for the purpose of making them more miserable than they had been before; whilst all good men and women who were blessed with plenty entered into the feelings of the poor.

So matters stood in the country when Mr. and Mrs. Death—who it is to be hoped are not out of the mind of the reader—when Mr. and Mrs. Death sat in their little parlour at the back of the coffin-shop, looking daggers and whistling knives and forks to one another in consequence of their deplorable condition by reason of the New Poor

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Law; for it must be known that the Board of Guardians had taken away all the profit of the old workhouse coffin-makers, and furthermore appeared determined that not only the poor should be poor, but that all those who had anything to do with the poor, whether dead or alive, should be poor also. Commissioners, guardians, and governors were to be exceptions to the grand law of gravitation; whilst doctors, butchers, bakers, and undertakers were not to derive any advantage whatsoever. Mr. and Mrs. Death looked at one another and ground their teeth at one another over and over again; for, to tell the truth, they had passed the rubicon of the honeymoon long, very long ago, and having no children to open their affections they were grown grim both of them, and apparently dissatisfied with the world as well as with one another. Mr. Death's only associates had been the dead bodies of the poor, whom he treated roughly and savagely, whilst Mrs. Death's only companion was her white-faced undertaker, body-snatching-looking husband; so that the days seemed like weeks to both of them, and the nights were miserably prolonged and passed away with the velocity of snails, rather than that of modern steam-engines. Poor, miserably poor, and without much hope for the future, it all of a sudden struck Mr. Death that the situations advertised in the newspapers were snug and comfortable, and, if they could get them, would be capital lifts for them in the scale of society. Accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Death went to work in right earnest with the Board of Guardians, urging in the first place that their sister, Miss Stiff, had had to do with living paupers, and in the second that they had had to do with dead ones. They said they knew how to manage unruly rascals, and how to smother the cry of an infant when it cried for its mother, by reason of their not having been parents themselves. They urged, as a reason of their eligibility, that their hearts were not over alive to charitable sermons, screams of maniacs, or the last gasps of the dying, and they wound up their appeal by declaring that devilish paupers ought to get fat upon union dietary, and ought always pray that God would shower down his blessings upon those poets who originated, as well as those commissioners who carried out the plan for doing away entirely with the poor of the land. Having signed the document they forthwith transmitted it, so that it might come before the board, and in due course it did so come, when having been called up, and having had the laws, rules, and regulations of the union read over to them three times, they were informed that they might enter upon their office without any further delay. There were other candidates for the post of governor in the persons of two turnkeys of two houses of correction, one carcass butcher, and twenty-seven ferocious-looking schoolmasters; but Mr. and Mrs. Death carried all before them, and actually grinned with satisfaction as they passed them in the hall of the building on their way to the street. And sure enough when they reached the street they were surrounded in a moment by their new subjects, the paupers, who recognised in an instant the likeness between Mrs. Death, who was to be their governess, and Miss Stiff, their lately departed matron. Poor souls, they didn't look with the same confidence as before, for they knew the alteration which had taken place in the law, and they knew full well that they daren't even say that their old, their hollow bones were their own property; so that

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they squinted askance at the twain, and allowed a good space of earth for the new officers to walk upon.

Soon after this the New Poor Law came into full operation, when Mr. and Mrs. Death ascended the stone steps to their new apartments, and put upon their faces a savage, unsatisfied expression, which said to the poor people, "Scum o' the earth; vagrants; imperant, half-starved men and women, do this, will you? There now, quick; but mind, however fast you do it, or however well you do it, you won't satisfy us, that we can tell you; you toothless herrings, you." Ay, their faces were but a small index to their tongues and hearts, for they let out at the poor folks upon every occasion, just as though they were paid for doing so.

The union workhouse was divided into just so many cells as there were different species of inmates. One cell had men in it; one cell had women in it; one cell had young men in it, and one cell had young women in it, some of whose eyes were trying all they could do to pierce through the dark wall which separated them from their helpless children. All the paupers were dressed in union dresses, which covered their thin and emaciated bodies, and all the paupers had complaining yet humble faces, with eyes in them more like the eyes of the rabbit which is stricken by the serpent than those of plain, good, unfortunate Christians. There was palsy, there was ague, there was disease of every character and kind, which horrified the kind doctors, and made the miserable even yet more and more desolate. To be sure amongst the paupers there were perhaps one or two who had lived so long in the workhouse that they imagined they should die within its walls, and they were people worthy of compassion, for the spirit of life and of independence had deserted their bodies, and left only the corpse; so that it would have been better for Mr. Death to have put them into coffins; but the other poor folks were there per force, and contrary to their own inclination. They had no bread and had lost a portion of their souls, but then they had paid poor's rates in their time, and had ministered to the afflictions of the wretched when they had the opportunity; so that, barring that, they had a claim upon the hospitality of their common country: nay, one had read history, and remembered a portion of it, which recorded how the bishops' carriages and the rectors' wines and peaches were but a part and parcel of the poor man's bread, cheese, and clothing. Now there was no poetry here, for formerly the needy surrounded the doors of those who collected tithes for the purposes of charity, and who were glad, as they felt themselves bound, to bestow it properly. Why, what the devil does so much a year paid to a bishop mean? or so much a year handed over to a lean rector—I mean a sanctimonious-looking dog, who is all religion in the pulpit, and who is all the world out of it? What, in the name of propriety, does he get his money for if it be not to foster and protect the shoeless wanderer, whose meek face is a libel on the land? But, no! these scions of religious profession cannot see the matter so, for that would take so much a year out of their tightly-fastened pockets; so they give evidence about poor laws and the suppression of the poor, just as though they were very authorities on the subject. They are nothing like authorities, and they know nothing, positively nothing, about the matter; for the heart of the

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parson is so shielded against the cry or moan of the poor, so guarded by fallacious moral principles, that it would be just as well to ask the devil his opinion of the Holy Bible as to get anything like kind motives from a parson in behalf of the poor. The poor know this, and the new unions are a great evidence of the fact that the poor are wronged by those who ought to be the first to place poverty above the level of crime.

Mr. and Mrs. Death were just the organs for carrying out the principles of the New Poor Laws, and as it is better perhaps to get out of a nasty chapter into one of life, health and activity, come, my dearest reader, with me—that's a good fellow—into another; so put your wrath into a clean decanter, and fix in the stopper.

CHAPTER XLV.

RICHARD BIDDULPH LEAVES THE BILLIARD ROOMS, BEFORE WHICH HE MAKES A MURDEROUS RESOLVE.

There cannot be a question, that marking the game for gentlemen who played billiards was a pleasant occupation enough for a time, and the man would have continued at it for half an age or so if it had not been for the manner in which they treated him. Lord bless you, the marker is none other than a desperate ruffian, who is driven to that profession as a last resource; and woe be to that youngster who once settles his mind to adopt it, for naturally he gets to play now and then, and as naturally he imbibes the spirit of gambling; then he has time upon his hands and does not know how to use it, when but too often he leaves the table and goes straightway to the devil. Thus has it been with many, and thus was it with Richard Biddulph. The balls flew against one another and made cannons, as well as went now and then into the pockets, whilst the marker's eye followed each turn, twist, or strike so as to call the game for the players. The marker, thus, was a part and parcel of the game, but then he was not considered equal to associate with the gentlemen. They appealed to the marker—nay, they played with the marker, but they did not in any way associate with the marker, who was like an empty pocket in the centre of the great metropolis, for he was amongst men who were of very different complexions—sharpers as well as honest gentlemen—yet he was treated with contempt by all, for there was not one of them, desperately poor as they might have been, who would have been seen walking in the streets or taking a kidney at a coffee house with a marker, for the whole world. Thus the marker was a lonely, desolate, miserably forlorn object, with impatient, anxious eyes, and a heart callous to everything that was holy. He was a black spot, a plague, a wilderness, and his mind was as dark as the devil's habitation. At the table there was lots of play, but upon one occasion there was none, when Richard Biddulph sat upon one of the cushions and went to sleep with his eyes open. Yes, his eyes were wide open, for he saw, as plain as a pike-staff, several figures dancing

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about upon the table, which said fantasies—for they were nothing more—kept stopping when they came close to him, when they made horrid faces, and assumed a variety of shapes, being daggers one moment, and the next pure Christians. The man's mother was foremost in the dance, and came up to him grinning savagely, and not in any way as a mother ought to go up to a son; then there was an old man—the old bone that was—who smiled upon him satirically, when he faded away into a pitchfork; then there were other personages, but the personage of all was his old incarnate enemy Dr. Frampton, who came up to him with a blacking bottle, which he dabbed against his heart and all over his inner brain, whilst the fellow held a rod within his grasp—not a cobwebby rod but a new one—which he flogged him with so lustily and so smilingly, that the man sprang all of a sudden upon his feet, and cried out, "Ah! ah! it was only a dream, I know that, and I was only a child then, and I know that; but this I know, that my path through life has been blasted by that villain who first destroyed my young and generous heart. Yes, I see you now, you devil you! I see you now, and I will see you again, or my name's not Biddulph. No," he cried, as he caught hold of the cushion as though the strength of twenty giants was in him, "no, you shan't escape, but shall go down to hell with me, you viper you, that you shall!"

Gradually the man relaxed his hold, when he stood up, apparently satisfied, until he found he had been acting instead of repaying the monster who had blasted his prospects in the world.

"Oh! devil! devil! devil!" the *man* said, as he pondered over his childish persecutions; "but I'll be equal with you, and nothing but death shall stop my way to your unrelenting heart."

Then the fellow, hardened, corrupted, jaundiced, as he then was, fell suddenly upon his knees, and, for the first time for many many years, lifted up his eyes steadfastly and fixedly towards heaven and asked in a bold voice why he should not be revenged; and upon no answer coming down from God, he exclaimed as he sprang again upon his feet, "*I'll murder the devil! I will, by* ———!"

Now if there had not been determination in it I should be happy to say so; but, unluckily for the twain—the old schoolmaster and his former scholar—the matter was chronicled, and, as far as circumstances then stood, the murder was done. Soon after this chaps came in to play, but the man marked badly, for his heart was in another purpose, so that he got more ——— than he could count, and more curses than it is convenient herein to record. Sufficient is it to know, that his game was a game of murder, and what the world would call cold-blooded murder, although he did'nt think so; and if, instead of the schoolmaster, Richard Biddulph were now grappling the throat of the system, really I fancy I should be taken up as a participator in the crime (?). Crime? oh! yes, it would be a crime in the eyes of a lord chief baron, but it would not be a crime with a great and almighty God, and that I am bold enough to record. Such a resolution as Biddulph's did not go to sleep either in the day or in the night time, but kept its eyes wide, staringly wide open, so as to find anything like an opportunity; and that there will be an opportunity I can now take upon myself to promise the reader.

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The marker left the billiard rooms, and having learnt the exact spot where his old enemy resided in the country, the man straightway set off on foot—on foot because a coach would have assisted the operation, and he wanted no assistance whatsoever—and by short stages he went along, pondering on the frenzy as well as the unmitigated delight he should experience when, meeting with Dr. Frampton in the broad daylight face to face and *man to man*, he should say, "I am a wretch, but you made me so! I am an outcast, and I soon shall be a murderer; it was you who lighted the torch, so now burn and blast everlastingly in the well-merited retribution!"

At this juncture I must beg you to stop a month, my friend, lest it should be too much for you; but mind you are prepared to see recorded the last gasp of a tyrant, and really I think you ought to pray that it may be so. God grant there are no tyrants *now*, and God also grant his best smiles upon the virtuous and the benevolent. So, until October, adieu.

BALLAD.

PRETTY ROSA THE STAR OF ST. JAMES'

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Pretty Rosa, the star of St. James', was wed
To a very great fool and a very great earl;
Of course he was handsome, genteel, and well-bred,
And his whiskers—ye gods!—how his whiskers did curl.
From St. George's they drove to a Bond Street hotel,
The bride in her white orange blossom and lace,
The bridegroom as gay as his own marriage bell—
He trimm'd his *pet whiskers* and ogled with grace.
Pretty Rosa, the pride of St. James'.

All compliments paid and the bridal-veil down
To hide the sweet blushes and tears of the bride,
The four splendid bays whirl'd them swiftly from town,
To a lovely retreat by the Thames' silver tide;
But the star of St. James', sweet Rosa, soon found,
That solitude lessen'd the charms of her mate;
That his small talk each day took the same stupid round,
And his whiskers were all in advance of his pate.
Pretty Rosa, &c.

But, return'd to St. James', and lost in the train
Of dresses and jewels, of fête and of ball,
Pretty Rosa forgot that her lord wanted brain,
For his rank and his riches made up for it all.
Thus they run the gay round, and as day follows night,
Take their drive in the park like a bridegroom and bride;
She smiles on the beaux in her beauty so bright,
He trims his *pet whiskers* or sleeps at her side.
Pretty Rosa, &c.

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MY DOCTOR'S DEGREE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

WHY I TOOK IT.

My name is Julius Smith—*Doctor* Julius Smith; a few months ago it was merely the Reverend Julius Smith, M.A., but now each letter that I receive bears the proud superscription—"The Reverend Julius Smith, *D.D.*" In short, in the month of July I took my Doctor's degree, and why I was induced to undertake this mighty step, this my Chapter I., will explain to the reader.

I am, or at least I was, an old-fashioned country clergyman. Do not fancy when I say old-fashioned that I am old, for I am not; next December will but write the number 49 on my brow; but I passed through my university career very quietly, at an early age, was ordained to a small curacy in the North immediately that my years allowed me to offer myself for ordination, and having remained steadily performing my duties for nearly twenty years, was at length presented by a certain noble lord to a certain vicarage, value four hundred and eighty-five pounds per annum, in a certain midland county, and then my difficulties began. In my former cure I had lived quietly by myself, with no ambition or desire for aught beyond what I possessed, and it was almost with a feeling of wonder at my own importance, as sole rector of a parish all my own, that I entered on my duties for my first Sunday. My present church and congregation was little less humble than my former, but yet I can hardly say why I felt rather inclined to be nervous in appearing for the first time before my parishioners. They were chiefly small farmers and common labourers; indeed, there were but two families that could, with reason, lay claim to the title of respectable, and those were the surgeon's, a bustling, self-important little man, with a wife a rather more bustling and self-important little woman; and the other—ah! that other—a widow lady of perhaps forty-five (at any rate I did not know her age at that time, though I suppose I do now), who lived in a rather good old-fashioned house situated on the hill above the church, and who was called by the villagers, "the lady," or Madam, not Mistress, Cullender.

As I had not arrived at my rectory till late on the Saturday

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afternoon, I had had no opportunity of paying my devoirs to the lady; indeed, the first announcement I received of her existence was from my housekeeper—whom I had brought with me from my late curacy, rather because she would not part with me than from any strong attachment of my own to her service—informing me at breakfast on the Sunday morning that the servant whom she found in the house had informed her that the late rector was always in the habit of taking lunch at the "house" between the two services, and dining there after the afternoon service was concluded. Poor old Mrs. Bull was then thrown into a pitiful state of quandary as to the propriety of providing any dinner for the master, arguing that she and her companion could comfortably dine from some mysterious piece of pork, with the frequent mention of which delicious provender she had in old times been accustomed to season her discourse; indeed, I think she had always lived upon pork; it was a kind of necessary to her existence, and appeared to bound all her desires in her own gastronomic line, adding that the steaks which she had the care to provide on the previous evening expressly for my dinner, would be much more tender the next day. I thought on the Monday when I eat them, that if they had been less tender on the Sunday, they must have been *very* tough. However, this difficulty was soon disposed of, by my giving directions for the steaks to be preserved till we discovered if the same invitation should be extended to me as to my predecessor.

I am thus particular in describing all these little matters to the reader, as I consider that day to have been one of the most, if not *the* most important in my life, and every movement of that day is as strongly impressed on my memory as if it had all occurred but yesterday.

Mrs. Bull was right: in the vestry, before service, the clerk came to me with—"Madam Cullender's compliments, and would you take lunch with her?" This polite invitation I accepted, and had the opportunity a few minutes after of seeing seated in the large pew of the church, in high state, with a very large prayer-book before her, and a very large hassock beneath her, my future hostess herself.

I will not make any mention of the service itself; all the congregation seemed very attentive, and I hope that some who came that day for the first time from mere curiosity, have still continued to attend, actuated by some better motive.

When I returned to the vestry the clerk informed me that the lady's carriage was waiting for me to take my seat therein, and I soon found myself seated by the side of the obliging widow. Mrs. Cullender's "carriage" was a rather remarkable piece of construction; it was like Mr. Pecksniff's chair, which I think is described as like a pig with a tumour fastened behind a small, very small, pony chaise; so, as the lady and I sat behind, we quite looked

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over the head of Joseph, the staid man who drove the old horse, a steed who, if there be any corresponding proportion between the two parts of a very well-known proverb, ought to have been very, very *sure*. Joseph, when seen seated, and particularly in a back view, might have been taken for a high-bred footman of respectable standing in first-rate society, but the sight of his legs destroyed the illusion; they betrayed many a tale of hard out-door work—the barn, the garden, the pig-sty, and perhaps the plough. It is an odd thing, but countrymen never have good legs; in short, Joseph could be called rather a useful than an elegant appendage to a family.

Slowly we journeyed on in the carriage till we arrived at the house. By the by, till I grew bold by practice, I was always expecting the vehicle to come suddenly apart in the middle, and leave the hinder part stationary in the road, while Joseph on the pony-chaise division would proceed complacently and innocently on!

We were soon seated at luncheon together, tête-à-tête, she all kindness and condescending affability, I full of respectful politeness, just tempered with that degree of grave demeanour which I think becoming to the office of a clergyman.

I may as well here give a short description of Mrs. Cullender. She was that sort of woman whom you can most easily describe negatively. She was *not* fat, she was *not* thin; she was *not* bad-looking, she was *not* handsome; she was *not* learned, she was *not* ignorant; in short—but I hate a pun—she was a *knotty* point to describe. One affirmative I thought I did discover, and I fancy, too, from all after experience, that I was right—she *was* rather high-minded. She was perfectly aware that she was the chief inhabitant in the parish, indeed that she centred in herself all the interest of the gentry in that part of the country; she knew the importance of her position, and she acted up to it. But let me draw that day to a close. The afternoon service finished, I was again honoured with an invitation, and had the honour of being introduced to the little surgeon and his wife, who joined us at her dinner table. All went pleasantly between us, and when I returned to my rectory at night I almost felt it desolate, nor could I entirely derive the same source of consolation and rejoicing that my good old Mrs. Bull did, when she remarked to me, that there was some good came from dining out, for I still had my beefsteaks left for to-morrow.

And thus ended my first Sunday at my parish, and almost my first introduction into the allurements of ladies' society. And so months passed away, and at length I began to discover, and it was a discovery that filled me with alarming surprise, that my quiet home had but few charms left for me, and that I never felt so well pleased as when up at "the house," in the company of Mrs. Cul-

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lender. She was so gracious—more than gracious, at times almost affectionate, that my behaviour began insensibly to partake of the same character. She even once or twice, under very favourable circumstances for that kind of disclosure, hinted that I must find my solitary home very dull, and that I must feel the want of many comforts seldom to be met with in a bachelor's abode. I fully concurred in what she said, as indeed I had even begun to feel the truth of her statements; and I can hardly say, but I fancy I once or twice went so far as to say that if I could find any one—being of course a fit and proper person—willing to become the partner of a country clergyman, I should gladly hail such an opportunity. But to this manifestation of my feelings no response was ever given, nor could I wonder; whatever my feelings might be to Mrs. Cullender, I could plainly see that her importance in the village could receive no advancement from any alliance with myself; indeed it would rather appear that it would be deteriorating to her present standing. I have said she was high-minded, and how could I expect that she could surrender the euphonious title of Mrs. Cullender for the doubtful dignity of becoming the wife of Mr. Smith? Smith, alas! is such a common name. And thus my hopes of bliss—for I confess that I did begin to fancy myself most unfortunate—were damped, and I almost began to avoid appearing at the house more than was necessary to prevent appearing rude; and I fancy that my melancholy must have become apparent to others, for one evening Mr. Sparkins the surgeon, having unexpectedly dropped in upon me, something like the following conversation took place between us. I forgot to mention that latterly I had observed that there had appeared to subsist between this gentleman and Mrs. Cullender a strange degree of confidence. After half an hour spent in casual conversation, he remarked that my spirits did not seem as good as they had formerly been.

"I'm sure, my dear sir," added he, "that you have something preying upon your mind; perhaps I can guess what it is, perhaps I cannot: make me your confidant, I may be able to help you."

It was in vain that I denied that anything extraordinary affected me; he continued to press me very closely, and at last flatly asked me if I did not entertain some affection for Mrs. Cullender.

"Why, my good sir," said he, "all the village talks about it; some even say the whole affair is definitely settled."

This information completely astounded me; the bare idea that my feelings and actions had been canvassed by my parishioners all this time, and I completely ignorant of it, was intensely annoying.

"My good Mr. Sparkins," said I; "supposing that you were correct; supposing, for the sake of argument only, mind, that I really had some tender regard towards the lady, what could I do?

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what possible chance do I possess of her accepting me for a husband? I'd have asked her to become mine," continued I, warming with my subject, and quite forgetting that I had made the supposition merely for the sake of argument, "a thousand times before this but I dreaded, and justly too, I think, an immediate refusal."

"Bravo, my good sir," said the surgeon, "now you speak out like a man, and now let me see if I can help you. What you say is quite correct, and at present I confess I should doubt the success of your offer; I have heard her talk in the highest terms of you, but yet you must have noticed her weakness; she *is* proud, and it would require some resolution for her to give up her present position in the village. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will hardly do after Madam Cullender; but stop, sir; I have a plan, and if you take my advice and adopt it, I'll bet you—by the by you don't bet—but I'll stake my reputation that in a month she will be yours. *Take your Doctor's Degree, my dear sir—Dr. Julius Smith.* By Jove, that must do, I know it will," said the little man, who really did seem to take some positive interest in the matter.

I will not give the conversation that followed; suffice it to say, that I made up my mind to adopt Mr. Sparkins's advice; in accordance to which the next morning found me in the widow's drawing-room, dressed with more scrupulous exactness than I usually employed.

"Madam," said I, in what I wished to be rather a solemn voice, "I am going up to Cambridge for a few days to take my degree of Doctor of Divinity; I must be there I find by the day after to-morrow, so shall start this evening."

The shot told; I saw it in her eyes, as with a soft voice she answered,

"You will not be away long, will you? we shall so miss you."

I fancied this hardly strong enough yet to venture on a proposal, so I said,

"Why, Mrs. Cullender, there are no sick at present in the parish, and I do not know who will particularly miss me, except, perchance, my old housekeeper, Mrs. Bull. Ah! no;" here I sighed; "there is but little sympathy with bachelors."

"Then why be one, my dear Mr. Smith," said the dear creature, with a blush mantling on her cheek.

That was enough. Half an hour after I was sitting on the sofa with Mrs. Cullender by my side, all quite comfortably settled, and we were making all arrangements for our proceedings after I should return from Cambridge.

Oh! a sharp fellow was little Mr. Sparkins, but I have since fancied once or twice that he had some stronger ground to act upon than a mere conjecture of his own. And this is *why I took my Doctor's Degree.*

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CHAPTER II.

HOW I GOT IT.

Having waited on the road to pay a short visit to an old college friend whom I had not seen for many years, but who I nevertheless knew would feel interested in hearing of my present plans, I did not reach Cambridge till late on the evening following the day of my leaving my parish.

The old town seemed quite strange to me after so many years' absence, but I speedily got installed in comfortable quarters at the Eagle, where, by the by, if alone, I should recommend all my gentlemen readers to locate themselves; though I should be inclined to believe that the pleasant private rooms in the Bull Hotel, looking over that most renowned Trampington Street, would be preferred by most ladies. To tell the truth, when I first reached Cambridge I wished myself back again in my parish. No one but an old Cambridge man can tell or imagine the feelings which come rushing and flooding in upon you when you visit that scene of these young years of your former life. Whether they look back to follies and extravagancies, wild, reckless deeds and revelries, or to the quiet, steady progress of the striving, persevering student, with perhaps but few pleasures, but certainly with but few pains—all, I should think, must revisit Cambridge, with some feelings of melancholy. Everything must be viewed under such a different aspect; there are no longer the same friends about you—they are scattered abroad to experience the world's vicissitudes; and you yourself have been tasting, too, of life sufficiently to show you that all is not gold that glitters, and that you must be often deceived before you can have confidence in your wisdom. I did not intend to be drawn into this strain of moralizing; I do not know how it is, but I do sometimes give way to trains of thought to which I formerly was not accustomed. Perhaps it is sermon-writing brings on the habit; but no, it was not so before I was married. Ah! and that brings me back to my narrative of how I got my doctor's degree. My first act was to discover what were the duties I had to perform in order to attain my object; and really when I heard them I fancied them extremely formidable. My greatest difficulty was about a Latin sermon, or, as they call it, a concio ad clericum, which I found I had to preach before the University in St. Mary's church. Now I, in my best days, had never been very great in Latin; it had never as a language been my forte, and certainly the composition of it had always been to me the most difficult part of the study; and here had I now to

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write a sermon in this dread language, and preach it before learned old doctors, who, thought I, know Latin better than English, and perhaps even think in Latin. Well, while I was pondering over my troubles, having written many beginnings to sermons, each of which I had in turn rejected, I received a letter from my old friend in the country, requesting me to call upon a young acquaintance of his at St. John's, who was staying up during the vacation, chiefly, I think, because he had no particular place to which he cared to go. I was very glad to make friends with any one in my present dull state, even with an undergraduate; I had been away from Cambridge for many years, and therefore was not much afflicted with that eye-sore to the younger members of our universities, "*donnishness.*" As I was sitting with him one evening—by the by, I think it must have been the first of our acquaintance—I told him my difficulty about the sermon.

"My dear sir," said he directly, "don't trouble yourself for a moment about it; no doubt your Latin has grown a little rusty down in your quiet parish; allow me to write it for you, it will be both interesting and useful to me, and if you don't particularly object to preach another . . . ."

"Thank you, very sincerely, my young friend," interrupted I; "you will be careful, however, about doctrine, and so on, of course; but I will come—or you had better come and take a little quiet dinner with me, and we'll read it over together when you've finished it."

And this was the way I managed to write, or rather not to write, my concio ad clericum. But then came the preaching; I confess I was nervous at the idea; conceive a false quantity! The day came; the dean and father of the college—the latter, I remember, a young man of about five-and-twenty—accompanied me to the church, and slipped out by a side door as I entered. I was conducted in state to the pulpit, and preached my much-thought-of, much-dreamt-of Latin sermon to the attentive (?) ears of the vice chancellor, an esquire bedell, and the parish clerk, whom a fee of four shillings reconciled to the infliction I had bestowed upon him.

This one difficulty over, another commenced; for though I was willing to compound by money in order to be free from as many exercises as possible, yet there were some, like this my last sermon, for instance, that could not be avoided. To commence, I discovered I was compelled to keep what is termed in university parlance an Act in the presence of the Regius Professor of Divinity and other learned dignitaries. I will not, however, enlarge on my trouble on this point, for, by the assistance of my young friend at St. John's, I found that more than two-thirds of my fears were groundless, and the remaining third not very tremendous; indeed, the chief annoyance after all was the necessity of sitting in the

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divinity schools—and a very dull, particularly sombre kind of places they are—for some part of three hours; but as we commenced the proceedings just before the clock struck two, and concluded them a few minutes after the stroke of three, we made, as the saying is, the best of a bad job. The auditory, too, by the by, was by no means more formidable than I had found them in my celebrated concio ad clericum; the individuals who composed it being, besides the professor and my opponent, only the aforementioned college father, aged twenty-five.

Apropos of my opponent, why he should be called so I don't know, for no two men ever agreed better than we did; we made acquaintance upon the spot, and many a long conversation together assisted to beguile the tediousness of my sojourn in Alma Mater. In a moment of confidential familiarity I revealed to him the reasons of my taking "my doctor's degree," and with the same spirit he also explained to me his motives for undertaking the same step.

"The fact is, Mr. Smith," said he, "that I am in the habit of scribbling and publishing a little, and as the publishers and booksellers tell me that D.D. after a name adds a certain degree of weight to the book, why I consented to adopt these cabalistic letters; and between you and myself, I hope the alteration will pay the expense."

I liked the man for his honesty.

"But," added he, "to-morrow, if you are willing, I will introduce you to a soon-to-be fellow-doctor of ourselves, whose case bears some slight resemblance to yours; he has married a lady with a title, and I fancy that all will soon discover that his sole object in following our course is that *Doctor* and Lady Emily Patten sounds vastly more satisfactorily to both parties than Mr. and Lady Emily Patten."

The next day fully confirmed what my friend had told me; never was a poor man more belaboured by a title than was I—no man before could ever have been so loved by a Lady Emily. "Pray, Mr. Smith, step up for one moment, I have a word to say to Lady Emily; you must let me introduce you to her ladyship, she will be delighted to know you."

Poor Lady Emily! she was very fat, certainly above forty, and it would be most unfair to call her fair; but Lady Emily suffered much from nervous debility, she told me. It might be so, and perhaps that may account for her rather steady application to port wine, which I remarked when I dined with her ladyship. It has been said to be a good remedy for ladies. Peace be with thee, Lady Emily!

In order to avoid keeping certain exercises, it is customary to deposit about fifty pounds in the university chest, as a pledge that during the ensuing term you will come up and keep them;

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in case of failing to do so, the sum is forfeited. To obtain this permission I was compelled to obtain what is called a caution grace, for which purpose it is necessary to procure the signatures of a majority of the heads of colleges, that is, nine out of the seventeen. For this purpose, accompanied by my college parent, I occupied nearly the whole of a morning, besides an hour and a half in the evening, in calling at the different lodges. I might write much concerning my reception by each master; I might tell of the haughty bearishness of a Hill, the polished courtesy of a French, the gentleman-like affability of a Latham, or the pleasant cordiality of an Ainsworth; but this would fill too much paper, and is not strictly connected with the matter I am describing. Suffice it to say, that by the time the nine names were procured I felt myself considerably weary, and not disposed to commence my sermon for the following Sunday, for I had yet another official discourse to deliver, but, happily for me, in my own mother tongue. I had thought much upon this sermon; I intended it to be a composition of no ordinary excellence; and when, having read it over for the third time on Saturday evening, I made my last final alterations, I confess that I felt a proper pride in my production. Being the vacation, I knew that there would be but a small congregation present; but I felt rather nervous in the anticipation. The manner of the ceremony (for ceremony it is in a great measure) is this.

On entering the vestry you are respectfully informed that your place is there. I confess I did not quite understand what this meant, till I was enlightened by being placed on a small mat just inside the door, there to stand unnoticed and apart from the various heads and professors that gradually drop in and chat carelessly round the table. A little bell tinkles, the organ swells forth, the two esquire bedells with their large silver maces of office head the procession, the vice chancellor, masters, and professors, and others that bear office in that one body, slowly follow to the gallery appropriated to their especial use (rejoicing, by the by, in the rather opposite names of "throne" and "Golgotha"), and the preacher still remains standing peacefully on his mat. But another esquire bedell now comes to him, and, preceding him down the body of the church called the pit, between rows of M.A.'s and fellow commoners, leaves him at the bottom of the round pulpit, ascending which by some internal winding stair, the preacher then reappears from its bowels in a style which has been known in some cases to suggest to infantine minds in the aisles below the idea of that amusing and well-known toy Jack-in-the-box. In truth, that Church of St. Mary, in term time, on a Sunday afternoon, is a right noble sight. The deep side and west galleries crowded with the undergraduates, the body equally densely filled with the masters of arts, the east gallery with its

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doctors and noblemen, are a sight which once seen is not easily forgotten. How different is this, thought I, to my simple church with its poorly-clad worshippers! and yet when I returned and preached on the first Sunday, I rejoiced in the difference, and would not have changed their attentive faces for all the pomp and pride of great St. Mary's.

And now, my different duties completed, nothing remained but the ceremony itself to be performed upon me; and when the day arrived it certainly appeared to me a strange performance. After a long Latin speech, read in a deeply impressive manner by the Professor of Divinity, but of which, unfortunately, through my afore-mentioned small knowledge of the language, I understood but very little, we stood round him, while he certainly treated us in the most confidential and endearing manner. Taking us each separately by the hand he bade us sit in his own seat; but this was a trying part to undergo, for, wearied with my long standing, I, to whom he addressed himself first, was so enchanted with what I thought his politeness, that most gladly did I seat myself in his well-padded velvet chair of state; scarcely, however, had I leaned back in its luxurious arms, ere he, in the same polite manner, handed me from it, and performed the tantalizing office to my companions. He then placed a velvet hat on each of our heads, then his ring on each of our fingers, and lastly, to crown his delicate attentions, he bestowed a kiss on our right cheeks.

And this was how I got "my doctor's degree." I sometimes doubt whether I am happier than I was before; but Mrs. Smith is often talking to me of the delightful change which has taken place in my condition; so I take her word, for surely *she* ought to know.

THE FUNERAL.

YONDER chapel on the mountain
Looks upon a vale of joy;
There, below, by moss and fountain,
Gaily sings the herdsman's boy.

Hark! upon the breeze descending,
Sound of dirge and funeral bell;
And the boy, his song suspending,
Listens, gazing from the dell.

Homeward to the grave they're bringing
One that graced the peaceful vale;
Youthful herdsman, gaily singing!
Thus will sound thy funeral wail.

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LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Poems by a Father and a Daughter, containing Memorials of Eminent Characters and Events, Heroic and Sentimental Pieces, Religious and Moral Effusions, Dramatic Sketches, &c.

The very title of this volume possesses a touching influence, and we open its pages with an anticipating favour towards its contents; for the sentiment which it excites is not only akin to poetry, but seems to be one of the sensations of poetry itself. We have here the joint productions of parent and of child, and when the finer harmonies of mind accord with the natural sympathies of relationship, we are justified in the expectation of finding them the best harbingers of true poetry.

Under this impression have we opened this volume, and in this expectation we have not been disappointed. The work belongs to a class which the changeful and capricious fashion of the day gives us less and less hope of encountering. Grotesque and familiar imagery, and a low standard of phraseology, which, instead of elevating, tend rather to abase our intellectual faculties, have fast been superseding the scholarship and refinement of the last generation. The polished sculpture that presented to our view the majestic goddess or the graceful nymph has given place to embodied personations of all that is coarse and vulgar in the most debased and degraded haunts of society. With what pleasure, then, do we turn from these humiliating exhibitions, and abandon ourselves to the contemplation of the beautiful, which, while we gaze, seems to possess the inherent power of elevating all who are capable of admiring and comprehending.

In the volume of poems which has given rise to these reflections we have found this ample gratification. Its diversified contents are not composed of those exaggerated efforts which lead us to suspect that those who make them mistake the extravagance of insanity for the enthusiasm of genius. We have here the true impressions that certain events have left on minds of peculiar polish and refinement; the poetry is but the transfer of those impressions—a species of Daguerreotype from the spirit to the paper—smooth, harmonious, polished, yet with a vigour of thought and clearness of expression, and a perfect command of the harmony of

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numbers. These are the merits of the shorter poems. They possess a grasp of comprehension, a singleness of conception, a completeness in the original idea, widely at variance with the vague wanderings and the labourings of second thought to perfect the first, which are the rocks and quicksands of less cultivated minds. These diversified pieces, full of rich variety, occupy the early portion of the volume, but are succeeded by two dramatic pieces which manifest an ability of combination, a realization of events, and a delineation of character, arguing a high and sustained power. These are full of imposing incident and tender expression. The interest is highly wrought, and some of the positions full of effect. The conflict of passions still increasing in intensity and aggravated by every succeeding event, advancing to a climax of human agony, is conceived with a courage, and expressed with a skill that betoken at once the mind and heart of a master; while the delicate touches of graceful feeling, and the ardour of self-devoting tenderness, mark that the feminine spirit has left traces of its presence. Such a combination of qualities could not fail to produce the happiest results. Pathos and passion are the finest of dramatic elements, and these appear in the first scenes and go on augmenting to the last. The polish of the diction, notwithstanding its energy, also carries with it an enhancing charm. The sentiments expressed by each individual are singularly appropriate and characteristic, truly and entirely their own; while the poetic justice of the catastrophes leaves on the mind and heart an impression of contentment and satisfaction. To add to the agreeable variety of the volume, it closes with a delightful little metrical romance from the Spanish, entitled "El Arancano," full of sweet expression; and we think that we cannot better sum up our notice than by likening it to a string of varied gems, in which each individual piece enhances the beauty and value of its neighbour by happy contrast and advantageous comparison.

Dryburgh Abbey, and other Poems. By the Rev. Thomas Agar Holland, M.A., Rector of Greatham, Hants.

Poetry has her own peculiar haunts, her own especial realms and kingdoms, and among these none are more inalienably hers than those time-honoured relics of antiquity, where, in departed ages, our forefathers made their homes, and have left sacred memories as legacies behind them. The old baronial halls and lordly castles of the land, as they fall into their venerable decay, notwithstanding dowries, heirdoms, and title-deeds, become, in the truest sense, the poet's heritage. All the vast solitudes of nature

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are his; the mountain's brow, the valley's bed, the forest glades, the lake's smooth waters; rock, precipice, dell, dingle, all are his, and his in a sense, and fulness, and extent, a largeness and amplitude, a grasp of enjoyment, which put to shame all other proprietorship. Not a shadow waves from the trees, not a beam of light breaks glitteringly through their branches, but is the poet's own. When the moss begins to grow and the ivy twine over dismantled towers, when the fire is extinguished on the hearth, and the tempest beats in from above, then doth the poet heir come in for his possessions. And if this be true of houses where the foot of brave baron and peerless lady have trod, how much more is it of those hallowed spots consecrated by the matin prayer and the vesper praise of those who might strive to forget the world in which they lived in contemplations of that to which they might be aspiring. Surely the scenes where nature holds her court robed in her full magnificence, where the temple had been upreared to Deity, and where his honour hath been hymned, is just the field for the expatiation of the poet's spirit.

And just such an assemblage as we have so imperfectly shadowed has inspired the commemorative poetry of "Dryburgh Abbey." The refined and contemplative mind of the author has received his impressions from the mingled grandeur and beauty of this reverend pile, from the long tissues of associations connected with it, and has poured them back again in all the harmony of graceful verse and enriching combinations. It seems as though the natural eye, once fastened upon these venerable fanes, had caught up a line of continuous thought, leading the mind through every scene which its grey walls had witnessed, and recalling from the grave all whose histories were linked with it; bidding the crowd of departed great ones pass in review, restoring them to our remembrance in all the glow of their hopes or the mournfulness of their fears, till every scene seems to be teeming with resuscitated life, and breathing with new as well as revived interest. Yet however warm may be our impression of the varied merits of this the leading poem of the volume before us, we must not be tempted by its beauties to disregard those which follow, and which indeed suffer nothing from the comparison. These have all a suitableness to their various subjects, and are tender and exquisite in feeling, and refined in morality. The graceful and harmonious verse steals over us like a charm, and works with that influence which is the true power applied to the true office of poetry, elevating the mind, softening the heart, humanizing the feelings, shaming the passions. Were we to point at contrasts, we should first direct our reader's attention to those mournful monodies which, while they tell of sorrow, breathe also of hope and consolation, and then turn to that delightful carol of the "Coral and Bells," the silvery sound of which opens with music for the child, and ends with Christianity for the

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mane. But our space does not permit us to enter into that accurate invstigation of the merits of this volume which we could desire. The critic can only point the reader on his way; he can but tell him which path to take; it rests with himself to note the noble prospects which expand as he advances; the rich colouring, the melting shades; the gleams of light and loveliness above, the delicate miniature touches of enamel-painting which court his eye below.

In calling public attention to the Rev. Mr. Holland as a poet, we have done our part; if our readers do theirs his name will soon be extensively known, and his genius as widely acknowledged.

Poems. By ALLAN PARK PATON.

HUMAN hopes, human fears, human incidents, human interests and human sympathies, having all their counterparts in our own hearts, can never make their appeal without awakening up responsive echoes within us. The soul cannot be always soaring into higher regions, and since earth is its present habitation, no small benefit and no trifling pleasure is it to have our homes cheered by such a companion as our poet. There is something delightful to the mind, and engaging to the affections, in thus having the sparkling light of animating verse thrown over the dear and familiar objects which surround our daily existence. It is a pleasant thing to have the sunshine on our dwellings, to feel that the concerns of *home* may be invested with a new interest, superadded to that habit of loving which we all strengthen by putting to hourly use. Perhaps above every other class, domestic poetry has the best and strongest influence on life and its relationships, by casting over both the enhancing charm of its endearments. The poets who have made home and its events the subjects of their verse are among the number of those who have done good and true service to their fellow-men, and may well be counted as their benefactors, in having both rivetted and brightened the links of the affections. Cowper was eminently one of these, and so also is Mr. Paton.

The vague title of "Poems" prefixed to a work leaves the mind without a point on which to fix its expectations, and on opening this volume we were agreeably enlightened to find it replete with all those interests which are such near neighbours to the heart. Full of spirit, of archness, of vivacity, free, graceful, easy, yet occasionally possessing a real power and pathos where the subjects led to deeper feeling; we were at once charmed and cheered to find a true fire-side poet. A certain quaintness of expression, a rapidity in the transition of thought from the grave to the gay, from the lively to the severe; piquancy, oddity, versati-

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lity; these are the charms of this engaging volume. The diction is so easy, the phraseology so ready and so apt, the verse so free and flowing, that we are led on as by the music of a march, and yet, notwithstanding this species of amusing badinage, the reflections every now and then glide into a moral gravity which has its wholesome influence. If the spirits are cheered the mind also is schooled, and throughout the volume there does not breathe a thought nor live a line reflecting on the poet's escutcheon.

We had thoughts of exemplifying our notice with examples from the volume of its various characteristics, but these are so entangled and interwoven that we could not by possibility separate them from each other. A merry thought is followed so closely by a grave one; melancholy treads on the heels of mirth, jests and gravities go hand in hand together, so chasing and racing each other, and the whole, like a group of fairies, so turn and twine in frolic measure that we cannot keep one individual of the company in sight for more than a moment at a time; for even while we gaze the elves change places and we see nothing but a moving masque, with fancy scattering her flowers over them all. "Very Provoking" is exactly like its title, while "Go on, O Poet!" is as touching as truth can make it. "A Vision of Want" realizes the horrible; "A Strange Fancy" is the strangest of fancies; "The Pain Boat turned Pleasure Boat" contains the contrasts of the deepest feelings. "To my Mother" is a touching monody, while "The Bachelor's Lament" is altogether as light and laughable; and "Trial Rhymes after Whistlecraft" has a touch of all tempers in it. But why do we seek to specify? The book must circulate. It is a volume for home and happy evenings, to be read aloud, to cheer, to charm, to soothe, to instruct, to improve. Let Mr. Paton go on, and he will do his share towards making the world both wiser and happier.

The World's Slippery Turns; or, Mind how you Wed! A Play in Three Acts. By JOHN WHITSED.

THAT the drama in our day should be suffering a deep depression, is among the anomalies of life. When we look at the dwarf-like and mutilated conceptions that are palmed upon us from the public stage, we are tempted to ask, "Is the flame of genius extinguished? hath the imagination lost her powers? Being beaten down from the ideal regions, has she, like the bird who dies when her wing touches this gross earth, expired? are the existing race of authors blind to the passions which are the stable material of our humanity? and have they never glanced into or read that universal book, the history of our race, which the last six thousand years have been spent in writing? Truly, we have had so many fancy

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miniatures, that now to see our common moral resemblance mirrored on the stage, we should scarcely be brought to recognize the features. Yet, how can it arise that we are mocked with monstrocities, instead of being presented with faithful portraits? We shrewdly suspect that, notwithstanding all their boasted readiness and liberality, managers are at the bottom of all this. None but a certain *clique* can gain a hearing for their productions; and it must be confessed that this monopoly acts, as monopolies ever must act, to the paralyzing of honest pains-taking, and the destruction of honourable emulation.

Happily, however, dramatic authors have another tribunal to which they may appeal, and one that for their fostering and encouragement ought ever to give them a merciful hearing. After being sated with false sentiment, a little honesty, however unadorned, appears before us with something of the claims of novelty; for it must be owned that the world has been so ransacked that ringing changes on the old is the nearest approach we can accomplish to the new. A welcome reverse indeed it is to turn from maudlin and sickly sentiment to integrity of intention and simple straight-forwardness of thought and feeling. "The World's Slippery Turns" contains a volume in a single phrase. Had our author searched language through, he could scarcely have hit upon a more comprehensive title. All the instability and uncertainty of life, all its fraud and chicanery, all its false seeming and false acting, are embraced in this title. The individual "Slippery Turn" which supplies both the matter and the moral of this play, deserves, however, our especial attention. It displays to us a gone-by phase in the constitution of society, exhibiting the ease with which matrimony might be committed at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the equal facility of shaking off its shackles. With a singular modesty our author has avowed that the idea of his drama was taken from a paper of Steele, published in the "Spectator;" although in perfect fairness he might have refrained from the concession, since in his hands the circumstances have undergone just that change that gold does in the crucible, retaining, indeed, its quality, but losing every semblance of its form. Let Mr. Whitsed do as he pleases in relinquishing the original conception of his play, the plot is still his own; he has merely mistaken the thread which he has provided for the fabric which he has woven. We hold it courtesy, but rather an injury to an author to lay the spirit of curiosity by unveiling a catastrophe, and therefore it is that we refrain from developing the machinery of this drama. We may, however, speak of the characters, and from among these, the true-hearted, honest yeoman of England stands out conspicuously. We have great fears that in the advancing refinement of the day, we are losing those honest and sterling elements which have heretofore marked the genuine,

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unadulterated, indigenous son of the soil. Our squire, too, with his foundation of thoroughly gentlemanly and generous feeling under the superstructure of all his faults and follies, is a well-imagined and well-executed picture; while the heroine and her treacherous husband stand out conspicuously upon the canvass. There exists another pleasing feature in this play which we ought not to overlook; our author has seized upon a truth too often disregarded. Man is never stationary; he cannot stand still; he must advance either in the way of vice or virtue. Acting on this truth, Mr. Whitsed has led the personages of his drama on from stage to stage, not, however, to the commission of deeper crime, but to the perception and the practice of the fairer virtues, conducting them through a succession of spirit-stirring and skilfully arranged events to a most happy and satisfactory consummation.

Pulmonary Consumption successfully treated with Naphtha, with Cases from other Medical Men in Support of that Treatment. By JOHN HASTINGS, M.D., Senior Physician to the Blenheim Street Dispensary. Second Edition.

WHATEVER views may be entertained of the nature and causes of pulmonary consumption or phthisis, "that most fatal of Pandora's train," there should be no hesitation on the part of those to whom is confided the cure of our bodily ailments, in giving the most careful and unbiased attention to any new remedy which may seem to control the disease or even simply to mitigate its symptoms. Such an agent the author of this work has, or believes he has, discovered; and the manner in which he has presented to the world the results of his experience is worthy of imitation. Far from demanding an entire and unreasoning adherence to his practice in all particulars from those whom he invites to employ the same remedial agent which in his hands has been attended with such beneficial results, he courts experiment and invites the most rigid investigation. The cases are detailed with an honesty which cannot be sufficiently admired, their value being greatly augmented in this second edition, by the record of the state of the patients, with their address for verification, up to thetime of publication. Thus the permanency of the effects of naphtha in the treatment of this disease is tested in the severest, and at the same time most satisfactory manner.

We are glad to know that the mode of treatment here recommended, and for the introduction of which we are indebted to Dr. Hastings, is fast, though not always avowedly, gaining ground in the profession, from a growing conviction of its value; and that many who were formerly hostile, on being led to its adoption, have become its most strenuous supporters.

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The Ideal of the English Church. A Sketch. By the Rev. R. Montgomery, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Correct views of the Church are at all times very desirable, but especially at the present day when the inquirer after truth is perplexed and distracted by the advocates of different modes of ecclesiastical polity, crying, "Lo, here," or "Lo there;" each indulging too much self-confidence and complacency in his own *chosen* and adopted mode, and manifesting a worse than Samaritan exclusiveness to all who may differ. There seems to be a forgetfulness come over each advocate of the different denominations of Christians, that his own peculiar denomination is the object of his own free choice, and that that choice was made in professed deference alone to divine authority. All profess to acknowledge the same book as the only infallible oracle on this and every other subject pertaining to piety. It is therefore of the highest importance that, in the discussion of this subject, there should be the maintenance of a charity "which hopeth all things" and that "believeth all things," as far, and no farther, than the Word of God is the warrant of that hope and that faith. "To the law and to the testimony" is the watchword of safety. Forsaking the word of God and following the tradition of the fathers were the fertile causes of erroneous views and erroneous conduct in the Jews; and we cannot help thinking that the same causes have originated and sustained false views of ecclesiastical polity in every period even to the present day.

The history of the question at issue clearly shows, that the Church most nearly resembled the original pattern drawn by the divine hand, when it stood unconnected with any civil power. Its glory began to wane, and its beauty began to fade, from the time that the enactments of monarchs began to enforce its claims, and the decrees of councils began to prescribe its doctrines and discipline. Her own purity was her beauty and strength. She went forth in her mightiness, diffusing light in her path, making triumphs of mercy and gaining large accessions to the number of her converts, when emperors menaced her followers and threatened her extinction. Her progress was steady; her trophies were augmented; her territory was extended; her universal reign was approaching as rapidly as time would move, until imperial power decked her with its meretricious ornaments. This arrested her joyous and joy-creating career. Her weapons, which were not carnal, were muffled up in her gorgeous trappings; her winning and subduing influence was enfeebled by the glare of royal pomp. Her devotees have too often been the admirers of the patronage she commands, and not of the excellence she possesses. Caressed,

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flattered, and lulled into a sluggish, slumbering mood, the Delilah that invited the confidence of the Church, has shorn off the locks of her strength, and now commands her to valorous deeds, that she may be the jest of the infidel and the scorn of the world.

State patronage of religion is a great encouragement, if not a cause of infidelity; and though nothing can justify the sentiments of the infidel, yet we confess there is much to make him think that religion is nothing more than an instrument for state purposes.

The monarch of these realms is called "The head of the Church;" in England the patronage of the crown is exercised towards a worldly, a human-invented *Episcopacy;* in Scotland the royal favour smiles on Presbyterianism, and in Canada on Papacy; in Ceylon the same head appears with the body of Buddhism, and "the queen's representative at Candy was required to exhibit the sacred relic of Buddha's tooth to the credulous."

Calmly reflecting on these facts will show that the connection is monstrous. While it exists the doings of the state are identified with the church, although some of the deeds which stain the page of history have been committed under the sanction of the ascendant hierarchy. THE CHURCH *could not* perpetrate such acts, though her name may have been forged to endorse the indictment.

"Sanctæne animis viæ celestibus."

The distinction between THE CHURCH and *the thing*, which had assumed her name, was perhaps never more apparent since the time of this unnatural alliance than on the twenty-fourth of August, 1662. Then the two thousand faithful ministers of the Gospel, and their numerous adherents, came out from the polluted thing, the moral energy of genuine piety became apparent, and a Church stood forth before the world, bearing on it some of the marks of its original beauty and grandeur. Then the world had a glimpse of the Church as she once was—mighty in her loneliness, most magnificent when most forsaken. And if the Church have achieved any triumphs since then—and we venture to think those triumphs are neither few nor mean—they have been achieved by *herself*, unaided by any civil power; the greatest stumbling-block to the progress of the Church has been crown patronage.

But it is quite time that we made some distinct reference to the work whose title we have placed at the head of this article. If we read Coleridge on "The Ideal of the Church," we imagine we comprehend his meaning, and perceive his distinction between the National and the Christian Church. If we read Mr. Ward on "The Ideal of a Christian Church," whatever defects we may think exist in his views, there is perspicuity in *his* style. If we turn to Archbishop Whateley, we are delighted with his clear and scriptural views of "the Church of Christ;" or if we consult

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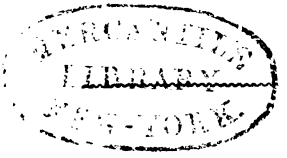
the views of Dr. Arnold, we are impressed with his enlightened and liberal sentiments of what are the constituent principles of a Christian Church; but when we are obliged to wade through the pages of the Reverend Robert Montgomery, we feel it to be a most toilsome and useless labour.

"A Sketch" is the title he gives to his book, which is deficient in that for which *a sketch* is peculiarly distinguished—viz. the definiteness of the outline; this is the most indefinite thing which we have read since reading the strange productions of Jacob Bechmen.

The style is so pompous, inflated, and obscure, as to impress the mind of the reader that the writer was only anxious he should not be understood. There is in some parts of the book a parade of reasoning, a use of logical terms, with an entire absence of all approach to logic. We will not trouble our readers with more than one specimen:—"Since Christ is 'the All in All' of true religion, *may we venerate our own ecclesiastical mother*, THE APOSTOLICAL CHURCH OF ENGLAND."

Had the writer been more teachable he would have been a better teacher. Self-complacency with his present attainments has prevented him from learning the mind of Christ in reference to his Church; and the infatuating influence of an ascendant party seems to have unfitted his mind for the manly exercise of discerning between things that differ, and to have disqualified him for that Christian candour that yields most cheerfully to others the same right to judge which he claims and exercises for himself. The dogmatism of the whole pamphlet far surpasses anything we have ever read. We are not pleased with writing unseriously, but are pained that we cannot speak of "The Ideal of the English Church" in terms of commendation.

It is, however, a relief to our minds to know that the Reverend *Robert* Montgomery is by no means a fair specimen of the Church or of the clergy to which he belongs. There are the Noels and the Bickersteths, and many others whose eminent piety and Christian temper adorn and commend all their literary productions, and impart an irresistible charm to all their conduct.



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THE GLEE-SINGERS.[1]

OR,

THE GUELPHS AND GHIBELLINES.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Innocence, the sacred amulet,
'Gainst all the poisons of infirmity,
Of all misfortunes, injury, and death,
That makes a man in tune still in himself,
Free from the hell to be his own accuser.
Byron's Conspiracy.—Chapman.

FLORESTAN began his recital.

"You remember our last evening at Arezzo; one would have thought we should have had so much to crowd into its narrow space of our then present regrets and our future hopes, that we would have feared to lose one single moment in silence; that we would have spoken to each other fast and hurriedly, lest we should not have had time to say half what we wished; but it was not so. What long pauses intervened! how we sat gazing in silence! Yet that silence was eloquence, and we felt it to be so.

"Yes, hearts that are truly united do not need to talk much together—they understand each other—there is more true commune between them without the utterance of a word than there is in an hour's unceasing garrulity of less congenial spirits."

"True, true!" observed Amidea; "and Buondelmonte and I could never have become attached to each other. In that time when I thought it my duty to try to forget *you* for *him*, I remember we talked too much to each other; both seemed too intent upon sustaining the conversation."

"My jealousy is satisfied," said Florestan, smiling; "you were both too much occupied with the part you had to support to fall into musings on each other. True love does not want many words, and that is a reason why love can exist between the accomplished and the ignorant. But to proceed.

"I went to Sienna—name of ill omen to me!—and there, instead of loitering in the parlatojo of a convent, I was busily improving myself in military and political knowledge, and for my relaxation, reading the books that had been *our* favourites. Instead of addressing vows to a veiled sister of the cloister, I was reiterating them, in fancy, to Amidea.

[1] Continued from page 21.

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"It is true I had heard of the beauty of the fair nun of St. Mary's; I had heard of her exquisite voice in the choir; but I never had the curiosity to go to see her or to hear her. Do not look, Amidea, as if you thought I mistrusted my own firmness; far from it. I felt that no one now could interest me but my Florentine love, and I cared not to seek any other person's society.

"Occupied in the manner I have mentioned, I led a very retired life in Sienna; perhaps too much so. Had my person been better known I should have been better able to refute the calumnies that have assailed me. Still, I have some kind of pride in the feeling that I never even beheld the person on whose account I have suffered so deeply.

"After a short sojourn in Sienna I was ordered to Pisa, my only regret was that my destination was not Florence.

"On the second day after my arrival in Pisa, as I was reading a military work recommended to me by the Emperor, some officers of justice walked in, and, to my mingled amazement and indignation, made me their prisoner on the charge of sacrilegiously abducting the fair nun of St. Mary's. I need not detail to you my feelings; I have already endeavoured to describe them in the letters I addressed to you and to the Padre.

"My first sentence, death, I could have met with gladness; for I said, of what avail is life with disgrace—life to one deprived at once of honour and of love? But I checked the impatient thought. I remembered that life is a sacred deposit, of which we are not to be weary before the Owner reclaims it because we think we are inconvenienced by it. When, therefore, my imperial master caused my sentence to be commuted into banishment, degradation, and confiscation, I was satisfied to live, and even to receive the lot marked out for me with unmurmuring acceptance. It is deemed pious to be resigned to die in the midst of all the blandishments of life; is it not more so to be resigned to live on amid the miseries of life, when all is lost save Christian allegiance? It is well when we can offer up on the altar of our hearts a sacrifice from the *fruits* and *flowers* of life; is it not in a better spirit of oblation when we can wreath our *thorns* gracefully, and offer them up cheerfully as all that we have left to present?

"My spirit gained strength from exercise, and at last became so mighty in endurance that it could grapple with the most giant cares.

"I was at length set free, a nameless, and, to the world, a dishonoured man; but, worst of all, dishonoured in *your* opinion, Amidea, and I feared hopelessly so, for the coils were so closely twined around me that I could scarcely expect to break from their entanglement. My sentence of perpetual banishment from Italy was painful to me but as perpetual banishment from Amidea. I

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thought it would be disrespect to you were I to appear before you a degraded man. Why sully her eyes, I said, with such an object? and I determined to seek no interview. You will think I am acting inconsistently now, but I am *now* like a resurrection from the dead, and circumstances are somewhat altered in our fate. To spare your delicacy I returned those remembrances of you which would have been a rich treasure in my poverty; and as I made the last step over the frontiers of Italy I said, Farewell, Amidea. I went to present myself to Frederic, to take a long leave of my beloved sovereign.

"It was at night, in secret, and alone, that I was ushered in to him; I who had had free and familiar access of which thousands would have made their boast; I whose interest had been sought to procure an interview for others; I on whom, next after the Emperor, the eyes and smiles of a crowded court used to fix.

"Frederic was not changed. He always believed his old playmate innocent on the testimony of his own early experiences. He received me kindly, sympathisingly, generously. He would not listen to an assurance of my integrity, he said it was superfluous. 'I have looked in your eyes and on your brow, Florestan,' he said, 'and you are my own Florestan still; you have not deceived me.'

"He looked at me earnestly, and seeing the alterations that imprisonment and privations had made in me, his eyes filled with tears, and he declared he would not be instrumental in oppressing an innocent man; he would uphold me against the world; I should retain my usual rank and privileges. Could I be less generous than my sovereign, who was willing to expose himself to Guelph calumny and Papal fulminations on my account?

"No, I refused, thankfully, tearfully, but firmly. I showed him the peril that would arise to his cause in Italy from his protection of me. I presented to him my sword and my knightly decorations. I thought I could have borne pain, but this was a trying moment; they were presented with sorrow, they were received with reluctance.

"'I will keep them safely for you, Florestan,' said the young Emperor; "I will keep them till you claim them again, for I yet expect you will rise like the phœnix from its ashes.'

"Our parting was sad, but very soothing; we talked of our happy childhood, of our boyish affection, of our childish sports and adventures, of the premature manhood that was forced upon *him*, of *my* relinquishing my boyhood before my time to keep equal pace with him in the career of life. Then we spoke of my future lot; though I could not remain in *his* army, I was anxious to serve him indirectly by bearing arms among his allies; and it was finally agreed that I should enter the service of Philip Augustus of France, to fight against Frederic's rival, Otho the Guelph. Frederic accordingly addressed a letter on my behalf to

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King Philip, confiding to him my story, expressing his deep interest in me, and recommending me to the French monarch's favour. Frederic suggested that to all but himself and Philip my real name should be unknown, in the hope that when I had disappeared, as it were, from the world, the craft of my enemies would relax its watchfulness, and some clue to my fate would be obtained. It was determined that I should adopt the name of Rivoli, which had belonged to some of my mother's ancestors, and endeavour to work my way up through the gradations of military rank till I re-achieved as Rivoli the forfeited rank and fame of Bastiani. But in vain does man dig a channel for the stream of events; that stream will not run as he tries to guide it, but overflows the laboured bank, and rushes into some opposite course.

"Frederic desired that I should occasionally write to him in a cypher invented by, and only known to, ourselves; and he promised me his exertions to obtain some light as to my mysterious misfortunes. We parted at last slowly and reluctantly; and I went forth from the Emperor with a heavy heart, for my love for him is of no common kind. With the fond affections of childhood's companionship, and with the friendship of youth, mingle gratitude for the favour of a superior, and the devotion and veneration of loyalty to my sovereign.

"I made my way in obscurity to France and presented to Philip the letter of my imperial master. He received me favourably, promised to take an interest in me, and placed me in a select body of archers, which, with some other troops, was then moving southward to the neighbourhood of Tournay.

"One thing only I had preserved from the wreck of my former rank—it was my military cloak. I was attached to it because I had worn it on that first chilly spring evening that I saw you, Amidea. Do you remember it, when you were walking on the banks of the Arno, and I had been loitering there too? We passed and looked at each other; little did we then think how much each was to be to the other. And afterwards, have you forgotten the evening that we were sitting on the hill above Arezzo, looking down upon the landscape, a sudden shower fell on us, and I was so happy that by some instinct I had brought my cloak, and now wrapped it round you? I preserved it for the sake of those happy times, but I was, of course, obliged to remove all the decorations and distinguishing marks, and it became fit for its owner—an humble but not a dishonoured thing.

"My new rank of life was a strange one to me—to obey where I had commanded, to be my own servant, and, more painful still, to be cut off from the graceful courtesies of life, to have no companion of my former and proper grade, to be suddenly plunged alone into a ruder sphere—it was at first very distasteful. But, worst of all,

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was the being thrown back upon myself, and forced to imprison myself within myself. There was a time when I could speak, and instantly command attention and sympathy; I could, without restraint or fear, declare my opinions, my feelings, and my wishes. Now I was obliged to be silent, to repress the words rising to my lips, or to watch well the little I hazarded; for now I was in danger of being answered with insolent contradiction or more insolent contempt. To me, who had been a social person, this forced constraint, and concentration, and incommunicableness, were at first most painful. After a time it became useful to me; it taught me reflection and patience; it taught me the value of self as a companion before whose communings I need neither blush nor fear. I felt myself growing older in spirit. One grows older and wiser in one hour of adversity than in years of prosperity; but adversity teaches different kinds of wisdom to different kinds of dispositions—to some the wisdom of sentiment, to others the wisdom of selfishness.

"In my altered circumstances I was afraid to become wholly a musing solitary; I feared the effect would be to make me indolent, repining, and selfish. I determined on activity of mind and body. I visited the military hospitals; I attended the sick, and endeavoured to cheer and comfort the dying. Little did they think that he who preached to them of heavenly things was excommunicated by man, yet absolved by his own conscience. I endeavoured to gain a knowledge of physic and surgery in the hospitals, where I forced myself to attend the most loathsome cases; and I chose *them* for humanity's sake, because, as they would be neglected by the hirelings, they could only depend on the good offices of the volunteer. I improved myself in military tactics; I took on myself the duties of the ailing or the wearied; and after a march I assisted in all arrangements in our new quarters. I cannot say I was wholly without some vague hope to cheer my meditations. I believe no man is ever entirely without hope, though he may not be able to define the precise nature of that hope, but trusts that chance, as the worldly man calls it, or Providence, as the religious man would say, will yet effect something in his favour.

"At length my military career drew to a close. It was July 27, 1214. The day was exceedingly hot, and the clouds of dust were suffocating. We were at the village of Bouvines, on the river Marque, near Tournay. I had gone to the river to bathe, when I heard our trumpets sound to arms. I hurried back and found all on the alert. Regiments were forming, men were arming, leaders issuing commands. The troops of Otho and his allies were advancing to attack us, and we could already see the glittering of their weapons. I hastened to my quarters, took my favourite old cloak, concealed it in a hollow tree, and then took my place among my comrades. Philip Augustus, as he passed us in re-

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view, said to me, 'Now, Rivoli, this is a day to achieve honours.' And he glanced at me significantly.

"It was eleven o'clock when the battle began. I need not narrate to you, Amidea, and you, Padre—a woman and a man of peace—the horrible details of a mortal combat, further than my own personal share in it. The charges of the French had thrown the enemy into some disorder, when a body of Flemings in Otho's ranks charged my corps in a desperate manner. We were prepared for them with well-closed ranks, but they were more than double our number, and were heavily armed; and a great proportion of our men were driven into the river, where many perished. I was among the few who kept their ground, but the archers on each side of me were killed, as was our standard-bearer. I seized the standard, and, in defending it from the attack of a party of Flemings, I received a wound, which I endeavoured to stanch as well as I could, and took no further notice of it. We rallied, and as we were standing a moment to recover breath, an officer galloped up, ordering us to advance instantly to the relief of Philip Augustus, who was in imminent danger. We advanced in haste, making our difficult way over ground strewn with dead men and horses, and we had to cut through fierce and determined opposition. We found the king in extreme peril, defended by a mere handful of soldiers, and surrounded by increasing crowds of the enemy. He had been thrown to the earth, but was guarded by the desperate valour of a nobleman. We cut through the German Guelphs, who were in fact contending with each other for the honour of seizing the king; and Philip was rescued by almost frantic daring. He regained his troops, and said to me in hasty accents, 'Go on and prosper, I shall remember this day's service.' His words inspired me with almost new life, but I was now much weakened by my wound, which was bleeding slowly but continually. Philip ordered his men to charge and break the line of the enemy; his orders were well obeyed, though our numbers were but half those opposed to us. We penetrated up to the very person of the Guelph Emperor, Otho. I was filled with a desire to capture him, and thus render an essential service to my sovereign, Frederic. Otho's horse was killed by an arrow from my bow, the rider fell, but instantly regained his feet. I struck down two who were defending him, and, rushing up to him, called on him to surrender. He aimed a blow at me with his heavy sword; I had thrown away my bow, and caught up a more accustomed weapon, a sword, and I returned Otho's stroke with such force as to bring him on his knees; then I closed with him and seized him by the helmet. At that moment I received from some of his defenders another severe wound in the side, and a stunning blow on the head. The light flashed from my eyes, my senses reeled, a heavy leaden hand seemed to grasp me, a cold dew burst out upon

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my brow, I felt very sick, I fell back, a rushing noise sounded in my ears, then my feet seemed to strike upwards, and my head to fall very low. All became a blank.

* * * * * * *

"When I began to recover I felt very stiff and numbed, and very cold, though the weather was sultry. I could not stir, my head was confused, all was silent and dark around me. I thought I had fallen asleep on guard—or rather it appeared to me so, for I could not be said to *think*. Then it seemed to me as if I were in my dungeon at Pisa, and that the cold I felt was the damp of the cell. Then a thought of Amidea flashed across my mind, and I fancied I had fallen into the Arno in getting water-lilies for her. At last I began to have some confused recollection of the battle, and the fresh air and the dew—for it was night—assisted in my recovery; and my ideas, slowly arranging themselves, recalled to my memory the events of the day.

"I found myself stiff with the congealed blood from my wounds, very weak, and lying amid a heap of corpses in a pool of gore. A few stars were twinkling in the dusky sky; the earth was strewn with indistinct objects of horror; not a living being was in sight; all around was in the deep silence of death. I was tormented with a burning thirst, my wounds were very sore, my head ached, and, as returning consciousness grew upon me, I felt anxious to learn how long I had lain in that state, who had conquered, and whither the French army had moved. But so weak and benumbed was I that I actually dreaded to move; my strengthening thoughts turned heavenwards, and my lips moved in a low but earnest prayer.

"While I lay thus, with my eyes cast up to heaven, I saw dark forms at some little distance; they were approaching; they might be plunderers; I watched them in silence. One of them carried a torch; they were proceeding slowly and making frequent pauses. My next observation was that they seemed to be seeking something along the ground which had been occupied by the corps to which I belonged. At length they came so near that I perceived they were peasants, and that they were scanning the faces of the slain. From their conversation I learned that they were seeking for a brother who was a fellow soldier of mine. I was then anxious to attract their attention, and strove to call out. The strange kind of shriek that I uttered caught their ear; they looked round; I repeated it; they ran to me; they saw by my attire that I was a comrade of their brother, and they declared a readiness to save me; but I was helpless, and they knew not how to transport me thence. In broken words I made them understand where I had left my cloak; one of them ran for it, and the others sprinkled my face, and gave me a draught of wine

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mixed with water from a wooden vessel that one of them carried. The peasant returned with the cloak, and they spread it on the bloody ground in order to lay me on it and to carry me between them. I endeavoured to move, and fainted.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I it was who held
Both keys to Frederic's heart, and turned the wards,
Opening and shutting with a skill so sweet
That, besides me, into his inmost breast
Scarce any other could admittance find.
Cary's Dante. Hell. Canto 13.

"When I recovered I found myself in bed in a poor cottage, with the friendly peasants attending me. As soon as I was able to converse I learned that the battle had been gained by Philip Augustus; that it had terminated about five o'clock in the evening, which could not have been long after I had fallen insensible. They told me that for the sake of their brother, whom they had learned was safe, they would bestow on me that care which happily *he* did not require; and as my wounds were deep, but fortunately not dangerous, they had procured the aid of an old man who had some knowledge of leechcraft. During the progress of my slow recovery I reflected that, if I concealed the fact of my existence, and suffered it to go abroad that Florestan Bastiani had fallen in the French ranks at Bouvines, I might find it more easy to gain some clue to my mysterious wrongs, either from the remorse or the relaxation of the vigilance of my secret enemies.

"I immediately determined not to rejoin the French troops, particularly as that decisive victory had ended the campaign, and to be dead to all the world but my imperial friend and master. And I resolved to leave you, Amidea, in ignorance of my real fate till I could rise again as it were from the dead, vindicated, and leaving all my stains in the grave. You smile, and Padre Severino shakes his head to see how ill I have kept this resolution.

"When I at length recovered I took leave of my kind hosts, to whom my poverty could offer nothing but the warmest thanks of a grateful heart. I disguised myself as closely as I could in a peasant's garb, bearing with me my poor old cloak, which, though I did not venture to wear by day, often served for my bed at night, as I traversed on foot my lonely road.

"It was then upwards of two months since the battle of Bouvines, and Frederic was at Aix-la-Chapelle. I arrived in the environs of that city about sunset, and waited till nightfall to enter its narrow, irregular, and hilly streets.

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"The Emperor was lodged in the old palace of the Frankish kings, which had been rebuilt by Otho III., and to that place I directed my steps. I was weary, gaunt, and travel-soiled. When last I was in Aix-la-Chapelle I was there as a prosperous man, and the Emperor's favourite, worthy of the notice and flattery of courtiers. The city was alive with all the bustle that the presence of a court and a body of troops could give. It was full of light; torches at different buildings, and lamps burning before the numerous images of the Virgin; tapers gleaming through the windows, fires at the corners of streets. There were soldiers loitering about, grooms and servants hurrying along, artisans at work, itinerant merchants displaying their wares; there were the idle who came to gaze, and the thrifty who came to traffic. About the palace were the attendants of courtiers waiting for their masters, sentinels on duty, and loungers looking on. The palace was radiant with light; the Emperor perhaps might be engaged, but I was impatient to see him; it was presumptuous, but I knew Frederic would scarcely refuse a suppliant. I stated my desire for an audience of the Emperor to the principal person of the guard: the man seemed enraged at my presumption, and told me that I was very impudent, and that the Emperor could not be disturbed. I persisted that I had important intelligence for his Imperial Majesty, and added, with an air of authority,

"'When the Emperor sees me to-morrow it will be as much as your ears are worth to have hindered my errand to-night.'

"The man looked embarrassed, and then thought it best to yield. He called a soldier and desired him to take me into the palace. My conductor, a German, brought me to the great gate, where the imperial standard was planted. The sentinel challenged,

"'Stand! who goes there?'

"'Friends.'

"'The word!'

"'Hier Waibling!' answered my conductor. These are the words which we Italians soften into 'Hi Ghibellino.'

"'Pass!' said the sentinel; and I was ushered into a small guard room, somewhat disorderly with piles of arms and fragments of refreshments, there to be searched lest I should approach the Emperor with any concealed weapon. I was for a moment agitated lest any one should be present who might recognise me; but all were strangers, and no one was thinking of Florestan Bastiani. Immediately on my release from examination my conductor brought me to a waiting-room, whence he despatched a messenger to the Emperor. The man returned and led me into a small private apartment in that old tower of the palace which is said to have been built by the Romans,* and which is called the Tower

* Aix-la-Chapelle is said to have been founded by Severus Granius, a commander among the Belgæ, under Adrian, A.D. 125.

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of Granius. The floor was strewn with rushes; the walls were hung with military plans and maps; a lamp swung from the ceiling; a table and a few heavy chairs completed the furniture.

"I was left alone, and I soon heard a footstep in the corridor which I knew to be Frederic's. The door opened and he appeared splendidly attired, for he is a lover of magnificence. His dress was of ruby velvet embroidered with gold; a rose of white silk on the hose met the cream-coloured half boot; his embroidered girdle was clasped with jewels; his purple velvet mantle, lined with white silk and embroidered with gold, was fastened from shoulder to shoulder by a rich gold chain; a collar of gold encircled his throat, and his sheathed sword was in his hand. Frederic is not of tall stature, but his bearing is majestic and his countenance handsome, and in his splendour he looked an emperor.

"'Young man,' said he, as he entered the room, with his usual vivacity, 'what have you to communicate so important as to require this unseasonable audience?'

"I did not speak; I only advanced to the light of the lamp, and fell at his feet. He instantly recognised me.

"'What! my lost Florestan! what! really living?' and he raised and embraced me with the warm affection of a brother. 'Why, old playfellow, I have had a sorrowful heart for you. Philip of France wrote to me that you had fallen like a hero at Bouvines. Speak to me if you are not a ghost; where have you been hidden, Florestan? But first sit down, old friend; you are trembling and weak.'

"He went to the door and summoned an attendant, who soon appeared with wine, and immediately retired. Frederic made me drink to recruit my exhausted frame; he lamented to see me so haggard and so wasted, and he paced the room in excitement till I was enabled to tell him all that had befallen me, and the benefit that I hoped to reap from the report of my death.

"At first Frederic was anxious to repay my past sufferings by reinstating me at once in my former rank, but I entreated permission to decline his favours; I could not bear to appear in the world with a cloud still resting on my name, and the excommunication of the Church still in force against me. The Emperor reflected for awhile, and then owned that I was right, my position would be a painful one to me.

"'But, Florestan,' said he, 'will you not let your old playmate do something for you?'

"I remembered the cottage in which I had been so kindly treated, and requested his bounty for my preservers, which he promised, and has since most munificently performed.

"The Emperor fell into a fit of musing, and at length said,

"'Florestan, I have something very painful to tell you. It is

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an unwelcome task to me; but it is better you should hear it from me than from any other person, before whom grief and surprise might make you betray yourself.'

"He then related to me the state of parties in Florence, and the political marriage planned by the chiefs between you, Amidea, and Buondelmonte. I confess I was stunned. I had long considered you as lost to me, but I had not imaged you as so soon gained by another. I was at first inclined to be unjust to you; but then I remembered that it was a duty for you to forget the disgraced, the excommunicated; and that even if you did remember me at times with kindness, it was a noble sacrifice to immolate your own feelings in favour of your country.

"Frederic told me that, believing King Philip's report of my death, he and those about him had made the news public, and it had reached Florence; and he observed that I could not blame Amidea for not preserving a useless, and, as it would seem, degrading constancy to the memory of a buried felon. I saw that Frederic's cause in Florence might be materially benefited by subjecting a Guelph chief to Ghibelline influence, and I resolved never to disturb Amidea's contract by a revelation of my existence. I dared not think of her for myself; I would not thwart the interests of my Emperor.

"I felt myself growing ill, and begged my sovereign's permission to retire and to procure for myself some safe and obscure lodging. He forced on my acceptance a purse of gold, and made me promise to come to him next day, giving me a watchword for immediate admittance to the Tower of Granius, and with many a soothing word from him I left his august presence.

"I found a suitable retirement. Agitation and fatigue overcame me, and I fell into a low fever which prevented my appearing before Frederic for about a fortnight. *I* had no confidential person to send to him, and *he* did not know where I was. When at last I crept forth, and by means of the password was admitted to his presence, he was shocked at my appearance, and blamed me for not sending to him at once, at all risks. He then proceeded to inform me that a certain noble Ghibelline of Florence had undertaken to forward the Imperial cause as much as possible; to ally himself with a Guelph in order to obtain influence over that party, and to watch a favourable opportunity for introducing a body of Ghibelline troops into the city. Frederic added that, as some employment would be useful to my spirits, he had chosen one for me—to go to Florence (I started) in the disguise of a Glee-singer, in company with an associate whom he had selected; one, he said, of fair lineage, and not unworthy of my society, with whom to sing political songs in favour of the Ghibellines; to work upon the populace, and to communicate, when occasion required, with the before-mentioned noble Ghibelline. Frederic observed

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that if in the interim, before Amidea's marriage, I should become enabled to re-establish my public reputation, he desired I would not sacrifice my affections to his interest, but would reveal myself to Amidea and assert my prior claim to her hand; but, if my position remained unchanged, the marriage must, of course, proceed, and I must trust in time, resignation, and absence, to heal the wound. The Emperor said he would not tell me who my comrade was; he left me to discover it; he said, smiling, that the little mystery would amuse me, and he exacted from me a promise that I would never voluntarily reveal myself to my comrade without his imperial permission. He presented me to Valdo as my future companion, whom he introduced for a moment and then dismissed.

"I have since learned from Valdo that he is the brother of Rosara, and I now perceive the aim of my imperial friend. Frederic is young and romantic; he could not in reality expect that our party songs would be of much importance to his cause, but he invented this employment to bring Valdo and me together, in the idea that in my disguise I might gain some valuable hints from Rosara's brother, by which I might become able to vindicate myself, and obtain your hand, Amidea, if the vindication did not come too late.

"We arrived in Florence as Frederic willed, and have lived together in peace, with that poor deranged boy whom Valdo met in the Apennines. But Frederic's intended romance has been hitherto a failure, and we have not yet had any personal intercourse with our accredited co-operator, the noble and unknown Ghibelline.

"We arrived in *Florence*. Amidea, you little knew *who* hovered nightly under your windows, happy in catching one glimpse of your passing figure. When you listened to the Glee-singers you little thought *whose* voice mingled in the song. The first evening I entered Florence, how eager I was to discover the Palazzo Amidei, to me the most interesting of all its edifices. Then I took a melancholy pleasure in going to see everything you had formerly mentioned to me, and which I once hoped *you* would have shown to me—the palaces of your kindred, the Ponte Vecchio, the old statue of Mars, the massive Palazzo Strozzi. With what interest I gazed after your brother in the street, and your cousins, Uberti, Fifanti, and Lamberti; and how carefully I was obliged to avoid my old acquaintance, and new rival, Buondelmonte.

"Meanwhile my destiny remained as mysterious as ever, and I was obliged to school myself to look upon you as the bride of another. It was a heavy addition to my burden, but at last I bowed myself to it and bore it patiently. Do you remember the serenade on the evening before the day of your intended marriage?

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You little dreamed it was your lost lover who had composed it, and who sang it to you with religious resignation.

"But when I heard that your marriage was irrevocably broken off, my heart woke again to all the agitations of hope. The whole face of affairs was changed; I knew that after a second disappointment you would never listen again to another suitor, and I resolved to reveal myself to you through the agency (though it seemed an unpromising one) of my former friend and late rival; and as a preparative I sang to you that lay of hope, 'The Silver-white Lily.' I watched Buondelmonte for several nights to speak with him in private, and thus I had the happiness to save his life. He was amazed and horror-struck at my apparition (for such at first he thought me), but at length he generously believed my story, and gladly consented to present me to you, as he said it was the only reparation he could offer to present an old faithful lover instead of a new inconstant one. But I refused to reveal myself till his actual marriage with Imma Donati took place; for while there remained the most remote possibility that the Pope would annul your pre-contract, my duty to my liege lord and my lady-love kept me, the blighted man, silent. Now you are wholly free, and though a cloud still hangs over me, yet hope sees a sunbeam ready to pierce through it; and I have ventured to come to you and say, 'Amidea, we have borne much for each other; will *you* bear a little longer? will you believe me now, and trust in time to justify me wholly? Will you wait for me till then?'"

Amidea gave him her hand: "I will wait for you hopefully or hopelessly, but still patiently and unwaveringly. I will wait for you till my eyes are dim and my hairs are white; but you will not care for my waiting *then*."

Florestan sang to her in a low, sweet tone, a stanza of a then popular song, which a later Italian, Salvator Rosa, has since adapted.

"Should nature, niggard of her treasure,*
Rob thy locks of all their gold;
Poor, but content, I still with pleasure
Thy silver tresses will behold."

Amidea had now a thousand questions to ask, a thousand explanations to receive, and on *her* side she was anxious to exculpate herself from any imputation of fickleness on account of her late engagement; and she explained to Florestan all her struggles, her

* This stanza is not original, like all the other songs introduced in this tale; it is a quoted translation. The original Italian of Salvator Rosa is—

"E se la natura avara
Del suo mortal tesoro
Da questo crin mai te rubasse l'oro,
Povero ma contento,
Lo vedro bianco,
E l'amero d'argento.

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regrets, the suggestions of duty, and the rebellions of her heart; and she lamented to him the painful sacrifice she had made of all her treasure of relics, that had left her now so poor.

Florestan said with a smile—"I will enrich you from my own hoard;" and he produced from his bosom a little packet containing withered flowers, a ribbon, a small lock of hair, the tassel of a scarf; such things as are treasures to young hearts at one happy period—trumpery ever after. He commended his own foresight in preserving that wreck of his wealth when honour forced him to surrender her picture and her letters, and now he shared with her the dried flowers gathered from their favourite haunts.

They were beginning to talk of Arezzo, but Padre Severino interrupted them.

"My children, it wears late; we must return to the Palazzo Amidei. And, Florestan, tell me, what steps do you now mean to take?"

Florestan replied that he had written to the Emperor and must await his answer.

"My son," said the priest, "do not think that my age makes me stern, or my profession exacting, when I say that, until you are able to procure proofs of your innocence, or at least to entertain well-grounded hopes of doing so, you and this poor maiden must not meet again."

Florestan and Amidea exclaimed against this decree, but the Padre was firm.

"It is for the happiness of both that I speak," said he; "in the present state of circumstances of what avail could your interviews be but to increase the heart-sickness of hope deferred, and to render the chain of attachment more difficult to be broken if your destiny forbids your ultimate union? And if by any hazard it were discovered that Amidea carried on a clandestine intercourse with disguised and degraded Bastiani, think what a mark she would become for the darts of calumny."

That consideration decided Florestan, and he bowed submission.

"But," urged he, "you will permit me sometimes to linger near her dwelling and address to her some significant song; to catch, when I can, a transient glimpse; and when I have any important or happy news, I may communicate it through you—may I not?"

"Well," replied the old man, "I must even permit thus much."

Buondelmonte returned at this moment.

"Padre, it is late; I feared you would not be able to separate these old friends; *you* are but one against two, and as I love fair play I am come to join my forces to yours. Amidea, you are under the Padre's command, but, Florestan, *you* are under mine; obey me and depart."

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"A moment more," said Amidea. "Florestan, you must suffer great privations——"

"Not more than a soldier's," interrupted Florestan.

"Leave him to me," said Buondelmonte; "I will be his paymaster and his commissary, as well as his commander."

"Now we *must* indeed go," interposed the Padre. "Amidea, say farewell to Florestan; and you, my son, take the old man's cordial wish that you may never again need a stolen interview, but may soon meet openly, unreprovedly."

Florestan and Amidea thanked the priest, and lingered in their leave-taking.

"As I see," said Buondelmonte, "that neither of them will quit the room first, I propose that we all go together, and Florestan and I will lead the way; but we must call you Messer Brunetto; you have not yet fairly regained 'Florestan Bastiani.' When you are to be baptized I will be priest and sponsor both, and will pour on your head a flagon of Aleatico." And Buondelmonte took Florestan by the arm and led him out; Amidea and the priest followed. They descended the stairs, and Buondelmonte said to them—

"Pass on into the chapel the way you came hither; I must bestow our friend in safety till evening."

He opened the low heavy door in the wall, pushed Florestan through it, and turned to Amidea—

"Farewell, awhile, Amidea; we parted last time unhappily—we have met in peace. We part now in hope—may our next meeting be in joy."

The door closed after him; Amidea little thought that she should never again behold the well-meaning Guelph.

After Amidea had returned home she was in so restless a state that she earnestly desired some interesting occupation to employ her fingers, and in some measure to attach her thoughts. She glanced at her embroidery frame, and remembered the banner on which the fair of Florence had bestowed their time and skill to so little avail; and then a thought suggested itself to her. Numbers had been employed on that public ensign to honour her political intended nuptials: why should not *she*, alone and unassisted, undertake some piece of work to grace her future hoped-for marriage of private affection? What should it be? A scarf, such as those worn by knights over their armour? Yes! she would embroider a scarf to be worn by Florestan when restored to his name and rank.

And she eagerly set about tracing the design. The ground of the scarf was crimson silk; and she planned to embroider in the centre Florestan's armorial bearings in gold, encircled with arabesques; and, as a broad border along the sides, a running pattern in various-coloured silks of all the flowers and shrubs considered

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emblematic of valour, love, and hope. Here and there, half hidden in the calix of a rose, or under the leaf of a palm, she worked in her own hair a tiny, almost imperceptible, cypher of F. and A. This scarf became the beloved and exclusive occupation of her hours; and as the work grew under her fingers, hope increased in her heart.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Remember thee
Of Mosca, too, I who, alas! exclaimed,
"The deed once done there is an end," that prov'd
A seed of sorrow to the Tuscan race.
Cary's Dante. Hell. Canto 28.

Piero had at length obeyed the repeated summons of Mosca Lamberti, and ventured into his presence. They sat together in conference. The brows of both were moody, and Mosca had been speaking with emphasis. "Florence," he continued, "is now in a strange position; each party is holding the other at bay; each is afraid to commence hostilities. The Ghibellines are fools; they have at present the advantage, for the first offence has come from the Guelphs; but they are too cautious to follow it up as promptly as they ought, because, in sooth, the Guelph families outnumber them. This state of things will not suit my purposes. Buondelmonte must die; in the first confusion of the Guelphs we must seize the gates. Buondelmonte must die, and his rich young widow must be *my* bride; the altered circumstances of the Guelphs will compel her. Do you hear me, Piero? Buondelmonte *must* die!"

"I hear nothing," returned Piero. "I heard you make a false promise, and I will listen to nothing till you redeem your word. You promised me the lands of the Val d' Elsa; you have not given them."

"Briccone!" exclaimed Mosca; "I promised them if you rid me of Buondelmonte; do it, and I will give them."

"You made no such conditions," replied Piero; "you promised the lands in payment of the risk I should run in attempting his life. You said not a word of success or failure."

"Do you think I will give my good lands to a bungler?"

"I have been your dupe," said Pierro; "for, Belle parole e cattivi fatti ingannano savj e matti.* But I will be your dupe no longer. I will run no more risks, and get no more wounds for nothing."

* Fine words and bad deeds deceive both wise men and fools.

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"Wounds!" said Mosca, contemptuously. "A scratch on the shoulder! Why it was not Buondelmonte you encountered, but some cat. And that marvellous tale of the rescue; it was your own shadow frightened you. You are a half-hearted fellow as well as a half-blooded one. You have more of your mother in you than of *my* father. Do not scowl, man, but listen to me, and I will tell you how to do it this time, and the lands are yours."

"They *are* mine," persisted Piero; "I earned them and you withhold them."

"I will add a bag of silver to them when Buondelmonte is dead."

"Why cannot you kill him yourself?" demanded Piero.

"Because," said Mosca, "I do not choose to keep a dog and bark myself."

"How am I a dog?" Piero inquired, knitting his brows.

"How?" sneered Mosca; "because your mother was a . . ."

Piero seized him by the throat before he could finish the sentence.

"Hark you, Messer Lamberti! I have borne your taunts because I was in your power. You have plunged me into danger, you have cheated me; beware how you chafe me past endurance. How dare *you* gibe me upon my birth? *You* a noble!—a common cheat and liar."

Mosca, enraged, forgot his caution, and dealt a violent blow, which stretched Piero on the floor. It was the first time that he had ever struck his half-brother. Piero rose slowly, glared upon Mosca, and said with a forced calm,

"Messer Mosca, I am an Italian, and I *am* a Lamberti;" and he instantly left the room.

Mosca was angry with himself for his imprudence, for Piero *might* be a dangerous enemy. "*Mal anno* on the fellow!" he thought, "he has misled me. He has been till now so tame, that I did not think he had any spirit. See what a mischief it is to deal with cringing slaves; a man thinks he is safe with them, and loses his prudence by the habit of their submission, and in the end provokes them beyond bounds. Had that mongrel always shown himself as to-day, I should have been on my guard, and should have dealt more wisely. Ay, ay, servility begets tyranny, and tyranny imprudence. 'I am an Italian,' said he; ay, that means, I am revengeful. 'I am a Lamberti,' that means, I am a limb of Diavolo. But *you* are only half a Lamberti, Messer Piero; *I* am the whole one, as I will show you if you dare to cross me."

Mosca sent to summon Piero again to his presence, intending to cajole him with a show of magnanimity, and on a fitting opportunity to rid himself of one who he saw was ready to injure him by a power which his own crimes had lent him. But Piero was

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not to be found, and Mosca muttered, "I must work with other tools and in another way."

That night Mosca Lamberti held a secret conference in his palace with Stiatta Uberti and Oderigo Fifanti, the nearest kinsmen of the Amidei. He used every art to irritate them against Buondelmonte. He made the young Guelph's accomplishments a source of envy, and represented him as always anxious for a boastful display. He made all the young Florentine's gaieties appear as a series of intended insults, wound up by the last crowning one in the Church of San Stefano, which he asserted had been arranged by the Guelphs, and especially by the Donati, to give their heiress eclât.

When Mosca saw that his guests listened with inflamed countenances, he proceeded :—

"And we, kinsmen, we live in a state of perpetual obloquy and disgrace on his account. He has offered us an indelible affront in the face of all Florence, and we, good easy men, we bear with it. If our cousin had been the vilest of women whom we palmed upon him, could he have done more than he has done? I tell you all Florence disdains us. We are held as cowards; the populace sneer at us; the Guelphs mock us, and promise themselves to make us yet their humble grooms. The nobles of our faction, who, if we had shown ourselves men, were ready to support us, now loathe us as a disgrace to nobility. What! shall we never wipe away our shame?"

"Almanno, the brother of Amidea, bears it patiently," observed Uberti.

"If," replied Mosca, "Almanno is cold-blooded, shall we be so too? if *he* hug disgrace, shall we? Rather let us win applause from Florence as further in blood from the injured lady, nearer in zeal and honour. And you, Stiatta, you have had what you think a lover's quarrel with your mistress, Laura Novello, and she has banished you. I know (it matters not *how* I know it) that it is *not* a lover's quarrel. She says she despises you; that she will not be your wife, for if she were insulted as your cousin has been, she should remain unredressed."

"Did she say so?" asked Uberti, reddening. "I must inspire her with a better opinion of me."

"And you, Fifanti," continued Mosca, "I happened to be within hearing of a group this morning who were speaking of you, and oh! what expressions of bitter scorn they lavished on your tameness, or, as they called it, cowardice."

"And why does Almanno escape reproach?" said Fifanti.

"He does not, he is loudly blamed; but it is considered that he is kept quiet by his sister's preachings. Amidea has a part to play—a sweet, meek, all-enduring woman" (and he laughed maliciously). "It is a great temptation to a woman to shine out an angel; and Amidea may never have another opportunity."

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"But what is to be done?" inquired Uberti.

Mosca replied, "While a serpent lives he is full of venom, which he trails over the fairest flowers. Buondelmonte lives and envenoms our reputations; you know the proverb, '*Morta la bestia, morta il veleno.*'"*

There was a pause. "I understand you," said Uberti; "now you come to the point."

"Nay," said Mosca, laughing, "it is Buondelmonte who must come to the *point*." And he held out his dagger and touched the sharp point. He made the ruffian jest to prevent any solemn feeling in his hearers.

Fifanti laughed out. "Bravissimo, Mosca! *Per Bacco!* well said, I swear. But I must mend your jest; the point must come to Buondelmonte, not he to it. I warrant if I hold out my weapon so, he would not run upon it, unless *you* have some particular knack of inducing him to do so. What *is* your plan, Mosca?"

"To-night," said Lamberti, "let a band of the retainers of each of our houses station themselves privately near each gate of the city, in readiness to seize upon it at the first alarm. That will give us in great measure the command of Florence. What need I say more? You, Fifanti and Uberti, you are young and robust; you wear weapons; *the deed once done there is an end.*"

"Look you, cousin Mosca," answered Fifanti, "I know you of old; you will thrust us two forward if you can, and keep yourself out of harm's way. That shall not pass."

"I do not see of what use I can be," said Mosca. "I am not as athletic as you and Uberti."

"Uberti and I will excuse your deficiencies; but you must and shall inspire us by your presence."

"Yes," rejoined Uberti, "you have planned the matter, and if *you* will not bear a part in it, *I* decline it also. What, man! if *you* bear the reproaches of Florence, why need *I* be more scrupulous?"

Mosca's desire of revenge on Buondelmonte and the Widow Donati was so great that it hurried him beyond his usual caution. He yielded to his companions; he no longer felt his spirit dominate over theirs; his evil genius was now about to deliver him up.

"Now listen, Mosca," said Uberti. "We will have open, honourable, daylight work. No midnight plot; no ambushing; no creeping behind walls for *me;* none of the business of a hired plebeian bravo. *I* wear a gentleman's weapon. Besides, I should lose the chief pleasure of the blow did not Florence know *I* dealt it to avenge my family and faction. We will strike to the earth, not as murderers, but as zealous partizans. We will strike as

* When the beast is dead the venom dies.

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soldiers do in battle. We will make it, not a matter of private spleen, but of public hostility. He shall fall as the sacrifice of a party, not of an individual. And thus we shall be safe; our party will be in honour bound to join us and uphold us, which they would not do were we private assassins."

"Right," said Mosca, falling in with Uberti's humour. "Right! then Florentine Guelph and Ghibelline may meet in honourable strife, and we will take the chances of war. Let the blow be struck to-morrow."

To-morrow!—so soon!—it sounded appalling for a moment to Uberti and Fifanti, and there was a dead silence.

Mosca hastened to speak, lest a feeling of ruth, or a consideration of danger should cross the minds of the others.

"To-morrow," said he, "will be Easter Day. I have learned from a little bird which brings me news, that Buondelmonte will be at early mass at San Stefano. He is a pious cavalier, and goes to thank Heaven for his beautiful wife. Imma and her mother will hear mass in the private chapel of the Palazzo Buondelmonte; for the fair bride has a cold, and the tender husband will not trust his darling out in the raw morning air. He will ride his famous white horse. Ha! friends, is not that a true proverb—*Chi ha cavallo bianco e bella moglie, non e mai senza doglie.** Buondelmonte will know something more of it to-morrow. We will take our post on the Ponte Vecchio, over which he must pass. We will stand by that old statue of Mars; whichever of us is nearest to him as he passes shall seize his bridle; the next his person; the third——" He stopped, but they understood him. He resumed—"He shall fall at the foot of that ancient statue as a sacrifice to the traditionary guardian of our city. The lower order of Ghibellines will instantly join us; plebeians delight in riot, and will be excited by the hope of plunder. The inferior Guelphs have imbibed a prejudice against Buondelmonte; the gates will be ours, and the noble Ghibellines will be obliged by family ties and party feelings to join us."

"A plausible scheme enough," said Fifanti; "I like it well. But remember, Mosca, if you are not at your post——" He looked fixedly at Lamberti, who comprehended the implied threat, and he quailed. But he had been that morning bearded by a long-subservient tool; he was near the end of his own career; his demon was abandoning him.

Some time longer the trio sat together, arranging all the particulars of their fearful compact, which they unanimously agreed to keep secret from Almanno Amidei. *He* had a noble nature, which Mosca called romance, false philosophy, pusillanimity, anything but the right, and the conspirators knew that he would not only

* He who has a white horse and a fair wife is never without trouble.

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disapprove of their plot, but would take every method to defeat it. Yet Mosca could not help attributing to him some of his own corrupt sensations, and persuaded himself that when the deed was accomplished, without implicating Almanno, he would learn to look favourably upon it, as arising out of affection for his family and zeal for the Ghibelline cause.

When Uberti and Fifanti were gone, Mosca felt at first relieved and sat down to meditate. But his thoughts were not under his control; they presented to him nothing but confused and agitating images. He tried to picture himself as Imperial Governor of Florence, in pomp and state, but his thoughts turned involuntarily on a dungeon. He represented himself in fancy as the envied husband of the rich and beautiful Imma; but instead of hers another beautiful but pale and sorrowful face rose to his distracted imagination. And when he retired to bed to compose himself in sleep, his dreams were as disturbed as his waking thoughts. He dreamed that he stood at the altar with Imma, but she was dressed in a shroud; and when he took her hand, her face changed to that sad but lovely one that had haunted his waking fancy; and then he saw that the shroud was stained with blood. Next he dreamed that he struck at Buondelmonte, but the latter seized him; and that instead of the young Guelph it was Brunetto the Glee-singer, and he was attired in the garb of a Ghibelline officer; and then he fancied that Piero appeared and aimed a blow at him with a blazing torch, and he made a spring to avoid it and fell into an unseen chasm in the earth, and he continued falling, falling, falling, down, down, still down in a pitch-dark abyss, till he seemed to strike upon the bottom, and he woke with a start, as it were from a concussion.

* * * * * * * * * *

That night was clear starlight, and the air was mild, though it was very early in the spring. The Glee-singers were in Florence, singing their Ghibelline songs in different quarters of the city.

At length Brunetto, or as we may call him by his true name, Florestan, escaped from his comrades, hastened to the Palazzo Amidei, stopped under Amidea's window, and began to prelude. Amidea had been watching with an anxious heart for her lover's approach. Her days were now wholly occupied in embroidering the scarf, and her evenings in listening for Florestan's voice. And now with an eager hand she opened her lattice, and appeared at it for one moment to catch the watchful eye of her lover, but immediately and prudently withdrew, leaving, however, the lattice open as a signal that she remained close to it to listen to

FLORESTAN'S SONG.

Oh, do not weep! the hour is nigh,
That yet shall all thy woes repay;

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Oh, do not weep! the clouds shall fly,
And leave thee yet a summer day.

Trust me affection's sun shall gleam
Through all the mists that veil his brow,
And brighter shall his lustre seem
The more his rays are darken'd now.

Love, like a tender plant, demands
The breeze of sighs, the dew of tears,
To nurse each blossom that expands,
Ere yet the fruit of joy it bears.

But thou enough hast wept; now ope
Thy pensive soul to thoughts of glee,
And let the sunny smiles of hope
Mature the buds that grow for thee.

When the song was concluded Amidea appeared at the window an instant, made a hurried sign and retired, and Florestan turned slowly away and went to find his comrades, whom he met just in time to join them in a party song—

THE GHIBELLINE WOOING OF FLORENCE.

Fair Florence! in thy beauty's pride
Thou'rt meet for an Imperial bride.
A hero wooes thee—brilliant, young,
Renown'd in counsel and in song;
Ah, Florence! wouldst thou happy be,
Unite with his thy destiny.

But, Florence, like a fickle maid,
Thy love has changed, thy thoughts have stray'd.
Why art thou false to him whose name
Is brightest in the page of fame?
Why offer all thy matchless charms
To meaner hearts, to meaner arms?

Florence, be proud! for thy fair brow
A crown alone is fitting now.
Florence, be proud! a sceptred hand
Alone should bind thy nuptial band.
Florence, be proud! refuse to share
Less than a victor Emperor's care.

Weep for thy fault—and not in vain—
Thy tears shall wipe away the stain;
The generous heart can yet forgive,
And bid thee blest and honour'd live,
And envied shine in beauty's pride—
Thy Frederic's own Imperial bride.

That was the last song the Glee-singers ever sang in Florence.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

O piteous and horrid murder!

. . . . . .

Sorrow and fury, like two opposite fumes,
Met in the upper region of a cloud,
At the report made by this worthy's fall,
Brake from the earth, and with them rose revenge.

Bussy d'Ambois. By Chapman.

It was Easter Sunday, 1215, a day remarkable in the annals of Florence, and handed down to remembrance by Florentine historians. The sun had not yet risen; the morning was dark; the Ponte Vecchio, where stood the time-worn statue, was partly clothed with mist, and had not yet been crossed by any passenger. The Arno stole silently away beneath; the buildings in the neighbourhood were black indistinct forms; the Church of San Stefano, a large heavy object, was rendered more conspicuous by the gleam of red lights through its gothic windows.

Through the darkness and stillness that reigned around, three figures enveloped in large mantles stole cautiously along, and stationed themselves by the statue. They were the assassins waiting the approach of their victim. As they stood on the bridge they began to whisper to each other to avoid the internal whispers of conscience, which they could not wholly stifle.

"Suppose anything should happen to prevent his coming?" said Uberti.

"Oh! he is too pious a cavaliero to lose early mass on such a day," replied Fifanti.

"Yet he may lose mass and save his life," muttered Lamberti. "If I believed in spells I would say there was a saving one over this man's life;" for he remembered the failure of Piero.

"Suppose," said Uberti again, "that any person passing should interfere to rescue him?"

"Suppose then," rejoined Fifanti, resolutely, "that I have a dagger at the service of such officious meddlers."

"And suppose also," said Mosca, "that they should be taken too much by surprise to stir!"

At this moment the three Glee-singers arrived at the other end of the bridge and halted there awhile. It was Valdo's intention to enter the church and hear mass. Brunetto (who, as Florestan was excommunicated,) intended to remain at the door outside; for, though he knew himself to be unjustly condemned, he was an obedient son of the Church, and bowed to its decrees, as a child submits reverentially to the displeasure of a mistaken parent, however undeserved, and trusts to Heaven's good time for justification.

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Florestan's Ghibelline principles taught him the duty of submission to lawful authority, that all things might subsist decently and in order.

The Glee-singers were waiting for the tolling of the service bell; they saw the dark figures on before them, and Florestan's military eye, trained to quick observation, soon perceived something remarkable in their air and gestures. There was somewhat of restlessness about them; somewhat of the appearance of lying in wait. Mosca had half hidden himself behind the statue, and as Fifanti's cloak flew open, Florestan saw a momentary glitter; he was sure it was a weapon, and it was not usual to attend mass armed. He drew Valdo's attention to the group, and said,

"Those men have some evil design in hand. I will draw nearer to them; watch both them and me, Valdo, and imitate whatever you see *me* do." And he stole by degrees nearer to them.

Uberti whispered, "How long the time seems; the bell will never ring."

"*Pazienza*," answered Mosca; "time and patience ripen all things; or, as the country people say, *col tempo e colla paglia si maturan le nespole*."*

At this moment the bell began to ring for mass. A straggler or two from different quarters approached the church and entered. Then came a few more by twos and threes. A cluster of lights soon appeared at a distance moving on.

"Here comes the household of some noble," observed Uberti.

The light-bearers approached; they were the household of Buondelmonte and some of his kinsmen, in procession, with lighted tapers, the two foremost bearing on large brazen dishes the Easter offerings of Buondelmonte and his bride. The household entered the church, and again Uberti whispered, "He will not come."

Just then the quick trot of a horse was heard.

"Here he is," they simultaneously whispered.

Through the gloom the favourite white horse came briskly on, bearing the unforeboding, happy Buondelmonte, a conspicuous figure in a flowing white mantle. Florestan knew him, and suspecting that the lying in wait was for him, burst forward, but too late. He had the anguish to see Uberti seize the bridle, and Fifanti pull down Buondelmonte.

"Help, good Florentines! help Buondelmonte!" cried Florestan, rushing up only in time to see Mosca plunge a dagger into the young Guelph's heart, and he fell a bloody corpse at the foot of that stern old Roman statue.

With a groan of grief and horror Florestan seized Mosca, and Valdo sprang upon Fifanti; but Uberti escaped before the spectators recovered from their panic. Mosca struggled with Florestan so violently that he got his right arm loose, and was just about

* With time and store the medlars grow ripe.

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to stab him, when his uplifted arm was caught by Antonio, who uttered in a wild scream,

"Florestan!—Florestan Bastiani!—alive!—and again a murderer!"

Mosca jerked his arm from the boy's feeble grasp. "Hush, minion!" he cried, "keep the secret," and buried his dagger in Antonio's bosom, who instantly fell close beside the murdered Buondelmonte, and their blood flowed in a mingled stream round the base of the statue.

At this horrid sight Valdo groaned and involuntarily loosed Fifanti, who, however, was instantly secured by two of Buondelmonte's servants, and Piero, who suddenly appeared, came to the assistance of Florestan; and as he helped to secure Mosca, he whispered to him, "I am an Italian, and I am a Lamberti!" Mosca looked at him with a ghastly glare, for he felt that his hour was come.

Valdo kneeled down beside Antonio. "Oh! my poor boy! Oh! my dear child! speak but one word to me—help, Florence, help!"

It was now grown light, and a dreadful scene of confusion took place. Crowds were running together; women screamed, and men offered help; some ran to assist Antonio; some to gaze on the dead Buondelmonte; some to secure the two assassins; some called the Ghibelline watch-words, some the Guelphs; a thousand questions were asked that no one could answer, and the words of Antonio were repeated; the name of Florestan was murmured about, and a thousand hasty surmises formed. Mass had not begun, and the persons assembled in the church rushed out to learn what had occurred, and the household and kinsmen of Buondelmonte joined their lamentations to the frightful chorus, and the great bell of the church rang out an alarm. Some of the priests came also to offer spiritual assistance; but Buondelmonte was beyond their aid, and Antonio was insensible. There were the lights moving about and growing pale in the increasing day beams. Robed priests and mantled nobles, humble citizens, high-born ladies, women of low degree, terrified children, all crowding together on that fatal bridge, and gazing with unsatiated though fearful eyes upon the strange scene.

At the foot of the statue of Mars lay Buondelmonte, a few minutes before the handsomest, happiest, wealthiest noble in Florence, now a reeking corpse; the Glee-singer Brunetto (the unrecognised Florestan) hanging over the dead, and lamenting aloud. Antonio, pale, motionless, and bloody, lying beside the murdered man, and resting his head on the shoulder of the corpse, and Valdo kneeling beside the boy and bathing his temples with water which a by-stander had fetched from the river. Buondelmonte's servants stood near their dead lord guarding his remains,

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and one of them holding the favourite horse that, with dilated nostrils and ears backed, frequently put down his head and smelt to his poor master. In front of the crowd stood Lamberti and Fifanti, proud nobles of Florence, secured like common felons by some of the meanest citizens, and Piero regarding Mosca with a look of triumph and revenge, and Mosca glaring on *him* with hate and fear.

A cry was now raised in the outskirts of the crowd that the podesta was approaching; and immediately the chief magistrate, with the civic functionaries, attendants, and officers of justice, pressed through the yielding throng to the spot. The podesta was deeply affected at the fate of the gallant young Florentine, and began immediately to make the necessary interrogatories, and placed the prisoners in the custody of the officers of justice.

Valdo had now succeeded in restoring Antonio to consciousness; and the boy, making a great effort, said faintly, "Florestan —Florestan Bastiani!"

"What of him, my poor boy?" asked Valdo, soothingly.

"He is alive!" murmured Antonio; "he is here."

"Where is he, my child?" again asked Valdo.

Antonio answered—"There," and tried to point out some one, but was unable, and sank back.

"Ah! he is a maniac," sighed Valdo! "he is indeed raving now."

But Piero, who was near Valdo, said, "He does *not* rave; there is *one* here who bore the name of Florestan Bastiani."

Astonishment and perplexity filled the hearers, who could not comprehend what was passing; and some of them exclaimed in their surprise—

"Florestan!—Florestan Bastiani!"

Florestan had not heard Piero's declaration; but hearing his own name called upon, and believing he had been recognised in the confusion, rose up from the body of his friend and said,

"I am here—who wants me?"

"Yes," said Piero, "that *is* the true Captain Bastiani; I recognise him now; but I thought him dead."

These words added to the amazement of the assemblage. Mosca leaned forward and gazed with an intensity of interest and curiosity on Florestan, and muttered—

"Alive!—and confronting me at this hour!—Florestan one of the Glee-singers?"

All within view of Florestan stared with unrepressed eagerness on one whose history had excited so much interest, and who had been so long considered dead. Valdo sprang up from Antonio, exclaiming—

"Bastiani *my* comrade! my fellow Glee-singer! Villain! where is my sister?"

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"Valdo," replied Florestan, calmly, "I never saw your sister. Is not this a proof of my innocence that Antonio, who called himself the accomplice of Florestan, never recognised me as Florestan?"

"But he *has*—he has recognised you now with his dying eyes; he named you, and you answered. Men of Florence! if you love justice seize the convent-robber."

The podesta advanced. "Yes, Florestan Bastiani is an outlaw; banished from Italy on pain of death should he return, and in contempt of the decree he is here. Take him," he added, to the justiciaries, who immediately made Florestan their prisoner.

"Yield, Captain Bastiani," cried Piero to him. "Yield; all will be better thus; I can prove your innocence—and I will."

Valdo, greatly surprised at Piero's words, turned again to arouse the half-insensible Antonio, and raised him in his arms till he confronted Florestan; and then pointing to the latter, he said,

"Dear Antonio, who is that man?" but before the boy could answer he fainted.

A surgeon pushed through the crowd, leaned over Antonio, opened his vest, examined the wound, applied some styptic to it, and then rising went up to the podesta and whispered awhile in his ear. The podesta's countenance showed great surprise. He turned to some nobles near him, and said,

"We linger here too long, and this is no place for explanations. I learn that the wound of that young Glee-singer is too dangerous to admit of removal to any distance; I shall, on that account, entreat the hospitality of the neighbouring monastery. Go, some of you, and bring a bier, or litter, or something suitable."

Piero then spoke awhile in private with the podesta, who now turned to the two captive assassins.

"Messer Lamberti and Messer Fifanti, it is painful to see men of your rank thus; I have my reasons for not at this moment committing you to the common prison; you will accompany the wounded person into that monastery, where you will be secured for the present;" and the podesta sent an officer to the religious house with a message to the superior.

A litter was hastily brought, and Antonio was raised with the assistance of the surgeon, and transported to the neighbouring monastery, Valdo walking sorrowfully beside him, and a concourse of people following up to the gates. Florestan and the other prisoners were next admitted; and lastly the podesta, with a few Florentine nobles.

The attendants of the murdered Buondelmonte procured a bier from the church, laid their master's body upon it, covered it with a funeral pall, raised the sad burden on their shoulders, and set homewards in a melancholy procession, a groom leading the startled-looking white horse immediately behind the bier, the

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kinsmen of the deceased following on foot, and the remainder of the domestics closing the train; and cries and lamentations accompanied their progress along the streets, for the miserable death of poor Buondelmonte had awakened for him the sympathies of an excitable populace, so lately incensed against him on account of Amidea. But now the punishment seemed to them more than commensurate with the offence, and the popular tide set as strongly against the Ghibellines as it had before done against the Guelphs.

Scarce one hour ago the gay young Florentine had left his palace and his beautiful bride in health and joy; one blow had divorced him from his new-made wife, cast him out of his possessions, robbed him of his nobility, and dismissed the invisible spirit beyond recall. And the poor, helpless, inanimate corpse of him who had been rich and powerful was carried by the charity of menials to rest, as it were on sufferance a little while, a fearful guest in the palace of which he was no longer master.

NOTE.—In allusion to the murder of Buondelmonte, Dante says, in his Vision of Hell:—

> "O Buondelmonte! what ill counselling
> Prevail'd on thee to break the plighted bond?
> Many who now are weeping would rejoice,
> Had God to Ema* given thee the first time
> Thou near our city cam'st. But so was doom'd,
> Florence! on that maim'd stone which guards thy bridge,
> Thy victim, when thy peace departed, fell.—*Cary's Dante.*

THE GIRL OF PROVENCE.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

[The story of the Girl of Provence who fell in love with the statue of the Belvidere Apollo, and finally died the victim of her unconquerable passion, has before been made the subject of poetry, by, I think, Professor Millman.]

SHE had given her heart's pure worship
To the beaming mind that shone,
Shrined in its rare intelligence,
From those eyes of living stone.

And day by day beheld her bow'd
At the feet of him, her lord,
With lifted eyes, whose glance betray'd
The adorer and ador'd.

* Dante means that it had been well for Florence had Buondelmonte's ancestor been drowned in the river Ema on his way to Florence, when first the family went to reside therein.

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Unconscious of the faltering step,
The cheeks' young freshness gone,
Life's wasting powers yet left unbroke
The spell that bore her on.

The same bright, fervid look pour'd down
Its sunshine on her soul,
Hallowing the strong yet dreamy love
That mock'd at all control.

The same resistless influence,
So powerful through the past,
Held in its thrall each dying sense
Unbroken to the last.

Throughout that passion's brief wild power
No change had marr'd its sway,
Fix'd till the immortal love had worn
The mortal heart away.

Ah! thousand fates might tell thee, girl,
'Twas better so to pine
Than that some stonier *heart* had won
That changeless faith of thine.

Better thou shouldst escape the scorn,
Clinging and freely shown,
When woman's deep affections speak
The first—and speak alone.

Yea, better than that earth's frail vows
Had answered all thy prayer,
Leaving thine heart to learn how close
Joy treads upon despair.

No chang'd, cold look, no marbling word,
Love-toned when love hath died,
Mock'd thy warm heart's devotedness
With offerings heart-denied.

And in this chill lone world of ours
Bright has thy portion been—
Love's birth and death—escaping all
The gulphs that lie between.

Alas! that in love's chronicle
No brighter page should be,
Than the tried faith of that deep heart,
From its worst chances free!

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THE THREE DAYS.

PARIS IN JULY, 1830.

"WILL you not go with us to the Tuileries to-morrow?" said I, "the weather promises to be fine, and, according to all accounts, the scene will be unusually gay. Louis Philippe . . . ."

"Sans Cullotte," muttered the old lady, with an angry shrug of her shoulders, "bah!"

I stared, as you may well suppose, and, slowly repeating this very elegant appellative, wonderingly asked her what she meant.

She fidgetted restlessly about upon her chair, tapped the floor impatiently with her foot, plied her knitting-kneedles more busily than before, and again ejaculated, "Bah!"

"Well, but Madame Basile," laughed I, "that is no answer to my question—Will you go?"

The old lady took off her spectacles, wiped, and put them on again, drew forth her snuff-box, extracted a pinch, and slowly returned the tabatière to its resting-place, sighed heavily, and, fixing on me one of the saddest looks I ever saw, said in a low but meaning tone, "Non."

"And why not?"

"I shall never go there again; it is just fifteen years since I have seen either the Palais Royal or the Tuileries, and I sincerely trust no circumstance may ever arise that would compel me to cross those hated paths more."

As the poor old lady uttered these words a tear stole slowly down her sallow cheek, and her hands trembled so violently that the work fell from her fingers. Not knowing very well what to say, I remained silent, though doubtless my countenance betrayed the wonder and curiosity her manner rather than her words had excited.

After an interval of several minutes, during which she was evidently endeavouring to recover her self-possession, she gazed steadily at me, aud said in a calm, composed voice, "Are you easily frightened?"

"No," replied I, "it takes a great deal to do that; but why do you ask?"

"Have you patience to listen to an old woman's story?"

"Most assuredly, and thank her for it too."

"Well, then, draw your chair close to mine, and do not interrupt me till I have done."

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I did as I was desired, and she told no tale of fiction, but a tragedy of real life, herself the heroine.

"On the morning of the 27th of July, 1830, I was walking with my granddaughter in the gardens of the Palais Royal; the day was remarkably beautiful, the air being clear, bright, and soft, and wholly free from those oppressive heats so usual at this season of the year. We had just drawn a couple of chairs, and I was observing to Marie how exceedingly quiet everything appeared, when a fearful yell, the simultaneous mingling of ten thousand voices, burst upon our startled ears, and at the same instant a gentleman whom I knew slightly rushed past us, exclaiming, 'Fly! fly! they are entering the gardens by the passage; fly, fly, save yourselves! for the love of Heaven don't stay another moment, or you're lost!' and, without further explanation, he disappeared. So sudden was the transition from perfect calm and tranquillity to frightful uproar and stunning clamour, that for one minute we stood like two statues, transfixed with terror and amaze; the next, by an involuntary impulse, without exchanging either word or look, we fled as fast as our trembling feet would carry us, nor halted until we gained the court of the house in which I then lived. My consternation was so overwhelming that I had scarcely power to notice anything, but as we turned into the Rue St. Honoré, Marie ejaculated in a breathless whisper, 'Grandmamma, grandmamma! see, the shops are all shut.' And so they were; in the course of those few hours the demon of rebellion had risen in all his hateful might, and Paris was once again to become the scene of terror, bloodshed, and death. Every house was closed and barricaded, and all saving the infuriated mob had deserted the streets.

"As the porter was closing our court door, a man forced his way into the yard, staggered towards the foot of the staircase, gave a faint cry, and fell down—dead!"

I uttered an exclamation of horror; the old lady laid her hand gently on my arm, quietly repeated the word "patientez," and calmly proceeded with her terrible tale.

"I cast my eyes upon the corpse, its limbs were frightfully convulsed, its features drawn and distorted, death had struggled hard with his victim, every line of the face was changed; but a mother needs no second look to recognise her son—it was my poor Jules!

"Ah! well," continued she, "I can't cry now! my life has been one ceaseless scene of suffering, and I've wept till my poor old eyes are dim and dry; I've no tears left to shed; I wish I had, perhaps 'twere better for me.

"With the aid of our concierge and his wife we managed to carry him up stairs and lay him on his bed; the blade of a broken knife was in his side; *I* drew it out; I have it now. Ah! they

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had stabbed him to the heart, the monsters! my poor, poor Jules!

"While we were hanging, maddened by our misery, over his blood-stained corpse, a second yell, like that we had heard in the Palais Royal only ten times more revolting, started us from the bedside, and, rushing to the windows, we beheld a hideous, furious, drunken mob, armed with missiles of every description, pouring through the street from all its openings, and tearing up the stones to aid them in their deeds of death. Onward the torrent rolled, howling and roaring towards the Tuileries. Those who have seen a mob ascending in all its terrors as I've so often done, know but too well its fearful strength; those who have not can little guess the horrors of its march.

"We were living then, as I think you know, in the Rue St. Honoré—that was the great scene of slaughter. I will not tire you by a relation of all the miseries which came beneath my notice during these three terrible days; I shall tell no more than what immediately relates to myself, and that will sufficiently explain why I have no desire to participate in the *rejoicings* of to-morrow."

This word was uttered with a bitter, bitter smile. Poor soul! what a sickening mockery must it have sounded to her ear!

"In the midst of this hideous din a cry arose, louder, more fiend-like than the rest, shouting, 'To the Tuileries! to the Tuileries! quick, quick! put him on the throne! put him on the throne! to the Tuileries!' and a moment after we saw approaching, borne on the shoulders of six frantic wretches, the half-naked body of a young man covered with the blood that slowly trickled from a dozen ghastly wounds! Marie! my poor, poor Marie!" moaned the unhappy old woman, quite overcome by those many heart-breaking memories this relation of her miseries so vividly recalled.

"My child! my Marie!" repeated she, in touching accents; "my lost, my murdered Marie!" and closing her eyes she fell back in her chair perfectly motionless. I had seen her so once or twice before, and well knowing that unbroken silence was the best restorative, I neither moved nor spoke. At length she slowly opened her eyes, and again taking up her knitting, calmly continued her melancholy story.

"From which party he received his death-blow none could tell; whether from a random shot of the soldiery or a stab from the *patriots* I know not, but he and my son Jules were among the first victims who fell. They were murdered on their way to my residence; they had been intercepted by the mob and . . .

"Jules did not drop the moment he was struck; enough of life was left to enable him to reach home; the assassins did their cruel work more quickly upon Henri.

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"The rabble seized his corpse, and choosing to turn it to their own account, stripped it to the waist, stabbed it in twenty places to make it appear more terrible, and in that state bore it in triumph to the Palace of the Tuileries, and amid shouts of fiend-like laughter placed it on the throne!

"Henri St. Roch was a student of the Polytechnique, and the affianced husband of my lost Marie.

"Poor darling! as she hung over the balcony gazing in speechless agony on the mangled corpse of him she loved so truly, a monster from an opposite house demanded in a hoarse, savage voice to which side we belonged. At the risk of my conscience I cried out as loudly as I could shriek, 'The people! the people! liberty! liberty!' Whether the miscreant really did not hear me, or wilfully chose to misunderstand me, I cannot tell; but levelling a gun he held in his hand, he paused for an instant; I saw his deadly aim and endeavoured to draw my poor stupified child away—alas! alas! 'twas all too late. I heard a laugh like that of the infernal, and the next moment my hapless Marie lay dead in my arms; the ball had pierced her young heart and stopped its pulses for ever!

"It is very kind of you to weep for my sorrows," said the old lady, seeing I was vainly endeavouring to stifle the tears that would force themselves despite my best efforts to check them. "Yes, very kind; you English have feeling hearts. Ah! your sympathies have never been seared by the sight of war and bloodshed; an Englishwoman can little comprehend the terrors of such scenes as these poor old eyes have witnessed. *I saw my husband beheaded;* he suffered the same day—nay, the very hour in which Louis Seizieme ended all his miseries. I'll tell you about him some day—not now, not now.

"We were ever staunch adherents of that unfortunate family, and though we have suffered so bitterly by our attachment, I love them still—ah! well, well.

"When the Three Days were over, and something like peace restored, they began to think about collecting the dead. The soldiers were ordered to remove the bodies, but they positively refused to give the slightest assistance. A number of labourers, lured by the promise of double wages, consented to commence the dismal work, but in so brutal and slovenly a manner did they go about it, that they rather obstructed than aided each other.

"One scene made a fearful impression upon my mind even amid all the horrors of my own wretched position. I had gone to the front of the house to close our windows, the stench from the street, which was literally mudded with blood, becoming more unbearable every minute. As I leaned out to reach the shutter a burst of mocking laughter smote painfully on my ear, and looking down I beheld a baker's cart, in which they had piled some ten or

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twelve corpses, laying on its side, the bodies having scarcely any covering (for no sooner did a victim fall than the women rushed upon it, and carried away every article that was of the slightest value), being heaped one upon another in the middle of the horse road. Oh! 'twas a fearful, sickening sight.

"After standing a minute to contemplate this hideous spectacle the wretches set up a second stunning shout and ran off, leaving the cart and its ghastly load immediately under our windows.

"The weather had now become intensely hot; pestilence seemed to menace us from every quarter—what was to be done? Plenty were found to direct, though none would obey. At last, as the only chance left of staying this threatened plague, the landlords called upon their tenants to assist in clearing the streets, and gentlemen of wealth and rank might be seen removing the dead and replacing the torn-up pavement.

"They wanted to bury my Marie and her father with the martyrs, but I would not consent to that; they lie side by side in Père la Chaise; I will take you to see their tomb some day.

"Do you wonder *now* why I have no wish to participate in the rejoicings of to-morrow? The revolution that placed Louis Philippe on the throne made me a lonely, desolate old woman; took from me all I loved, or lived for. I will not go with you to the Tuileries." E. P.

"*Paris, July*, 1845."

CLAUDINE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

ENCHANTING as young innocence,
As guileless, too, of each offence,
Was the fair creature brought to me,
To 'trance with sudden ecstasy!
Still, I behold the radiant thing
Like sunbeam brightly hovering;
Irradiating with its light
The heart despair made dark as night;
Shedding a brilliance on Hope's grave,
As rays let in to dismal cave
Will gems reveal long sparkling there
Unwotted of, most costly, rare!
Once more unmingled rapture fill'd
My breast, as each pulsation thrill'd
Ecstatical, to clasp so near
The daughter of a friend most dear!

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Her winning ways, her artless look,
By sweet surprise the senses took;
And, yielding to a charm so new,
Hour after hour unheeded flew,
Till came the time to bid farewell;
When sympathetic tear-drops fell—
Hers soon to dry, mine to remain
Till something cheer'd my soul again—
Something like her, a beauty FELT
As well as SEEN, the heart to melt.
Description is too powerless
To paint her nameless loveliness;
Hers were those starry, beaming eyes,
Cerulean as the azure skies,
Whose silken lashes partial shade
The glance ENAMOUR'D Nature made,
Replete with tenderness and love,
And mild as cherubim's above!
A cheek that varied from the blush
Of deep vermilion, to the flush
That scarcely tinges the wild rose
When spring its timid buds unclose,
As o'er it each emotion broke,
Awak'd by thought's electric stroke!
Her gorgeous hair, like shining threads,
Which fay to costly pearl-drops weds,
Fell, yet could scarce be said to fall,
O'er a brow most beautiful,
Whose fairness dazzled the rapt sight,
As snow oft, with its wondrous white.
Her coral lips were held apart
By the mere gladness of her heart;
And gleamy teeth shone in her glee
Like blossoms of the hawthorn tree.
Dearest! propitious be thy fate!
May kindred angels on thee wait
To guard from every shade of ill!
Seraphic infant! be thou still
Emblem of innocence serene!
Benignant Heaven! protect Claudine!
Teach her that woman's beauty lies
Not merely in expressive eyes,
Nor stainless brow, nor shining hair,
Nor form with Graces' might compare;
But in the lovelier charms of mind,
Humility with love combin'd,
And charity, most prone to hide
The errors of frail human pride.
Fatally sure as northern blight
That to young blossoms steals at night,
Time's ruthless breath the flowers will kill
That beauty deems her triumph still!
But the perennials of the heart
A fragrance e'en to death impart,
And even from the grave arise
An incense proper for the skies!

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REVERIES ON RAILROADS.*

We live in startling times—so many things have come to pass which our grandfathers laughed at the mere mention of, that projects of our own day are no longer received with caution, but their practicability at once admitted, and the sole consideration is the amount of reward to the projectors.

Hudson Gurney once said that Birmingham was formerly ten miles further from London than in the year 1826—referring to the improvements made in the roads—and that he "should not be surprised at retiring to rest some night with the knowledge that a sovereign was worth twenty shillings, on waking the next morning most unexpectedly finding, by the London papers, that it was only worth eighteen." Lord Brougham's "Schoolmaster" has been very active. He has made a most miraculous exertion with his birch, which may, perhaps, account for much of our present illumination. Had he been equally active in other countries, Mrs. Lushington would not have been so many months in her overland journey from India. Had Sir Charles Dance ever been on that road or Gurney—not Hudson Gurney—she might have been puffed along by steam as fast as a sunbeam. We do not despair of breakfasting at St. Petersburgh, and dining the next day with Mrs. Ramsbottom on the walls of China. Gas and steam have only, as yet, commenced their operations; how they will finish, the next age will scarcely be able to tell. Gunpowder and the mitre have had their day; and steam, it has been predicted, will henceforth govern the world.

Nothing has unquestionably a greater tendency to contribute to the rapid civilization of a country, and to accelerate the development of its resources, than facility of communication. Even in the dark ages, its utility, better felt than understood, rendered it an object of monopoly even to the church itself. "To build a bridge," says a lively female writer of the present day, "or clear a forest, were deeds of salvation for the next world as for this; and royal and noble sinners literally paved their way to heaven, and reached the gates of Paradise by causeways made on earth."

If, with a philosophic eye, we attentively scan the volume of history, we shall discover that most of the grand climacterics of

* This paper was written twelve years ago, and as the subject now possesses so intense and universal an interest, the "speculations" of the author cannot fail to attract unusual attention. The lapse of a dozen years has played sad havoc with the writer's theories respecting the unproductiveness and evils of railways.—Ed. Metropolitan.

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the world have been ushered in by some great scientific invention or discovery. Thus gunpowder, in the middle ages, broke the barbed ranks of the feudal aristocracy, and revolutionized the whole system of war. The art of printing sapped the foundations of the Church of Rome, and extended the domain of thought. The mariner's compass led to the discovery of a new continent. But it is in the age in which we live, characterised as it is by its political and economical spirit of reform, that a new principle, a *novum organum*, has been introduced, the most powerful yet ever wielded by man—we allude to the steam-engine.

To this country, above all others, the steam-engine has procured immense advantages. If for twenty years we have been enabled to carry on a war against civilized Europe; if we have been able to sustain the enormous burden of our national debt, it is because we have had at our disposition the pridigious resources of our industry, seconded by this new agent, which we were the first to possess.

On the other side of the Atlantic, applied to navigation, it has enabled a nation, in the noon-tide of youth and political energy (but barely numbering twelve millions of inhabitants), to develope, with a rapidity perfectly unparalleled in the annals of the world, the immense resources of a territory almost equal in extent to the European continent. But the most important application of the power of steam is of a more recent date; it is the revival of the *old invention* of carriages propelled by the power of steam on railroads of iron.

"Imagination," says a French writer of celebrity, "is dazzled in contemplating the operation of this invention on the future destinies of man;—one that gives to him the faculty of moving with the rapidity of the eagle—a land conveyance, at once less dangerous, less uncertain, less expensive, and more expeditious than any other with which he has hitherto been acquainted. By means of this communication every country may henceforth, from its very centre, distribute equally over its surface the necessaries of life and the raw materials of industry; its scattered population will contract a thousand new relations, mutually assist each other, and, by the most simple combinations, a continual interchange of the commodities of the most distant countries will be as easily established as between two neighbouring cities. In fact, by means of railroads every nation will henceforth possess the faculty of rendering invasions *impossible*, of doubling their population and their prosperity, and of diminishing in *equa ratio* their public burdens. But let us not," he adds, "confine our consideration of this invention to the simple establishment of a communication between a mineral district and the nearest river, or between a manufacturing town and a neighbouring sea-port; but let us suppose the whole country possessing a complete system of railroads,

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diverging from the capital, as a common centre, to every part of the frontiers.

"Now, the most important object of transportation, whether considered commercially or politically, is undoubtedly man himself. A machine that would save five-sixths of the time and expense, and nine-tenths of the trouble and fatigue, of our present mode of locomotion, would certainly work a complete change in the aspect of a country; for with what rapidity and ease might the merchants of the sea-ports visit the interior, and *vice versâ* those of the interior the sea-coast. In fact, how numerous the advantages it would offer to every class of society—to all those who travel either for health, or pleasure, or instruction! If, again, to these we add the further advantages of a rapid circulation of letters and newspapers, we may, without any great stretch of the imagination, form an accurate idea of the magnificent results of this mighty operation."

There is, doubtless, in this view of the subject, much that is just and correct, but, taken in its *ensemble*, it is the dream of a heated imagination, the *fata morgana* of the mind, which, if only partially attainable, would, towards the close of the present century, substantially realize that earliest dream of poetry, "the Golden Age." But feverish as is the speculation that prevails—teeming as do the daily prints, both here and on the Continent, with notices of lines of railroads in every direction, and plans recommending nothing less than to make them general throughout the kingdom—we much doubt if that time will ever arrive when this, or any other country, shall possess a complete system of railroads, extending from the capital to every point of the frontier, like so many radii from the centre of a circle to its circumference. Difficult as it is for human sagacity to predict in what manner the complicated relations of society may be affected by any particular discovery in the moral or physical world, yet we venture to pronounce that the operation of railroads on the moral, physical, and intellectual condition of the people of this country, to be one fraught with consequences that require considerable caution; nor is the sudden and wholesale adoption of such conveyances so advisable as the prospectuses of speculators would lead us to believe.

It is not a little singular that this invention, the subject at the present moment of so much feverish excitement, should have hitherto acted only as an accessory to the mode of communication it seems destined to supersede, *viz.* canals—and that, while the secret of this invention was known fully a century ago, and already in full operation at Merthyr Tydvil, in Wales, the whole surface of the country should have been intersected with canals, while the railroad should have languished in oblivion, and should at length be brought forward at a period when their operations may admit of some question as to the extent of their benefit to society. It

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would have been fortunate if, at that period, railroads had been generally adopted instead of canals; their probable effect on the present state of the country affords food for much curious speculation. Considered in the abstract as a mode of conveyance, none other can compete with them. Besides speed, they possess the further desideratum of certainty, and, unlike the canal, are unaffected by atmospheric changes; and, although no accurate estimates can be made of their comparative cost, because both must depend upon circumstances always varying, and which can seldom be common to both; yet we may say that the cost of the canal, supposing them to run through the same line of country, is greater than that of the railroad by nearly one third. But it is rather *relatively* than abstractedly, that we are now led to consider this question—one in which every class of the community is deeply concerned; for it is not, in its successful application, so flattering to the mathematical vanity of the engineer—or, in the high rate of returns on the capital invested, so captivating to the feelings of the shareholder—but in its operation on the social system, in its most extended signification, that the true political economist will estimate the *utility* of the invention. We live in an age in which the dominion of man over physical nature is daily and hourly extended by the genius of our artists; and yet, strange to say, the social condition of the mass of our population degenerates in an inverse ratio.

This is the theme of daily observation, while the cause, which appears to elude the grasp of philosophic research, lies much nearer the surface than is generally imagined. The fact is, our chemical and mechanical discoveries have advanced faster than is consistent with the welfare of society; or, in other words, the moral culture of the species has not kept pace with the increase of its material power—the equilibrium has been destroyed. Hence the fruitful source of evil; an evil which *immediate* and *general* introduction of railroads, by suddenly and to such an extent diminishing the demand for human labour, will increase to a hundredfold.

Let us, therefore, calmly examine the working of this system on the very narrow field that it yet presents to our observation. Previous to the establishment of the railways between Manchester and Liverpool, the communication between the two towns was carried on by a turnpike road and by two canals. On the former there were from thirty to forty stage-coaches, besides carts, waggons, and other conveyances. On the latter it was computed that the quantity of merchandise passing daily between these two places amounted to 1000 *tons*, the freight of which produced the annual sum of £300,000, two-thirds of which fell to the share of the Marquis of Stafford. Now, by the report of the Railroad Committee, it appears that the returns upon the capital invested amounts to

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eight per cent.; from this, however, must be deducted the value of the property destroyed—viz. the turnpike-road; still, as the railroad has not been found to diminish the traffic hitherto carried on by the canals, in this instance the railroad system may be said to have been successfully and beneficially applied. But, however successful may have been the results of this first scheme, it is comparatively upon a small scale; and the question is *now*, whether from such data an argument can be found of sufficient strength to justify their unlimited adoption throughout the country. We are the last in the world to offer a check to the advance of the age; but when the whole social relations of the country are staked on the hazard of a die—when the destinies of a country seem about to be wielded by speculations, it becomes the duty of those that think at least to offer the result of such thought to their fellow-countrymen; and in this, we repeat—let us not be mistaken—our object is to inculcate caution, but not distrust.

One great principle, as applicable to the whole system, has been fully established, and that is, the practicability of the application of steam to the purposes of locomotion; and, further, that the application of this power affords those grand desiderata in travelling—safety and expedition. But it is not enough to show that they can convey goods and passengers at an accelerated rate; it must also be proved that the quantity of goods and the number of passengers that may reasonably be expected to be carried along the proposed line will be so great as to meet the annual expenses incidental to it, and at the same time yield an adequate remuneration for the outlay of capital; and, further, that the existing means of conveyance are inadequate to the purposes they profess to answer; that the establishment of railroads is imperiously called for by the wishes and wants of the country through *which it will pass*, as well as of the towns at its extremities; and that the advantages to be derived will more than counterbalance the evil it will occasion. All this must be proved, otherwise it will be only creating a new species of property at the expense of the old; for one of the first effects of this new system of communication will be to occasion a violent change in the value of property in some instances, and *total* destruction in others. We believe that it will be readily admitted that the towns and villages situated upon the line of a great road derive much of their prosperity from that circumstance; and, therefore, property is more valuable in those places than in others less fortunately circumstanced. Now, the effect of a railroad will be to deprive these towns of the advantages they now enjoy; in other words, to diminish the value of the property in precisely the same ratio as it was previously increased, by taking away all the traffic and travelling therein. In opposition to this argument, we know that it will be urged that other property along the proposed line of railway will become val-

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uable in a corresponding degree, and that the mischief which will accrue from the depreciation of property in one place will be more than counterbalanced by its increase in another. Now, supposing this were susceptible of a demonstration, it would even then be a matter deserving serious consideration, whether, unless for the purpose of obtaining some immense advantages, such a change in the property of the country in its present condition would be advisable.

In the first place, it would greatly diminish the value of the agricultural produce of the country, by reducing the demand for horse-power.

Secondly. By throwing a numerous class of men, who at present earn their subsistence by that means and by the present mode of travelling, out of employ, not only a great mass of social misery would be the consequence, but the burdens of the country, in the shape of poor-rates, greatly increased.

Thirdly. They are demoralizing in their effects, from their tendency to concentrate the population of the country in large towns. We are aware, that what has been alleged, with regard to the value of property, may with equal justice be adduced in the second instance—that men thrown out of one species of labour would soon find employment in other channels which this new system of communication would create. This is the favourite theory of the political economist; but, after all, it is but a theory—and a heartless one—the practicable application of which none but an enthusiast would ever dream of seeing successfully realized in a country where the price of labour is so closely graduated upon the means of subsistence, that the intervention of one day's labour brings the unfortunate artizan to the verge of starvation. There is no class of men whose labours have been more fatal to the prosperity of England than the modern political economists; they fondly imagine it possible to reduce the laws of their science to simple geometrical propositions, equally applicable to every country on the face of the globe. But this axiom of modern philosophy, when too late, has been discovered to be an absurd ideality; and men are now slowly convincing themselves that every country must possess a system founded upon its own peculiar and inherent circumstances. Thus it is that their favourite theory, in this country at least, is found to be glaringly false in its practical application. With all our colonial outlets, notwithstanding our prodigious industry, we behold on every side more labourers than can find employment—more artificers than can earn a scanty subsistence; and where there is scarcely trade sufficient for the support of one tradesman, it is competed for by five or six. If facility of communication alone were sufficient to contribute to the material comforts of a people, what country in the world can be compared with our own? Why not attempt to improve our present hydrogra-

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phical system, which has already cost the nation so many millions, rather than seek to create a new one, that would shake the social system to its very foundation, and further increase the misery of our already distressed people, by the substitution of a power that would entirely supersede horse-power, grearly diminish human labour, and thereby fearfully extend the sphere of action of that moral gangrene in our social system—a redundant, unemployed population !

That the application of steam to locomotive machines is yet in its infancy is, we believe, a position that no one will contest. The splendid success that has attended the trial of Sir C. Dance's steam-coach, which, upon a common turnpike-road, and dragging after it a weight of several tons, moved with a velocity of ten to fifteen miles an hour, and which has actually performed the journey from London to various places, far and near, with perfect ease, over *every variety* of ground—affords the strongest grounds for presuming that, in a mechanical age like the present, such a simplification in their machinery will sooner or later be effected as to admit of their application to the system of roads now in use.

There is likewise another important and but recently-discovered fact, that we think will make the nation pause ere they invest an immense capital in the construction of railways—which is the rather startling one that we have long overlooked a means of conveyance by our canals, nearly equal to them in rapidity, and, at the same time, much cheaper. It was long imagined that to propel a vessel along a canal at a great velocity, would not only destroy the banks, but that also a greater expense would be incurred than the profits would cover. This universally-received opinion has, however, by recent experiments, been found to be erroneous. On the Paisley canal, boats drawn by horses have been moved at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. These results are certainly of the greatest importance, showing, as they do, that our present hydrographical system is capable of producing all the advantages attributed to railways.

In approaching this question we have done so without any particular bias against this new mode of communication. On the contrary, considered in the abstract, and even relatively, as applied to a new country unprovided with a hydrographical system of roads, we freely admit that it surpasses all others. But, as it has been finely observed by the great Montesquieu, it is by its influence on the whole system of society that the application of any new law or invention must be judged. Now, when we reflect upon the artificial state of the whole structure of English society, on the present social condition of the people, and the numerous causes that already diminish the material comforts, and allow due weight to the clashing of conflicting interests, and the financial burdens of the country, we do say that the introduction of rail-

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ways should be sparingly sanctioned by the legislature, lest, hurried away by an over-ardent and mistaken zeal for the good of posterity, we sacrifice the happiness of our own immediate contemporaries.

THE LAST DREAM OF PETRARCH.*

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

'Twas midnight, and the radiant flood
Of silver light that softly shone
O'er hill and valley, fount and wood,
Was round that quiet chamber thrown,
Where, wrapp'd in calm but mournful mood,
The poet mused alone.

His gaze was on the cloudless steep
That only thought may scale at will;
A gaze so earnest, fix'd and deep,
It spoke the full heart's deeper thrill;
The memory's love is born to weep,
And faith to cherish still.

What were his dreams in that lone hour,
While earth below and heaven above
So calmly slept, that leaf nor flower
The listless night-breeze car'd to move?
Still own'd his soul the magic power
Of Laura and of love?

Still! what had time to do with him,
Or change with that immortal mind—
Time, whose hoar touch the eye may dim,
Yet leaves the free soul unconfin'd
As wing of heaven-bound seraphim
Its chosen rest to find?

His heart was with the hour when first
At beauty's shrine he own'd the flame,
Gifting its depths with quenchless thirst
Till love itself a life became;
When she, like to a glory, burst
Upon his path of fame.

* Petrarch died in the night of July 18, 1374, being found dead the next morning in his library, with his head resting on a book.—*Abbé de Sade.*

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He thought of her when like a star
  Earth's charter'd dulness shining through,
Spotless as those, and lovelier far,
  That spangle heaven's cerulean blue;
A gorgeous dream life could not mar,
  Nor death itself subdue.

That glory pass'd, and o'er his brow
  The shade of darker memories fell,
And burning words came murmuring low,
  Powerless, though passion-will'd, to tell
How his tired spirit long'd to go
  With hers in light to dwell.

"And but once more to gaze," he said,
  "Upon that soul-illumin'd eye,
Ere yet upon earth's dreamless bed
  This heart of dust forgetting lie,
All pulseless as *thou* art and dead,
  To see thee, and to die!"

He ceas'd, and from the empyrean height
  (Was it but wandering nature's dream?)
A radiant flood of living light
  Around him cast its golden stream;
A blaze so rich, so pure, so bright,
  Earth might not earthly deem.

Yet not upon that dazzling ray
  The bard's impassion'd eyes were cast,
As if in one intense survey
  His parting spirit took a last
Long look, empower'd to bear away
  Its treasures from the past.

"Stay, blessed one! or to thine own
  Bright regions bear my soul," he said;
But even as he spoke 'twas gone,
  Spirit or dream, the charm had fled.
The moon's pale lamp look'd out alone,
  The poet bowed his head.

The morning sun shone sweetly through
  Upon that dreamer's lifeless clay,
And those who sought him never knew
  How that high spirit pass'd away,
Or what a glorious vision drew
  Death's curtain where he lay.

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NOTES ON A COUNTRY FAIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNKNOWN."

I AM on a visit at the town of B——, in the county of L——, which place is celebrated for full fifty miles round for its pleasure fair in May. Whilst penning these notes I have the din of at least a score of penny-showmen, a dozen hand organs, and half a ditto of German and Italian singers and English ballad-mongers about my ears; for I occupy a front room in the very heart of this English carnival.

Just previous to this long looked-for and most eventful festivity, all the houses within the limits of the borough, interior and extetior, private and public, great and small, are subjected to soap and water, "slapdashing," painting, colouring, whitewashing, and paper-hanging. For weeks previous to the fair the booksellers and stationers of the place exhibit nothing but "elegant stained paper from only three-farthings per yard," which they, with some show of truth, endeavour to make the public believe will prove cheaper than colouring—the one, be it remembered, lasts for years, the other must be annually repeated.

Every man of business in the town, except the vendors of the above-named articles, complains of the depression of trade, and the market or two prior to the fair is very badly attended. The country folks defer till the fair their business transactions, and the townspeople are saving up for the same period. Tradesmen have been to London and made their purchases; the local newspapers are crowded with advertisements setting forth the price and quality of their goods in the most seductive possible style. The shop windows are thoroughly cleaned, and the glass polished like a mirror; fresh articles of the newest patterns are exhibited in a style perfectly irresistible. Little tradesmen who are in arrear with their creditors, and others who are not, look forward with great anxiety to the result of the fair. Alas! how many that have made great preparations will be disappointed; some have perhaps purchased large stocks of fancy articles, for which they will find little or no demand. These goods will have to be laid by for another year, when they will be re-produced as "an entirely new assortment of goods fresh from the London markets." Many of those tradesmen who talked largely about answering the demands of their creditors after the fair will, I fear, at the appointed time find their finances not so much improved as to warrant the promises previously made. The approaching fair is the all-en-

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grossing topic of conversation; townspeople speculate on who will be their visitors; country cousins are expected by dozens; Mary Ann blushes when Charles Chusman is named, and Caroline is sadly teazed about Harry Parker. Mothers, daughters, and maid-servants are busy below stairs, for plum pudding, roast beef, ham, tongue, and fowls, pork, mince and apple pies and cheese cakes are the order of the day. Country cousins are very anxious about the weather—in fact so are all parties concerned; all hope it will be fine fifty times a day, watch every change of the glass, talk over what they shall put on to appear in at the fair, and so forth. Penny showmen, strolling players, fortune tellers, and hawkers of every variety now enter the town, and all the roads leading to the borough are thronged with rogues, thieves, pickpockets and vagabonds of every description, and of either sex; and it is matter of surprise and wonderment with some how so many ladies of easy virtue are to be accommodated with lodgings.

The morning of the first fair day arrives. Long before the sun rises are you awoke by the bleating of sheep and lambs, the barking of dogs and the hallooing of drovers, for there is a sheep and cattle, as well as a pleasure fair. About six o'clock you arise—it is a fine, clear May morning—and presently sally forth with stick in hand to look round the sheep market. At this early hour business has commenced, many large purchases have already been made, sheep continue to be drove into the pens, and by seven o'clock you have sixty or seventy thousand of these woolly-backed animals before your eyes.

Were you to enter all the houses in the town in the forenoon, I would wager a new hat you would find in each a table set out with cold beef, ham, tongue, mince pies, cheesecakes, &c., where friends and customers are welcome to pop in and take lunch and depart again *sans* ceremony.

The sheep market is over by twelve or one o'clock, and the sturdy farmers and drovers proceed to their respective inns or friends' houses, to talk of the business of the morning over a good dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, washed down with tankards of old England's boasted brown ale, after which Virginian weed and pipeclay are in great demand by these gentlemen.

Dinner being over the pleasure fair commences, and now we see fine fresh coloured, open countenanced, happy looking young ladies, each linked arm in arm with some neighbouring farmer's son, parading the fair. It is really a very pleasing sight to see the animated countenances and contented appearance of these sons and daughters of our sturdy agriculturists, who appear to be as ignorant of the effects of *ennui* as the majority are of the meaning of the word; long may they continue so! The general gaiety pervading all classes is truly delightful. Independent of the spruce young farmers in their highly-polished turn-down boots

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and well-brushed clothes, accompanied by their sweethearts, or in some cases by a sister or a cousin equally gay, we see, too, granddads, and grandmams, and children, and grandchildren, who for weeks previous have been reckoning of the fair, all with cheerful faces and holyday clothes promenading the town. Penny showmen begin to bellow, proprietors of hand organs commence grinding, hawkers with stentorian lungs offer their trashy wares for sale by mock auction from their tilted carts, and amusing enough it is to hear the coarse wit and observe the low cunning of these itinerant dealers. Persons who are fond of studying character will be fully remunerated for their time and trouble by standing for a quarter of an hour or so to observe the queer sayings and doings at one of these exhibitions. Children's trumpets are squeaking about one's ears by dozens, and penny rattles keep up an everlasting din. Here an Italian woman is singing to a hand organ; there a German is grinding away at his hurdy-gurdy, and close by is a band made up of a drum, a fiddle, a mouth organ, and sundry bells attached to a pyramid of brass, which instrument is ever and anon mounted in the air, producing to my untutored ear anything but a pleasant sound. In the churchyard is a boy in ragged apparel, with his face blacked, singing and jumping Jim Crow to the delight of the gaping multitude around him, which boy, at the conclusion of his grotesque performance, is rewarded with a few stray half-pence from the spectators. Punch and Judy is being enacted in one corner of the fair; the little black and white dog that sits trembling on the front of the stage excites the admiration and wonder of the collected crowd.

In the market-place, or it may be in a pasture in the immediate neighbourhood, lays the great centre of attraction—that is to say, in the absence of Wombwell's justly celebrated collection of wild beasts, accompanied, as it always is, by an efficient brass band, which show always takes precedence of every other exhibition. The great point of attraction alluded to is a large company of strolling players, who perform eight or ten times a day to crowded audiences, and who, in the interval of each performance, promenade in full stage dress on an extensive raised platform in front of this temporary theatre. The company is numerous; the dresses, at a distance, look splendid; the band, eight in number, play incessantly. The proprietor is distinguished from the rest of the company by a whip which he holds in his hand, and is just now inviting the public to witness the performance of his numerous and talented company in the following style:—

"Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and witness the performance of this splendid establishment—the royal London and Liverpool company of comedians, the largest and most talented company now travelling—just going to commence, positively will begin in five minutes' time. Walk up, ladies and

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gentlemen, and witness the splendid establishment—the whole structure is illuminated with gas, aided by the most talented company in Europe! A tragedy of intense interest, a farce and pantomime will be presented for your entertainment—walk up, walk up, positively going to begin immediately!"

When the proprietor, for at least the twentieth time, has delivered the above oration, it is generally echoed by the whole company in a style exceedingly pompous, and by the rival clowns in a manner most grotesque and droll, which never fails to call forth loud and repeated bursts of laughter from the crowd below. The grimaces, sayings, and doings of these merrimen are at times very amusing. I know there is a class of beings in the world who will pity me for attaching so much interest to such "fellows," who, however, whilst sneering at the performance of these worthies, are, to use a vulgar expression, ready to burst with suppressed laughter. Let such remember that Edmund Kean, Wallock, and other great performers commenced their career with Richardson's company of strolling players. Could poor old Joe Grimaldi come out of his grave and perform his inimitable feats, as he was wont to do in the height of his glory, still would these eternal sneerers be at their work. Alas, for poor latent talent, if these be the men who are to sit in judgment! Let it be announced in a country town that a star from the metropolis is to perform the part of Hamlet, and in his stead place one of the veriest mutilators of Shakspeare on the stage, and he shall meet with unbounded applause; and *vice versa*, let the star go through the part *incognito*, as a young beginner, and he will receive from the gentlemen alluded to the reward they always bestow on those "blackguard strollers"—viz., sneers and ridicule.

These observations may be thought severe, but they are nevertheless true; some men possess not the discrimination to observe talent, and therefore are unable to appreciate it. Such individuals attach more importance to names and forms than they do to reality and things. Talent, it is my opinion, is most appreciated by talent. Were a Shakspeare, a Milton, a Scott, or a Burns to be introduced to a company of illiterate men, they would not be received with the warmth and affection that would be evinced by men of true genius and kindred spirits. Not that the former despise talent, but that they are not always capable of appreciating it.

But I have sadly diverged from the point. I was observing that the grimaces, witticisms, &c. of the rival clowns are at times very amusing.

"I say, brother," says one, pointing to a countryman in the crowd with a beard of some days' growth, at the same time addressing the rival clown: "I say, brother, that man's had his face rubbed with a cat's tail to make his beard grow."

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"No, no, you're wrong, Johnny," says the other, "he's eat so much bacon that the bristles are growing through his chin."

These and such-like sayings, accompanied with grimaces, singing, tumbling, dancing, and practical jokes, amuse and provoke the mirth and laughter of the numerous and delighted lookers on. But it is my opinion that as much or more is exhibited outside these shows for nothing as is presented inside for the usual charges.

"All in! all in!" now exclaims the proprietor, flourishing a large whip, with which he most unmercifully assails all little boys who encumber the steps. The gong sends forth its dismal sounds, and to that music the company descend in pairs to the stage, for the purpose of getting through, with as much speed as possible, "The tragedy of *intense* interest, the farce and pantomime," as previously announced, all of which they accomplish in the incredibly small space of thirty-five minutes!

After having had your eyes and ears feasted here, you elbow your way through the crowd, and are solicited in your progress to "taste and try before you buy" by the various vendors of apples, gingerbread, oranges, ginger beer, &c. At length you find it impossible to proceed further, as the road is entirely blocked up by the exertions of three glee-singers. The road is at length cleared, for a sergeant with two or three privates with drawn swords, accompanied by fifes and drums, advances, and a passage is speedily made through the crowd. This party is beating up for recruits, and many a young man is induced to join their ranks at the spur of the moment, by the martial sound of the fife and drum, the bright scarlet coats, and the address of the sergeant, who describes in the most glowing colours the glory of a soldier's life; thus aided, and deluded in most cases by the potent influence of Sir John Barleycorn, young men enlist themselves into a service which in time of peace offers nothing but a life of indolence, dissipation, and servility, with wretched bad pay and no prospect of advancement, and when called into active service by war are made food for powder in (it may be) an unjust cause.

The holiday folks continue walking round the fair, viewing the bright and handsome articles which are exposed for sale, consisting of elegant china vases, images, trinkets of various kinds, rosewood and mahogany writing-desks, tea-caddies, work-boxes, &c., too numerous to mention, all presenting a brilliancy dazzling to the eyes of the "sons of the soil."

How the lovers of finery—and there are many here—long to possess some of the articles displayed, which, however, their limited means forbid them to purchase.

Small groups of people are to be seen in different parts of the fair holding parley together: I cannot for the life of me surmise what they are talking about, therefore I will not pretend to inform the reader. Round the outskirts of the fair "thimble-rig men"

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place their tables and follow their delusive occupation; "flats" are not so numerous as they were wont to be, to the no small prejudice of the "profession" to which these gentlemen have devoted themselves. In good truth the frequenters of fairs need be on their guard to escape falling into the wily snares set for them by the members of the "swell mob." The gang appear in every kind of costume, even from the finished London dandy to the simple country clown; not unfrequently changing their attire three or four times in the course of the day. Prick the garter, dice, boys tossing with halfpence, "round abouts," swings, Gipsy fortune-tellers, and conjurors employed at their avocations, are chiefly confined to the outskirts of the fair, where the various parties have room to follow their respective callings. In this vicinity also booths are erected for the accommodation of persons frequenting the fair, where refreshments may be had. These places sometimes have an "elegant ball room" attached, where the lads and lasses foot it on the "light fantastic toe," by paying a small fee on entering. In the immediate neighbourhood of this scene of profligacy, vice, dissipation, and gaiety, it not unfrequently happens that a man ascends a temporary rostrum for the purpose of exhorting his callous hearers "to repent and flee from the wrath to come," somewhat in the style of Mawworm. The preacher certainly displays much temerity in so daring an attempt, and evinces more zeal in the cause of religion than consideration for the safety and welfare of his own body; for the bystanders generally assail their "pastor" with a volley of stones or mud, accompanied with yells and groans.

We now hasten back to the town, for a shower of rain has suddenly overtaken us. What confusion and excitement has this trifling event caused! Females are driving hurry scurry in all directions to get their fine new dresses and gay ribbons under cover. Public and private houses are soon filled. The fair is deserted, to the great detriment of showmen, &c., but to the gain of innkeepers, who derive a good harvest from this seasonable fall of rain. Truly may we say that it is an "ill wind that blows nobody good." To make the best of the shower the fiddle is called into requisition, accompanied perhaps by the sharp jingle of the tambourine, to which music the company have a reel, thus making the time pass quickly and pleasantly which would otherwise have appeared long and tedious. Around many of these dancing houses, particularly as evening advances, are to be seen mobs of disorderly fellows who have *turned out* to settle some dispute caused either by strong drink or jealousy. As these disgusting scenes are forced upon the attention of the passers-by, they cannot help thinking that a large field of labour is presented to the advocates of the total-abstinence-from-all-intoxicating-drink system.

Tea-time arrives, during which refreshing repast the compan

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converse on the gaiety of the fair and the incidents which have occurred during the afternoon—of the beautiful stalls, the droll merrymen at the large show; of what acquaintances they met, how they were dressed and the like.

Tea being over the fair again becomes crowded; forlorn maidens meet with the authors of their unhappiness, occasioned by the perjured vows of inconstant youths. Discarded lovers are mortified by witnessing the object of their affections escorted round the fair by some more favoured and fortunate suitors than themselves. See yon graceful young female who is walking by her mother's side; she has just met him on whom she had fixed her heart; on him who vowed he loved her; on him who broke that vow, for now he heeds her not. The inconstant as he passes by with his new lady-love looks gay and thoughtless; she, poor girl, shudders, turns pale, droops her head, and walks pensively on. What a contrast is presented to the general gaiety by which we are surrounded in the pangs of despised love experienced by that forsaken one.

If we cast our eyes up to that first-floor window, we shall be reminded, even at this gala season, of man's mortality. There we observe, reclining on an easy chair, one of nature's fairest daughters, whom grim death has marked for an early victim. She has been placed in that position so as to command a view of all that is passing in the street. The change of scene partially rallies her sinking frame, but she feels, she knows this is the last fair that she will be permitted to witness; and by the serenity of her countenance we may presume she is resigned to her fate.

But do look at those children—bless their little hearts! how they, with longing eyes, caper about the gingerbread and toy stalls, pointing with wee fingers at the finery and sweetmeats, and ultimately lay out the few pence they have been so long and carefully saving for the present occasion. Observe those three bipeds on the other side; they are respectively eating hot bread and treacle, *chawing bacca*, and grinning through a horse-collar for a wager. But stand on one side and let that pig pass by with the soaped tail.

Spruce, gay-looking females with dressy lace caps preside at stalls set out with confectionary, who invite the passers-by to taste and purchase. They more particularly address themselves to young men, at whom they glance with their well-practised eyes in the most alluring manner possible. What young farmer can withstand such sincere and special ogling? Young men immediately become enraptured with these females: "our sweethearts, brothers, and sisters will expect a fairing," they say, and gingerbread is purchased to realize the expectations of these friends. During the time of weighing and making into parcels the intended fairings, all manner of pretty things are conveyed by word of

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mouth and expressive oglings by these well-practised stall keepers. One of these captivators in particular has so many sweet things to say in so fascinating a manner that she charms half the young men who come within the reach of her musical voice; beside, who could resist those ringlets and that magnificent cap? And now see how carefully she is depositing with her own hands, in the coat pocket of a young farmer, the gingerbread he has just purchased. Who would not be that man? Why he looks as happy and proud as Anthony was wont to appear when resting on the breast of Cleopatra!

It is now dusk—you should have taken care of your pockets all day; but be sure to keep a sharp look out now. This is the pick-pocket's harvest time. Many a gentleman, when he thrusts his hand into his coat pocket, finds it minus that of which he is in search—viz., his handkerchief; and purses also disappear in a most unaccountable manner. Many "prigs" have already found their way to prison; for as you pass by that place these light-fingered gentry are to be seen in "melancholy mood," looking through the iron bars at the busy crowd without, and "cursing their stars" for not being competent to extract purses, handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, &c., without detection.

About this time young men and boys commence puffing cigars! a smoking mania has taken possession of our sex; boys purchase cheroots who never smoked before; some know not the right end of a cigar from the wrong, and many of the juveniles feel very disagreeable sensations in their head from the effects of the narcotic weed. Saints and spiritual-minded people show the whites of their eyes and exclaim against the vanities of the fair. When will true religion, reason, and philosophy take precedence of fanaticism, cant, and hypocrisy?

The bazaars, shop windows, &c., are now illuminated with gas. How everything shines, sparkles, and glitters! even penny broaches and sixpenny gilt watches look splendid by this light. We are forcibly reminded by these glittering toys that "all is not gold that glitters." As with the tawdry goods exhibited for sale at fairs, so is it with a certain portion of mankind—they must not be judged of by appearances!

Those ladies and gentlemen who feel disposed to patronize the *legitimate* drama honour the theatre with their presence, as Mr. ——'s company of comedians visit the town during the fair. The uproar and confusion in the house—for it is crowded from top to bottom—effectually precludes the possibility of hearing anything that is said on the stage. The London houses on a "boxing night" have a rival for "uproariousness" in the provincial theatres during their fairs, although George Barnwell may be served up for the edification (?) of the audience.

It is getting late, and the "strollers," not the "legitimates,"

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are exhibiting outside their raised platforms for the last time. At a small show there is a figure dark as bronze and cast in a most uncouth mould, attired in female apparel of white. She is hung about with lace and bespangled with silver, dancing in the most disgusting manner, lost alike to shame and all that is lovely and amiable in the female character. This scene is rendered still more wretched by the almost expiring torches in the front of the platform, which are flickering in their sockets. The company now gradually draw to head quarters, tired and fatigued by the day's pleasure, and soon after the gentlemen have taken their supper, grog, and tobacco, they retire to rest, except the lovers of harmony and whist, who "keep it up" till late, or rather early hours. Thieves divide their plunder, showmen, &c., see to their profits; all are tired, and soon "turn in to roost."

Those persons who are so unfortunate as to be placed in front rooms are as much annoyed by the rioting, disorder, and rows of the drunkard in the streets as they were the night previous disturbed by the bleating of sheep and the bellowing of cattle.

The second day of the fair passes much the same as the first, and the third and last is considered the most "*genteel*" by those who understand the etiquette of these matters, when the inhabitants of the borough promenade the town.

The fair week being over, and all the honest men, women, *Cyprians*, *thieves*, and vagabonds who visited the town have departed; the pleasant borough of B—— again becomes quiet, and its inhabitants are left to complain of the depression of trade, dispute about politics, make love, and talk scandal.

A great variety of actual property in the article of human flesh and blood is exhibited at fairs, too. That poor slim child who is enacting the part of young Norval in the tap-room of the Red Lion Inn is the slave of yon bloated and savage-looking being who is playing the part of Glendower. Yes, this ferocious Glendower, night after night, retires to bed drunk on the profits derived from the exertions of his overlaboured infant (slave) prodigy!

That poor blind girl, too, with pale face and thin person is the property of the beldame, her mother, who is leading her through the crowd, and who exhibits her daughter for filthy lucre at every fair in the kingdom. Yes, that mother has made a property of her only child, who, delicate and affected as she is, proves a source of profit (!) to that unnatural mother; for the blindness of the hapless Fanny furnishes a supply of gin, tobacco, board and lodging for her inhuman parent. Alas! human slaves and inhuman slave-holders are innumerable at country fairs; but our space is exhausted, consequently we must abstain from further description. Jerusalem pony races for pannels, climbing greasy poles for legs of mutton, bobbing for penny busters *alias* rolls and treacle, by rustic young gentlemen, drinking hot tea by ladies over sixty years

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of age for new gown-pieces; of singing-matches and jumping in sacks; of scientific acquatic performances for oranges; of grinning through horse-cravats for "bacca and heavy-wet;" of cap-races by youths of all ages, sizes, creeds, and colours; of racing for under-garments by interesting young ladies, in which exhibitions no disputes or mistakes are to arise.

In all these matters, and a variety of other edifying sports peculiar to country fairs, we are deeply learned; but our important disquisitions on the above all-absorbing topics must be reserved for a future communication.

FAIRY SONG.

COME AND REIGN MY FANCY'S QUEEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE "DARK RAVENSFELL," A FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

PRETTY mortal maiden! say
Wilt thou join our sportive band?
Wilt thou fly with me away
To the bowers of Fairy-land?
Lighted by the ruby's glow,
There in crystal halls serene,
Crown'd with pearls of virgin snow,
Come and reign my fancy's queen.

Pretty mortal maiden! say,
Wilt thou join our fairy bands
To the Rebec's measure gay,
Dancing on the moonlight sands?
Thou hast eyes too bright for woe,
Lips like coral berries, seen
Blushing through the mountain snow;
Come and reign my fancy's queen.

Pretty mortal maiden! hie,
To our dazzling halls of light;
Winged fays for thee shall fly,
Culling sweets from morn to night;
Odours from a thousand flowers
Shall thy golden couch impregn,
Mirth and music crown the hours;
Come and reign my fancy's queen.

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LIBRARY
NEW-YORK.

A SCENE IN THE PALACE OF GEORGE THE THIRD.*

A DISSOLUTION of parliament taking place, Frederic Stanley,† the plough-boy poet, was re-elected for the city of ——. His popularity continued unabated; his speeches and writings secured for him the admiration of every liberal-minded individual, although we regret to say he was not so regular in his attendance at the house as a true representative of the people should be. We are compelled to state, too, that the poet was frequently to be found at some fashionable party when he should have been attending to his parliamentary duties. How often does prosperity spoil a man! how frequently do we find those who have, by their great natural powers, elevated themselves to the highest rank of society, cease to act the noble part they were wont to do in their plebeian days. How often does the mentally-gifted commoner—one of the people —nobly struggle with the corruption of the state, and thereby obtain the approbation of his fellow-countrymen, and perhaps a seat in parliament, as a reward for the honest exertion of his powerful talents. After the lapse of a few years, on looking round for the said honest, talented, and enthusiastic man of the people, it may be we find him lukewarm in the cause of reformation, or still worse, an apostate from the glorious principles he once so boldly advocated, which advocacy gained for him the approbation of the people; and in the now ignoble knight, baronet, or earl, all traces are lost of the once truly exalted characters that were acting under the simple names of Thomas A, William B, or John C— yes, prosperity has spoiled a host of our most promising men. How many public characters can we call to mind who, when plain Mr. was attached to their names, fought nobly in the people's cause, and after being knighted or created peers sank into the state of insignificance so peculiar to the order into which they had unadvisedly been initiated. It doth appear that moral nerve is required as much in prosperity as in adversity to uphold the integrity of character amid the many temptations by which the prosperous are surrounded. For the sake of humanity—for the cause of the people, we regret that the truth of the foregoing observations is so frequently thrust upon our consideration. How is it that these humiliating scenes are so frequently presented to our notice? Is it that men, having obtained the object of their ambi-

* From an unpublished work of fiction.
† This name is of course fictitious.

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tion, become indifferent to the public weal? If so, the advocacy of freedom by them has been founded upon a false basis; they have been ambitious merely to feed their own vanity; they are not sterling, honest, unflinching friends of liberty. The advocacy of freedom should only be resigned with life; for however enriched a man may become by raising his voice against the besetting sins of his country, he should remember that the people still require his assistance—"*It is the cause, it is the cause!*"

But now return we to our hero, who has become somewhat more supine in his advocacy of freedom than when he first entered public life. We find him accepting a situation under government, presented at court, and soon afterwards he became a visitor at the palace of his sovereign, of his introduction to which and whom we here subjoin an account.

The poet was accompanied to the palace by the Earl of ——, one of his late majesty's privy counsellors. On entering a spacious drawing-room Stanley was introduced to the king by the above nobleman. In the same apartment was the queen, with several other members of the royal family, to each of whom Frederic was introduced by his majesty. This part of the business having been performed, the king said, addressing our hero, and again taking him by the hand,

"I have long wished to have an opportunity of spending a few hours in company with the author of The ——. You're welcome, thrice welcome to the palace, my dear sir. In order that we may the better enjoy your company," continued his majesty, "there will be no strangers at dinner with us to-day. Excepting my Lord —— and yourself the party will be entirely composed of my own family."

The king then continued to say all manner of pleasant things to our honoured hero, who was presently surrounded by the queen and the princesses. After the usual compliments were passed between the above illustrious personages and the poet, the queen approached him, and presenting *her* box, said,

"I have heard, sir, you take snuff; will you taste mine?"

The poet bowed graciously, dipped his fingers into the massive gold box, and extracted therefrom a pinch of the royal mixture, after which her majesty applied some of the narcotic powder to her own illustrious nose. The poet was next beset by the princesses, who, after a little pleasant chit-chat, each and all said they had a favour to ask Mr. Stanley, which they hoped he would grant; whereupon our hero assured the royal spinsters that his services were entirely at their disposal; they had only to command and he would obey.

"Then," said Princess Elizabeth, "the favour we have to request, Mr. Stanley, is, that you will write an original sonnet in each of our albums."

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"I shall feel the greatest pleasure in complying with the wishes of your royal highnesses," observed the poet, with the greatest complacency.

"Accept our thanks," said the princesses; "in a day or two the albums shall be forwarded to your residence."

The dinner was now announced. The poet escorted the Princess Elizabeth to the dining-room. The urbanity of the royal party at once placed our hero at his ease. He would have felt quite at home had the servants been dismissed from the room.

"Well, Mr. Stanley, I'm sure you are highly honoured," said the queen; "we are indebted to you for the presence of his majesty at our table to-day, for the king usually dines about one o'clock—yes, his majesty has paid a compliment to you which I have known him deny to more than one crowned head in Europe."

"Indeed, sir, we are glad to see you," rejoined the princesses, "and should be glad of your company a little oftener."

"Well, well, Charlotte, I would take two dinners every day to behold such a specimen of native English talent as is presented in the person of our guest of to-day. As to you girls, you hoydons," added the king, good-humouredly, "you know you are too noisy for me, God bless your joyous hearts."

The conversation went round in a sprightly tone, and as the champagne circulated, the company, as a natural consequence, became more spirited.

The cloth was removed, and now his majesty really looked as happy as a king. After the wine and dessert were placed on the table the royal host said,

"Well, I must declare that I have not felt so cheerful for months as I do at the present moment. Come, Charlotte, Charlotte, my dear, pass your snuff-box up this way;" whereupon the queen handed that article to her footman, who conveyed it to the king.

"What do you think of that?" said the monarch, handing the box to Stanley.

"That it is exquisite," replied our hero.

"There——oh! never mind," said the queen, in a manner which implied that she had determined to conceal from the poet the intelligence she was about to communicate.

"I'll tell you what the queen was going to say, Stanley," whispered the king. "Why, that she would made you a present of a pound or two of the mixture; so, if you receive a packet of snuff you'll know from whence it came. But pass the bottle round. Come, come, my Lord ——; come, Mr. Stanley. You lasses there, mind you don't fill your glasses every time, but this round you must have a bumper, for I am going to propose the health of our new guest. You are all well aware I'm no great hand at

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speech-making, unless they are written for me," added the king, smiling, as he looked towards his prime-minister, who, of course, took the hint, and then, in an earnest tone, said—"Mr. Stanley, here is your good health; may you live long and happy. I know, sir, that you in your writings have reproved the great of the world, and it is perhaps too true that we stand in need of reproof ——Mr. Stanley, your good health."

At this moment the doors of the drawing-room were burst open, when in rushed two gentlemen singing a song in a most boisterous tone. The interruption consequent upon the singular entrance of the new comers caused Stanley to look round, when he was surprised to find that the visitors were no less distinguished personages than the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York.

"Your highnesses have forgotten yourselves, we fear," said his majesty, addressing his sons.

"Sire, we humbly crave your pardon," replied the Prince of Wales, with a serious expression of countenance, "we have been misled, your majesty, as our messengers informed us there was no company at the palace to-day, consequently we expected to meet only the queen and the princesses; so, ladies and gentlemen, we again beg you will accept our apology."

"Granted, granted," said their majesties, as the princesses shook their heads significantly at their brothers.

After the interruption caused by the above explanation had subsided, the king, addressing his sons, said,

"Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Stanley," when the two princes shook hands most cordially with the poet, and expressed great pleasure in being so fortunate as to meet with the author of The ——. His majesty, again addressing the princes, said, "Your highnesses will be pleased to spend the evening with us—it is the most comfortable little party I have sat down to for some weeks past. Why, we were as happy as at a harvest-home just as you entered the room so gracefully a minute or two since; you see all our glasses are charged to the brim, for we were about to drink the health of Mr. Stanley."

The princes dismissed their attendants, and immediately seated themselves at the table. Their glasses were presently charged, when the king again drank to the health and happiness of the poet, in which the monarch was followed by the rest of the company. The royal brothers, to convince all present they had done full justice to the toast, turned their glasses upside down, and proposed that the toast should be given with due honours, whereupon their royal highnesses got upon their legs and vehemently shouted, "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" as the rest of the company laughed most heartily at this departure from the etiquette of the royal table. After the above toast was disposed of, the king said, addressing the princes,

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"We should much like to know where you boys have come from, for you appear to be exceedingly merry this evening."

"From the house, sire—direct from the house, your majesty," was the reply to the above query.

"Oh, oh!" said the king, in a sceptical tone.

"Sad boys, sad boys!" observed the queen, trying to look severe, whilst her eyes, in spite of her forced scowl, beamed forth a smile of approbation.

"Yes, they're sad boys, indeed," whispered the princesses to each other, as they looked towards their brothers and smiled.

When silence was obtained, Stanley rose and said,

"Your majesties, your illustrious family, and the rest of the company have honoured me by drinking my health. Be assured it is the fervent desire of my heart that I may ever deserve the good wishes of your majesties and your illustrious family. I thank you, most heartily thank you, for the honour you have conferred upon me this day, and in return I wish you every happiness your hearts can desire."

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed the princes, as the poet resumed his seat.

"Your highnesses are indeed merry," repeated the king; "pray which house have you just come from?"

Here the princes looked at each other and laughed, but made no reply to the question put to them by their father.

The Prince of Wales now rose from his seat and asked permission to propose a toast. His request was complied with, when his royal highness gave—"The wife and family of the author of The ——"

This toast was drunk in bumpers by all the party, after which our hero thanked the company for the honour they had done him by thus drinking the health of his wife and family, and adverted in such a tender, delicate, and interesting style to the virtues of his wife, which left a very favourable impression of Elizabeth (for that was her name) on the minds of his illustrious entertainers.

After a short pause in the conversation the king said, with evident emotion,

"I know your history well, Mr. Stanley. I often fancied I could see you tending Dame Perkins' geese and the old farmer's sheep. I have, too, pictured you sitting on a sunny bank with your book and slate. Ah, Stanley," continued the monarch, with increased emotion, "I have, amid the perplexing cares of the state, often wished that I were a poor shepherd-boy like you once were. Excuse this freedom, sir, but the truly great I know are never ashamed to be reminded of their origin."

The king now talked to his prime-minister, whilst the rest of the company conversed in a lively tone. The princesses slyly upbraided their brothers for their boisterous behaviour, whilst the

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princes bestowed the fondest looks upon their sisters, and declared they "could not help it." The Prince of Wales leaned over the table and talked for some time to our hero. Said the prince,

"I am, Mr. Stanley, well acquainted with your works; I candidly tell you I much *admire* them. 'Tis true that in your —— you gave no quarter to us great folks, and verily we do want the lash applied to us occasionally. But you know princes are born princes; what can be expected of them but folly? We are nurtured in extravagance, and cannot see how we are to make our escape from the trammels of greatness. You know as well as I that we are made, as it were, the scapegoat of the Church and State, and all the rest of it."

"That will do, that will do, George," said the Duke of York, and then addressing our hero, added, "You know, Mr. Stanley, it has been said, 'some men are born to greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them, whilst others achieve greatness.' Of all men I admire are those once humble individuals who have *achieved greatness*. As George says, we were born princes; as such I can assure you it is almost next to impossible that we can, in the present state of society, be different to what we are. To convince you, my dear sir, how native genius is estimated here (secretly cherished it is true), I shall propose that we drink to *nature's nobility*." Whereupon the duke got upon his legs and gave the above sentiment, which was heartily responded to by the whole of the company.

The queen and her daughters now left the table, when the bottle went cheerily round. All the company were as merry as possible, particularly the two princes, who volunteered a duet, which was sung after some little demur on the part of the king.

The party broke up at a late hour. As our hero took leave of his illustrious entertainers, they assured him they had experienced much pleasure from his first visit to the palace, and hoped it would not be the last. The two princes now disputed in whose carriage Mr. Stanley should be conveyed home, when the Duke of York at length gave way to the senior claim of the Prince of Wales; accordingly our hero was driven home in the carriage of the latter.

On alighting at his own door, the surprise of the poet was great to find that another coach was standing at the back of the one from which he had just stepped, which vehicle, on inquiry, he ascertained was the private carriage of the Duke of York, who for a frolic had sent it in attendance on the conveyance of the prince his brother.

"Well," said our hero to himself on retiring to rest that night, "Poetus after all was as splendid a genius when pining unheeded in his miserable attic as at the moment he was crowned with laurel amid the admiring shouts of the people. Even I," continued he, "was no less gifted when my family suffered the pangs of hunger

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than now that I am honoured, and my society is courted by the illustrious of the land. Who is to legislate for poets? How many such go down in penury and broken-hearted to the grave! how few obtain the laurels they deserve!"

A DEBT TO TALENT.

BY MRS. ABDY.

A DEBT to talent! can it be?
Can the sweet strains of minstrelsy,
The "thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"
Claim from the world a kind return?
Alas! how many a child of song,
Neglected by the careless throng,
May answer, "'Tis a phantom debt
That never has been cancell'd yet."

Amid the crowds whose eager praise
Attends the minstrel's public ways,
Few from the shining pageant turn,
The minstrel's daily paths to learn;
They grasp the records that impart
A transcript of the writer's heart,
Yet ask not of the joy or woe
Of those from whom the records flow.

Yet some there are of nobler kind
Who honour a congenial mind,
And to the gifted one extend
Promptly the service of a friend;
Striving through every change and place
The children of the muse to trace,
Solicitous to bid them share
Some token of their watchful care.

Yes, earnestly their course they heed,
Still cheer them in the time of need,
Still soothing tenderness express
In the sad season of distress,
Still proffer words of hope and peace;
And time can chill not nor decrease
An intercourse so deeply fraught
With the warm sympathy of thought.

Yes, such there are—the "phantom debt"
Of talent is acknowledged yet.
Oh! let not minstrels then complain
That they are doom'd to sing in vain,
But own that strangers who reveal
True kindness and unwearied zeal,
The friend's high privilege may claim,
Even though strangers still in name.

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A VISIT TO THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

The ascent of the St. Bernard occupies ten hours; it is merely, what it has been called, "a secondary Alpine pass." There are, of course, objects of considerable interest on the route (for in what part of Switzerland are there none?); and, besides peculiar attractions, the scenery here partakes of that majestic character which will be found more or less to distinguish all mountain districts. Here, to be sure, are not the glaciers of Chamouni or of the Oberland; but the eye lingers on many an Alpine torrent hurrying from mountain to rock, and from rock to hill; with some the amazing volumes of water come thundering at once down some declivity, rising again in the purest vapour; while others come frothing over ledges of rock thousands of feet in elevation, and you may see rainbows, coming and going with the sun, sit hovering in the spray. There, too, on the hill-side, repose the huge pines and mighty timbers, all rotting together in confusion, where they have been prostrated by the storm; and on every side are to be seen gigantic masses of rock, the natural supports of which having been undermined by ages, they have been precipitated by their own weight, and slid off bodily into the vale below. Now and then, too, a report from the rifle of the chamois-hunter breaks smartly upon the ear, re-echoed from a hundred points; and sometimes, though of course more rarely, the hunter himself may be seen descending from the heights in the dress peculiar to his vocation, and with the animal he has killed swung round his body. Even the numerous goats, and the stray cattle with their enormous bells bring with them the interest of association, adding life to the solitary grandeur of such a scene; and not unfrequently the imperial eagle of the Alps, that terror of the goatherd, darts forth into view from his lofty retreat, or sails impudently about your path.

About half-way lies the hamlet of St. Pierre; here it is usual for the traveller to seize the only opportunity that offers of rest and refreshment; unless, indeed, a desolate hovel, which the avarice of some individual has erected still higher up in the mountains, can be called a place of entertainment. On quitting St. Pierre you begin to feel the real mountain air, and to wrap your cloak more closely around you; for the elevation is already considerable, and becomes every moment progressively greater. Beyond this point, too, the path is more liable to be missed, as the great landmarks of mountains on either side no longer serve as

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guides and preclude the wandering of travellers. The great danger now is the concealment of the track by snow, or, if there be any foul weather in this cold region, it will of course be a snow-storm. And now, at last, the head of the mountain is itself visible, towering some thousands of feet above the clouds, if clouds there should unluckily be; but if it could be seen as I saw it, on the clearest of October's days, with its snows beautifully set against a deep-blue sky in the back-ground, perhaps nature could not present a more sublime object than the St. Bernard, unless, indeed, it were its loftier neighbour, Mont Blanc itself.

Reaching the spot where the mountain rises more abruptly, the traveller must prepare himself for a rougher and more careful ascent; not unfrequently he will find himself compelled to climb up with hand and foot the different steeps that present themselves. There is much sameness and little interest in this occupation, but it does not last long before a low-roofed shed becomes visible on the right of the path, which is styled, "The Refuge." This hovel, which is nothing more than four bare walls with a roofing to them and without even a door to the entrance, was built for the temporary reception of such travellers as are too late to reach the Hospice that day, or are too fatigued to proceed further. The building, such as it is, is also useful in case of accidents; here the servants of the Hospice, accompanied by the dogs, lie in wait every day, when the season is unfavourable, for the relief of travellers; and should they not return at a certain and fixed hour, it is concluded at the Hospice that something is wrong, and the monks one and all go forth in a body with food and restoratives to their assistance.

About a stone's throw from the Refuge, but standing more off from the path, is another lonely shed; this is the bone-house; as the distance from this spot to the Hospice is somewhat considerable, it was found necessary to build here a receptacle for the bodies of those who had unhappily fallen asleep in the snow, or had been killed by avalanches.

The first view of the Hospice breaks suddenly upon the eye when but a stone's throw from its bleak-looking walls; it seems to start up suddenly, as it were, from the elevation on which it stands, having about it a comfortless, naked look, unrelieved of course by a single tree or even shrub. The materials of which it is composed are from the rock on which it has been built, and the only natural advantage which it possesses is the neighbourhood of a lake, which is ice more than three-fourths of the year. It is the highest habitation of the known world, and is said to be upwards of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. The pass by it into Italy is a saving of two days.

On the steps of the door generally may be seen lying one of the celebrated dogs. The moment you are in view you are welcomed

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with the deep and peculiar bark of these animals, and having once noticed him and thus introduced yourself, you are friends forthwith. It is even prudent to do this, for I was afterwards told that in the event of neglecting it you are sure to be watched by the animal during your stay, and perhaps suspected to be what you ought not to be. As I approached the building, my attention was particularly attracted to three or four Italian boys who were gazing about the premises with intense curiosity, though they were but lightly clad, and stood shivering in the pitiless blast of these mountains, with their arms folded over their breasts; they seemed to be feeling for the first time the immense difference between the atmosphere they were in and that of their own sunny Italy. One of them had a monkey for a companion, another a cage of white mice, and a third music; they informed me in the house that these boys came across the mountain in such shoals upon their way to England, that it had been found imperative, from the scantiness of provisions, to allot them only a certain portion of food each. They also sleep three or four together in one apartment.

A few yards from the Hospice itself stands the charnel-house—a low, square building, distinguished only as to its exterior by a massy grated window. Here repose, and have reposed for centuries, the bodies or bones of all those who have met their fate on this mountain from frost or accident. Decomposition goes on, of course, very slowly here; and, though the floor of this apartment is covered to some depth with confused bones, yet the bodies which still stand against the walls or lie reclined in great numbers, are in a state of wonderful preservation. The flesh still remaining upon the bones has the appearance of shrivelled parchment; and, notwithstanding the number of bodies, the nicest sense of smelling could detect nothing offensive. But the eye is the organ that is offended upon entering this dead-house; the teeth, the hair, and even eyes still remain on all that have not actually fallen to pieces, and the expression of the countenance, yet more horrible in death, is still there which it had in the moment of dissolution. The more general expression is that of grinning (the effect of the extreme cold upon the jaws); but there are some faces among them not to be overlooked, which give horrible evidence of the acutest suffering.

There is one corpse in particular of a woman enfolding in her arms her infant child; she is in a kneeling attitude, aud the expression in the face of the dead betrays the most extreme mental anguish that could be conceived. Even in death the child is folded to the breast with a mother's last grasp, and it never was attempted to loosen it. In the centre of the room, upon a shell a little elevated, lies the last victim of death in his winding-sheet. The body at present there is that of a servant who died some years ago, there being no other burial-place even for the domestics of the

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Hospice. The monks themselves are, of course, buried in the vaults of their chapel.

The fraternity consists of fifteen persons, including a principal. Their ranks are supplied, in case of death, from the priesthood in the canton below; and, though it would seem to be a change for the worst, yet it is looked upon as a promotion to become a brother of the convent.

The brethren are obliged to go down at intervals to recruit themselves in the valley, either at St. Pierre or Martigny; for otherwise it has been found that the human frame is incapable of standing such a continued siege of frost.

Certainly the existence of such an institution as this, and the fact that men can be found to live under it, speaks highly for humanity; for, in fact, to what higher effort can philanthropy be carried? The monks seem to spend the greater part of their day in prayer, and service appeared to be constantly going forward in the chapel. Their profession of faith is Catholic; but be their creed what it may, these ecclesiastics seem to comprehend the true spirit, and practice the best part, of religion—love towards one another. For the entertainment of their guests no charge whatever was made by these hospitable men, and from the poorer or larger class no remuneration whatever is expected. There is, indeed, fitted up in the vestibule of the chapel, a box (having in its lid a small aperture) for the benefit of the unfortunate, and it is usual for the richer visitors to testify their gratitude in this way; but even if the proceeds of this collection were applied towards the supporting the expenses of this establishment, they would supply a very inadequate fund indeed. Provisions, and even fire-wood, are forwarded from Martigny, of course with great labour and considerable expense; and for such purposes the mules and servants of the society are under the necessity of descending the mountain every day. There is always an average number of guests to entertain, for even if the weather be too unfavourable for travellers to make the pass, then the persons already there are snowed up, and must, of course, be fed and catered for during their stay. The truth is, such an establishment is not and never could be maintained by the chance contributions of any passing strangers; a tax is laid in the first place upon the inhabitants of the Valais, perhaps in the shape of provisions; and secondly, it is supported by bequests and the liberal donations of patriotic individuals.

We must not forget to mention, casually at least, the dogs of the convent. The appearance of these celebrated animals, and the duties allotted to them have so often been described, that it is perhaps needless to be diffuse on the subject here. Many have been the lives reported to have been saved through their assistance; they effect, in short, what human aid never could have contrived. By their wonderful instinct they are enabled to dis-

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cover and trace the path however concealed by snow. They roam over the mountain day and night; and should they fall in with any poor wretch who has wandered from the track, or who is disabled by accident, they either lead the way for him as a guide, or fly back alone for assistance. It is reported that the original breed is lost; but this is not admitted at the convent; and, at any rate, the present race seem sufficiently sagacious and efficient for the duties assigned to them. There are now but five of these animals employed, but they are far from being scarce, and when untrained may be bought by strangers for a sum varying from two to six Napoleons. The mountaineers, and even the peasants of the valleys below, are often seen with a dog of St Bernard attendant upon them, and do not at all scruple paying the value of so noble a companion. The dogs are never bred on the mountain, in consequence of the severity of its atmosphere; but there is a kennel for them at St. Pierre, and again another at Martigny.

On reaching the Hospice travellers are immediately received with the greatest hospitality, and every want is attended to. A bed-chamber is allotted to each person, but in consequence of the extreme cold in these upper apartments the guests are cautioned not to remain there (unless it be for repose) any longer than is absolutely necessary. They are afterwards ushered into the antique-looking saloon, at the entrance of which stands a fine slab of black marble, having on it a Latin inscription, and erected by the public of the Valais in gratitude to Napoleon. The saloon or receiving-chamber is a curious wainscoted apartment, having about it a very monastic air, but a little spoiled, as it seemed to me, from the presence of several fantastic trifles from Brighton, the gift, probably, of some well-meaning lady who has reached the convent. In this apartment you are left to amuse yourself till six o'clock—the supper hour (should you arrive before that time)—and there are not wanting several objects of interest to engage the attention.

The album of St. Bernard, or travellers' book, is a curious record of facts and opinions. In this it is usual for every one to write his name, and whatever else his fancy or gratitude may dictate. It does not seem to have been kept for more than three years, or if it has, there has been sad depredation committed upon its leaves by the autograph hunters.

Adjoining the saloon is a small room or cabinet containing coins and other Roman antiquities. These were all dug up near the lake or on the site of the present building, where, it seems, in the time of the Romans, there was a temple to Jupiter. Among the coins I noticed a gold piece with the head and superscription of Romulus. Here are also a few good pictures, and I perceived in one of the frames Landseer's fine engraving of the dogs of St. Bernard, which the holy fathers are not a little proud of. It is clear, however (as they themselves observe), that the artist could

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never have been at the convent, or if he had, he has sacrificed truth to effect. There are no trees of any description on the mountain; the outline given of the building in the distance is as unlike as may be, and the costume of the monks is very unfaithful.

At the hour of six you are received at supper by one of the monks, who do the honours in rotation. I was fortunate enough to be present when this was the principal's office. There were, beside myself, two American gentlemen, who had ascended that day from the Italian side. The monk addressed himself attentively to each of us in turn, and had about him so little of the recluse, that he seemed more the courtier and man of the world. Every information we could seek he was ready and even anxious to afford; and, as we naturally desired that which was *local*, he willingly gave us every particular of the establishment. The substance of the conversation has been already laid before the reader.

It is the custom of the monks to retire by times to their cells; the time of going to rest is of course left optional to their guests, but it is easy to see they would be more pleased by keeping early hours; and no one is very anxious to keep watch after a toilsome day's journey.

In the morning those who can rise in time may be much gratified by attending service in chapel, and it is considered a compliment to do so. Here, too, is a fine monument of General Desaix well worthy attention. The general was buried in this spot by order of Napoleon, the monument itself being forwarded from the French capital.

After the service we were received at the breakfast-table by our retainer as before; he afterwards sent a domestic for a large bunch of keys, and obligingly offered to show us whatever else was attractive in the house. The library contains a collection of valuable and rare books; many of them, however, seemed to be in manuscript and somewhat venerable. There is also another cabinet of natural curiosities up stairs, having besides an excellent electrical machine, and several valuable miscellanies, presented, I was told, by American travellers.

When we had thus seen all, the principal of the convent took leave of us kindly; for it is expected, of course, should the weather permit, that you proceed on your journey, and make way for new guests. Such, then, is this valuable institution—the Hospice of St. Bernard—a spot not only interesting from historical associations, but which all who have visited can hardly fail to think better and nobler of their species.

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A LIFE SKETCH.

BY ONE WHO HAS SEEN GREAT VICISSITUDES.

I REACHED the pretty little town of C—— about sunset, and on entering a small public-house I called for some bread and meat and beer, when the landlord soon placed before me the remains of a cold leg of mutton, a half-quartern loaf, and a pint of home brewed. As I regaled myself with this meal in the tap-room, I was surrounded by at least a dozen men who were discussing politics, after the usual fashion of pot-house politicians. I listened attentively for some time without saying a word, and discovered that the company were all "blues"—the Tory colour for Essex.

One man was particularly fluent of speech; he dilated at some length on the easy duties performed by church parsons compared with the exorbitant pay they received for the same. This fellow was a journeyman carpenter and the leader of the party. I soon found that he was a character, and I accordingly determined on becoming better acquainted with him. This political coterie was about to disperse; the leader had already reached the door, when I called him back.

"Come here, my boy," said I, "you and I must have a little talk together." At the same time cutting a great slice off the loaf, and placing a piece of mutton on it, I said, "Come, my lad, and have a bit of something to eat."

"Are you a blue?" was the strange reply made to my invitation.

"No, I am a Radical, and such are you at heart; your recent conversation has convinced me that you are no 'blue,' but an out-and-out reformer."

"If you are not a 'blue' hang me if I'll eat with you! I'll never break bread with an 'orange.'*

"Hark ye, my friend, I tell you that I am neither a 'blue' nor an 'orange;' but, my good fellow, are we not both men? are not 'blues' and 'oranges,' and radicals, all made of the dust of the earth? are not all our mothers women, and are not we men and brethren?"

The carpenter on first hearing me declare that I was not a "blue," placed himself on the opposite side of the room to that on which I was sitting. The last observation made by me, however, immediately brought him over to my side of the house, at the same time exclaiming,

* Orange is the Whig colour for Essex.

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"Give us your hand, my hearty; although you are not a 'blue,' I believe you're a right sort of a fellow! here, landlord, fill this 'pint' again; we'll drink together before we part, my boy."

He now took up the bread and meat, sprinkled it with salt, and taking his clasp knife from his pocket, commenced operations on what served him for dinner. The carpenter and I had a pipe and a pint or two together, discussing politics the while, when I soon discovered that my companion was a "blue" from compulsion, for his employers were conservatives. This fellow was excellent company; he could sing a song, tell a story, or make a speech. I told him that I considered he was a strange, odd kind of a fish.

"Ah!" said he, "if you were only to see Bill Black, the fortune-teller, and Gipsy Jack down here, you just would say they were 'rummy ones!'"

"Where do they live?" I inquired.

"They've got no home that ever I heard of, but are always to be met with at a little house at the bottom of the town called the 'Gipsy King.'"

"Will you introduce me to these worthies?"

"Certainly; but if you've got any tin in your pockets, I'd advise you to intrust it with the landlord."

"Leave that to me; depend upon it I'll take care of the little money I have left; drink up the ale and let us be off, my friend."

We now quitted the tap-room of the Rose and Crown, B——, and proceeded to the "Gipsy King." On our way thither, the carpenter picked up with a terrific looking fellow, whom he introduced to me as Benjamin Badger, the pig dealer, a thorough 'blue' to the back bone, and one who always got drunk twice a day. From the effects of his first diurnal excess he appeared as if scarcely recovered, and had now sallied forth for the purpose of busying about his second fit of intoxication.

We stated to Ben the nature of our business, when he declared his intention of spending the evening in our company; so in a few minutes we entered the doors of the "Gipsy King" together.

It is one of the truest sayings ever uttered, that one half of the world know not how the other half live. In the tap-room of this house were about twelve persons, all of whom got a living no one but themselves knew how. Sweeps, Gipsys of the masculine gender, and the dark-eyed daughters of Egypt, were there, altogether forming a group such as could only be met with at the "Gipsy King," or in a county gaol.

I must inform my readers that this hotel was not destitute of a parlour, the visitors to which shall hereafter be described. Happiness, respectability, and every other "ness" and "ility" should, as philosophers tell us, always be viewed comparatively. Upon this principle was it that my two companions, who would have been looked upon as the scum of the earth in some companies, all

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at once became great personages here, and were treated as such. Feeling their importance they disdained to associate with the "common people," and accordingly passed on to the more select company in the best apartment; whilst I stopped short at the dingy tap-room, for the faces of the group there gave promise of much life and character, and so I walked boldly into this den of infamy and seated myself on a table.

In the right hand corner of the room sat a palsied man of seventy-six, a vendor of religious tracts; next to him was a great Gipsy with his nose bent on one side. This unsightly couple were enjoying their pipes and a game at all-fours. A young daughter of Egypt and two sweeps filled up the bench. On a table at the opposite side of the room reclined another Gipsy with his head resting on his hand. He wore a huge red scarf round his neck, and his black shaggy hair hung over his iron visage. The bench behind this conspicuous object was filled with Gipsies, both young and old, and of either sex, one of whom was particularly desirous that I would allow her to tell me my fortune, whilst I affected to be equally solicitous that she should sit to have her portrait painted, for a splendid picture she would have made. Three little boys with straw hats—sons of the landlord—were looking in at the door on certain performances which I will presently describe to the reader. In the centre of the room stood a short stout man, with a head and face swollen from the effects of strong drink and bruises. He was attired in a miserable suit tattered at all points, and being destitute of linen next to his skin, his coarse dirty neck and breast were exposed. This last creature held in his hands a black, greasy pack of cards, with ten of which he formed a small circle before him on the floor. Two of the cards forming the ring were inscribed with the words, "Yes" and "No." A little French poodle with a bright brass collar and chain lay curled up on a bench in one corner of the room.

"Where is that wonderful *cretur* of mine?" exclaimed the gentleman who had just arranged the cards, his body partaking of the reeling motion of a spinning top when well nigh spent. "Carlo come here, or I'll——"

At the sound of his master's voice Carlo jumped off the form and crept beneath the table, which act of disobedience greatly kindled the wrath of our excitable hero. "Come here, I say, you—— or I'll break every bone in your skin. I'll flay you alive, you——, I will."

This brutish language only caused the poor dog to creep further out of the monster's reach. So enraged was the fiend that he actually appeared as if about to carry his threat into execution, when I expostulated with him for ill-using the poor dumb animal, and I was pleased to see that even the fallen creatures around me evinced a disposition to prevent the dog from being unkindly

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treated. At this Carlo's lord and master relented, when he called the little trembling poodle to him.

"Come here, Carlo, my dear; come hither, my beauty, I will not hurt thee now; come and show the company what a wonderful *cretur* you are."

The subdued tyrant uttered these words in the gentlest manner possible, at the same time patting his right knee with the palm of his hand. Kind words and persuasive language produced the effect which violence and abuse failed to accomplish; for Carlo now crept on his belly in the most supplicating manner possible, and turning on his back at the feet of his master implored, with his graceful paws, forgiveness for his recent disobedience. This was too much for the man; a tear actually stood in his eye as he embraced his little charge, caressing it in the fondest manner possible, at the same time repeating over and over again,

"I will not hurt thee now, my beauty; I will not hurt thee now, Carlo."

Simple as this incident may appear to the reader, it was a most interesting sight to me. Low as were the audience in the scale of society, they were affected by this scene between the dog and his master; thus proving that although they had no regard for themselves, yet they possessed hearts that could feel, not only for a fellow-creature, but were even susceptible of compassion for a brute beast. The man now put Master Carlo on the floor, relieved him of his chain, and patted his head and back, in return for which kind treatment this pretty creature jumped about and fondled his master.

"Although you and I slept on a dust-heap last night, my beauty, we can do our duty to-day; show the company what a wonderful animal you are, my little poodle. Come here I say, my pretty one!" Upon which the dog placed his fore paws on his master's knees, who covered the animal's eyes over with a cap, and then the head of Carlo was placed between the man's legs. I am confident the dog could not see anything that was going on in the room.

The man now said to me, "Please, sir, to point with your stick to any card you would like the dog to fetch. Are you convinced, sir, that he cannot see you point?"

"Quite convinced," said I, as I touched the seven of hearts.

"Now, Carlo, bring me that card the gentleman touched with his walking-stick," said the man as he uncovered his dog.

The animal walked deliberately round the ring several times, occasionally stopping to smell a card. After he had made the circuit six times he took up, between his teeth, the identical card I touched, and presented it to his master.

"That's a good boy, Carlo; did I not tell you, ladies and gentlemen, what a wonderful *cretur* he was? Now, sir, tell me how

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many ladies and gentlemen there are sitting on the tables in this room."

The dog walked round the cards as before, took up the deuce of clubs and dropped it at his master's feet. The two dots on the card represented numerically the Gipsy whom I described as reclining on a table and myself.

"How many little boys are there in the room with straw hats on, Carlo?"

In due time the astonishing animal produced the tra of hearts. Three of the landlord's children who wore straw hats, as I before observed, were looking on at the performances.

"I want number ten, my beauty."

After going his rounds deliberately with his nose near the floor, the ten of diamonds was abstracted from the circle by this canine wonder.

"Carlo, what coloured handkerchief has this gentleman got on?" said the man, pointing to the Gipsy who wore the large red shawl.

Carlo looked up to the man's neck very significantly, as if to make himself acquainted with the colour of the article in question, and then departed on his errand, and presently produced the ace of hearts.

The landlord now entered the room, when I asked him if the two gentlemen who came with me were gone. To this question the master of the house replied "No!"

"Carlo," said the dog-man, "what did the landlord say to that gentleman?"

"The poodle took his usual rounds, and soon placed before his master the card inscribed with the word "No."

"I say, my phenomenon, how many days in the week do I get drunk?"

When the laughter produced by this strange query had subsided Master Carlo produced the seven of hearts, which I believe gave a very correct interpretation of the question put to the dog by his master.

Here the tricks ended. During the performance I took particular notice if any private signals were given by the master to his sagacious little animal whilst making his rounds, but could not perceive that any secret communication took place between them. The wonderful sagacity of the dog was now expatiated upon by the audience, who, at the completion of each trick, gave a hearty round of applause, and when the performance was concluded, dropped a few coppers into a cap which Carlo, holding between his teeth, carried round the room whilst standing on his hind legs. Great torture must doubtless have been inflicted on the poor little creature ere he could have become so great a proficient at his profession. After what I saw enacted by Master Carlo, I shall cer-

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tainly give up the idea of attempting to define the word reason, if the possession of that divine principle be denied to the sagacious animal whose performances I have attempted to describe.

After having in a measure satisfied the numerous applicants who beset me for beer in the tap-room of the "Gipsy King," I proceeded to the parlour of the same house, where I found my two companions making themselves very comfortable over some ale and tobacco. The carpenter was singing "Rule Britannia" with particular emphasis. When he pronounced the words, "For Britons never, never, shall be slaves," he placed himself in an attitude of defiance, by which position he no doubt intended to show how he would serve any one who might dare attempt to enslave him. After the song was knocked down by the company with pewter pots and glasses, Ben Bodger the pig-dealer begged permission to propose a toast.

"It is this," said Ben; "may all the world become tee-totallers except the present company!"

The intellects of the assembly, however, were too obtuse to discover the drift of the pig-jobber's apparently abstemious and philanthropic sentiment, so the gentleman who gave this singular toast was called upon for an explanation. This Ben presently gave to the satisfaction of all by whom he was surrounded, by exclaiming,

"Why, you fools, because we should get beer for nothing, then!"

The idea was a splendid one, and quite accorded with the feelings of the company; this explanation was accordingly received with three hearty cheers. The carpenter's name was John Pearson, whose wife had been confined to her bed for ten weeks. Ben, in the course of conversation, inquired after the health of the poor woman, to which her husband replied "that he did not know how she was, for he had not seen her for a fortnight; it was quite enough for him now to look through the keyhole of her chamber-door."

It was very easy to ascertain by these unfeeling remarks that it would be no great trouble to the carpenter were he called upon to make his wife's coffin, and I could not but think that it would be a great relief to the poor woman to be placed in the grave out of the reach of so inhuman a creature as her husband had just proved himself to be.

Pearson now called on his friend Bodger to give the company a song; the latter, instantly obeying the summons, commenced a ditty wherein the *virtues* of a riotous highwayman were lauded to the skies. After this song was knocked down as before, and the landlord had replenished their pots, "Gipsy Jack" proposed the following toast—

"God preserve the man that robs from the rich to give to the poor!"

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This very moral sentiment was of course responded to in the usual style. On inquiring for Bill Black the fortune-teller, I was told that he would be forthcoming ere long; that he never missed a night without calling at the "Gipsy King."

The night, which till now had been clear and beautiful, all at once turned dull and black. A tempest was gathering, and presently a heavy thunder-storm broke over the town. I was speaking to the person who sat next to me of the extraordinary feats performed by the little dog, when the master of that animal came staggering into the room, dragging with him poor Carlo fastened by a chain, the dog-man having in his hand a pitcher of ale and a short pipe in the corner of his mouth. Placing his mug on the table and assuming a theatrical attitude, retaining the dog's chain in his hand and the pipe in his mouth, he commenced—

"Now is the winter of our discontent," &c. The violent action he used in delivering the above oration caused Carlo to be propelled here, there, and everywhere, to prevent a recurrence of which I offered to take care of the poor terrified animal until the recitation should be concluded, when I said to this extraordinary disciple of Roscius—

"You have trod the boards then, my friend, have you?"

"Yes, and have been—" putting himself into a boxing attitude —"in the ring too; would you like to try me?"

I declined the honour of standing before a professed pugilist, stating, as a reason, that I was not much versed in the art of boxing.

"Well, then, shall I give you the tent scene in Richard, or the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius, or Hamlet and the Ghost, or ——"

"Ay," said "Gipsy Jack," "give us the tent scene in Richard."

"Agreed!" said the tragedian, as he placed his pipe and mug on the table previous to reciting the above piece, in which I thought he acquitted himself uncommonly well, although he certainly made a very grotesque appearance in his peculiar wardrobe, as he foamed and slavered at the mouth from the effects of over-exertion and excessive drinking. On applying to me for a copper in return for his professional exertions, I presented my box to him, out of which he took a pinch of snuff. This, in a few minutes, operated so powerfully on the olfactory nerves of our tragedian as to bring on a violent fit of sneezing, in consequence of which he lost his equilibrium, staggered out into the passage, and unfortunately fell into the beer-cellar, but, as good luck would have it, he did not receive any serious injury from this accident. On being rescued from his awkward situation he expressed a desire to be placed where he might have a comfortable "snooze," for he declared that he was "done brown."

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The thunder-storm was now at its height, the rain fell in torrents. The landlord told his theatrical guest that he had better go and lay down in the skittle-ground and take a nap, whereupon the dog-man opened a door at the back of the premises to seek the promised place of rest. At this moment he assumed a threatening attitude towards the elements, and made his exit with blasphemy upon his lips, at the very moment that a vivid flash of lightning crossed his unhallowed features, and the tremendous clap of thunder that succeeded only served to bring forth another shout of defiance from this hardened reprobate.

The lightning's flash and the thunder's roar operated in various ways on the motley group assembled at the "Gipsy King." Some with their heads resting on the table fast asleep, or in a state of torpor caused by excessive drinking, were insensible either to sound or light; the storm raged and passed over even without their knowledge Others present looked terrified and conscience-stricken. The troubled elements were by these viewed as a threatening voice from Heaven, on whom nothing but such a monition could produce a penitent heart or humbled demeanour. The tempest passed away and these unhallowed beings were soon as reckless and profane as ever. One or two desperadoes defied the elements, but most of the company continued to sing, game, dance, and swear after their every-day fashion.

When the storm had subsided Bill Black the fortune-teller entered the room. His appearance much surprised me, for he was unlike any of his profession I had ever met with in my travels. He was young, handsome, and stately; black glossy hair hung in curls over his temples; his teeth were white and regular, his eye dark and commanding, with a figure graceful and well-proportioned. I soon found that our hero was the divinity of the place. As the Gipsy sisterhood flocked round the handsome young fortune-teller, he gave each a pleasant look and returned their compliments by passing his glass to them.

I presently ventured, in the most delicate manner possible, to give him a hint as to his calling. I asked him whether his present pursuits were in accordance with his feelings. His noble features assumed a pensive cast as he replied to me as follows:—

"Why, sir, I cannot say that my occupation is one which, if I had my choice, I should follow. I was born in a Gipsy camp; my family is well known among my own people throughout the kingdom. I differ from those by whom I have all my lifetime been surrounded, inasmuch as I love books and study. You perhaps know to what an unworthy use I have appropriated my knowledge. Could I give up the roving propensity which I have inherited from my fathers and our race, I might perhaps take my stand among the people of the world; but, alas! it is difficult, very difficult, to conquer one's hereditary defects, at least I find it

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so. I fear that I shall be that which I now am—a wanderer and an outcast from civilized society—all the days of my life."

As I looked in the face of the Gipsy fortune-teller, I could read in his countenance the truth of the sentiments he uttered. I could perceive that his soul aspired to nobler deeds than those of imposing on the credulity of ignorant beings.

"What a pity," thought I, "is it that this man's lot was not cast in a sphere of life where his talents would have been the means of enlightening his fellow-creatures, instead of debasing their minds!' There was much food for future meditation before me, but to philosophise in such a scene was impossible.

One of the company—not a Gipsy—thought that he felt hungry, and would like some beefsteaks, and accordingly sent for two pounds, which were presently served up. He, however, was incapable of helping himself, so Bill Black kindly volunteered to carve for the helpless man. Accordingly, Bill first placed on the plate of him who provided the feast a small piece of meat, and afterwards divided the rest among the sisterhood, not forgetting, however, to take care of himself.

I now went into the skittle-ground to see if the pugilist—alias dog-man, alias tragedian—had recovered from the combined effects of strong drink and snuff. As I opened the door of his sleeping apartment I had just time to observe that he lay curled up against the wall with his faithful little dog beside him, who ran towards me, barking as fast and as loud as possible. Upon this the master of the animal, his eyes scarcely open, and still intoxicated, instantly sprang upon his feet and exclaimed—"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" at which moment I could not help thinking that he looked more like a demon than a human being. When this unearthly object became acquainted with the cause of the alarm made by his faithful sentinel, he called his poodle to him and curled himself up as before for the purpose of completing his nap.

It was now midnight and my companions had already quitted the "Gipsy King," in a state of intoxication. I bade adieu to this never-to-be-forgotten scene, as Bill Black, a female Gipsy, and a middle-aged woman, who had an infant in her arms, were dancing a reel. A little girl was sitting on a bench crying aloud, who said she was sure that her mother would beat her, for she always did when she got drunk."

The incidents and characters I met with at the "Gipsy King" are so deeply engraven on my mind that nothing but death will erase them from my memory.

The above sketch of my night at C——, however, will give the reader but a feeble idea of the original. Much that I saw and heard on that occasion I dare not shock the good taste of the reader by attempting to describe.

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PERICLES AT THE BIER OF HIS SON.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

During the plague at Athens Pericles lost his sons and nearly all his relations, yet, says Plutarch, he lost not his dignity of sentiment and greatness of soul. He was apparently unmoved until the death of his last surviving son; when, in putting the garland upon the head of the deceased, his firmness forsook him, he broke out into loud lamentation, and shed a torrent of tears—a passion which he had never before given way to.

BESIDE him, calm and still,
Lay the latest of his dead;
His hand yet grasped the funeral wreath
Must twine that youthful head;
But on his sternly tranquil face
No sign of grief had left a trace.

They who had watch'd before
Now watch'd him once again,
Marvelling at the immortal mind
Unbent by mortal pain;
Each linger'd with suspended breath
In presence of that life and death.

And well became it him,
The prince and leader there,
To trample on the human pangs
That weaker natures share;
To glory in the strength of soul
That placed him above earth's control.

Yet in each conscious breast
A troubled thought arose—
It was not thus o'er human hope
The grave was wont to close;
It was not meet that love should be
Thus sepulchred so silently.

And many an anxious glance
On his proud brow was cast;
The firm-set lip, the unquailing eye,
Would these the rite outlast?
Would aught of human feeling born
Surmount the dread of human scorn?

Unmov'd amidst the throng,
With footsteps slow, yet true,
Advanc'd he to the unconscious dead,
And the light pall withdrew,
And on the placid brow beneath
Placed, with unfaltering hand, the wreath.

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And then, as wild storms burst
From out some sullen cloud—
As quakes the ship when lightnings fierce
Rend keel, and mast, and shroud,
With one sharp cry that nought could stay
The pent-up anguish found its way.

Quivered at length the lip,
Damp grew the livid brow,
Hot tears from founts unseal'd before
Pour'd like a torrent now;
And he so late of stoic mood
Stood all the father, grief subdued.

"My boy, my gallant boy!
Mine only one," he cried;
"Torn from me in thine eagle strength;
Would that I, too, had died;
Nor linger'd like a sapless bough,
From which the last leaf passeth now!

Cold heap of nothingness,
What was my trust in thee,
That from the anguish of this hour
My soul may not be free?
Why, as the arrow from the dart,
Flies it not to thy better part?

My son! my son! thou wert
Link'd to the life that gave
Its fashion to that goodly form
Now garnish'd for the grave!
And with this knowledge of the past
Thy father stands to look his last!

What part have I in life?
Dead to its hope and fear,
Henceforth it spreads a desert void—
Why do I linger here?
Remorseless fate its worst hath done,
What wait I for? my son! my son!"

Thus in his grief he spoke,
And they that stood beside
Marvell'd not that the father's heart
Had bowed the stern man's pride;
That nature, still'd through all the past,
Should speak its own deep wrongs at last.

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THE POETRY AND REALITY OF LIFE.

Of the great difference which exists between the poetry and reality of life let the following list speak. We might add cases innumerable, but the annexed catalogue will suffice.

The divine, who left college full of hope, beholding in the distance a mitre and lawn sleeves, finds himself at fifty a poor drudging curate, with no prospect of preferment.

The lawyer, whose days and nights have been spent in studying Lyttleton, Coke, and Blackstone, having the woolsack before his mind's eye in his anxious career, still finds himself a briefless barrister.

The child of genius, who thought to reach the pinnacle of the temple of fame, and there blow a triumphant blast to myriads of admiring spectators, finds premature old age has crept upon him in what should be the prime of life, finds himself in poverty and neglected by his friends as death steals into his wretched apartment and wields his wand over the head of the disappointed child of genius and of song.

The confiding maiden, full of life, love, and beauty, deprived of her virgin purity, has now become a despised cutcast, to whom this world presents nothing but "a pestilential congregation of vapours."

The young and accomplished bride (a wife soon after she entered her teens), congratulated by her friends, is, by the removal of her beloved partner by a sudden stroke of death, or, still worse, by his perfidy and dissipation, reduced to penury, and compelled to exchange her comfortable home for an obscure apartment, there to exercise the accomplishments she acquired at school to procure bread for the support of herself and her numerous progeny.

The persevering tradesman, who hoped to end his career in a snug little box in the shape of a country-house, with a "one-horse chay" to boot, finds himself, when advanced in years, in the list of bankrupts, and is compelled to drudge on to the end of the chapter a mere machine to weigh up sugar, tea, coffee, &c. &c., or to measure silks, satins, sarcenets, and tapes.

The enthusiastic pulpit orator, who once hoped to win men from the error of their ways, who exerted every nerve and sinew in his denunciations of vice, after a long spent life of exhortation and declamation, declares that, in spite of all his efforts, the world gets worse and worse.

The political reformer, who, deceiving himself, and assisted in

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his delusion by violent, designing, or ignorant leaders, declares with vehemence that he will have the charter, he will have freedom, he will have liberty! after denouncing everybody and everything but himself, at last cools down, and in despair exclaims that the people are more tyrannised over than ever.

The more calm social reformer, after staking his hard-earned all in hopes to realize his Utopian views of Paradise in community, thus, after the lapse of a few years, laments, as he stands amid the wreck of his beloved "*Harmony*," the disappointments that have awaited him.

He says, "The place where my fondest hopes have been centred, to help to establish which the best part of my life has been devoted, and where I hoped, in the calm possession of communal life, to reap a reward for my exertions and end my days in the enjoyment of that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, is to me worse than if it had never been. When I enter the hall and look around me for the familiar faces radiant with hope that were wont to meet therein, and where the feet of crowds moved in time to the sweet sounds of music, what a desolate scene is presented! the stillness of death pervades its walls! The crops which are waving luxuriantly in the breeze will be no more housed for the members of community; the seed that was sown in spring will be reaped in autumn by strangers; for, alas! the experiment at Harmony has failed." Thus does the social reformer pour forth his lamentations, and thus he weeps over the wreck of his disappointed hopes.

The light-hearted child, his mother's darling, his father's pet, he who has been reared in the lap of affluence and luxury, looks out upon the world, as he should do, with a cheerful countenance; he thinks not of the thorns hid beneath the roses of life. His every thought has been studied, and all his desires gratified. His parents die; alas! what a mournful change comes over the spirit of the dream. The spoilt child is left alone to baffle with a world of stern reality. He presently finds himself dispirited and heart-broken. So altered is his position, that he can scarcely believe he is an inhabitant of the same world he occupied in the days of his happy childhood. He presently sinks into the grave beneath the accumulation of troubles by which he is beset, and whispers with his last breath these words, "What might I not have been had I not been made a *spoilt child* by my fond but too indulgent parents!"

From what has already been cited we may well exclaim, *What so opposite in life as poetry and reality?*

Behold the high-minded, the over-sensitive bard, whose mind is replete with the divine and beautiful. See his body pent up in a close room of a dingy court of the metropolis, the while his mind—his spirit is ranging over and expatiating on the most sublime scenes in nature. For a time he forgets, happily forgets, his spirit

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is confined within an earthly tabernacle; he sees not the pale, altered cheek of his accomplished wife; he thinks not on the gloomy prospect that awaits his beloved children; he remembers not the numerous difficulties by which he is beset; his spirit has taken a flight to the third heavens, and his pen is securing his sublime thoughts upon paper, to be communicated to his less gifted fellow-creatures—to be bartered for gold! Bah! the heart sickens at the thoughts of the spirit of man, the very essence of existence, the poetry of life, being reduced to an article of commerce, of every-day traffic! Oh! the thought makes one blush for the sake of poor grovelling humanity; makes us regret we were brought into existence in this the infancy of mind, and the soul becomes restless to take its flight to some more congenial abode, where thought and spirituality shall be as free as the winds of heaven. Alas! how wide is the breach between the poetry and reality of life!

Yes, there sits the gifted child of nature and of song, forgotten even by himself—at least for a brief but ecstatic period. He is, in imagination, seated in a bark whose keel is cutting the silvery wave; or he may be walking with some fairy form in the depths of the forest glade, or sauntering on the sea-shore, or climbing among the rocks with her he loves, or he may be present at the feast of the poets in the court of the muses.

What prince so happy as he at this moment? But, alas! his angelic reveries are but of short duration. Hark! hear you not that ominous *tap, tap,* at the poet's attic door? do you not see him give a convulsive start? In a trice his spirit is called from heaven to earth; the eye is no more lighted up with a spark from the divinity; the face is no longer expressive of joy, of love, of spirituality; the soul has returned to the body, and the body now feels itself an unhappy, wounded worm!

But what meant that ominous *tap, tap,* at the poet's attic door? The messenger himself shall reply:—"Sir," says he, addressing the bard, "if you do not settle your rent by to-morrow, I shall trouble you for the amount." Reader, what a change has come o'er the spirit of the dream! What direful thoughts now rush across the poet's distracted mind as he contemplates his miserable apartment, as he thinks on his beloved but heart-broken partner, as his thoughts ponder on the dismal prospect of his children, and on his own hopeless condition.

Then again we ask in sadness, *What so opposite in life as poetry and reality?*

Yes, what so opposite in life as poetry and reality? The little graceful figure who sits all day long—yea, from daylight to dark and, not unfrequently, from dark to daylight, plying her needle at the window, with a dead wall or the vigilant eye of her employer for her only prospect. That delicate form, cast in nature's fairest mould, who, perchance, toils unceasingly to bedizen

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some vulgar-minded but wealthy woman whom nature hath thought fit to leave unadorned—she—even she, the humble sempstress—has, in her monotonous existence, experienced some brief snatches of the poetry of life. Poor girl! to what a lamentable position has the present artificial state of society reduced you! You who by nature were intended for love and poetry thus curtailed of the fairest portion of your existence, thus reduced to bondage, and numbered with the many female slaves of England. But with all thy bondage, with all thy slavery of body, and with all the fetters that have been placed upon thy mind, say, fair creature, hast thou not ranged in imagination o'er verdant fields and through gardens strewed with beautiful flowers? Hast thou not at times forgotten thy needle even whilst thou plied the same, and fancied that thou wert walking beside him whom thy heart acknowledges as its capturer; or, if thy heart be still in thine own keeping, has not thy young and ardent imagination created an adorable form for thy companion upon some ideal excursion of pleasure? The crimson flush which now adorns thy fair cheek declares that some such thoughts have at times occupied thy mind; the glistening of those loving eyes reveals the secret, tells the tale—which tale thou hast been taught to believe would be a crime to utter with thy tongue. Yes, fair child of beauty and love, you too have at times been forgotten even by yourself; your spirit has for a brief period soared into the regions of beauty and delight; and when the eye or the voice of your employer or some other circumstance reminded you of your real and unhappy position, you have said to yourself as you continued to ply your needle, "*Surely there is nothing on earth so opposite as the poetry and reality of life.*"

Surely there is nothing so opposite in this world as the poetry and reality of life! Behold the mechanic, the artisan, or the shopkeeper, how he toils all day long, from week's end to week's end, from month to month, from year to year—toils for what? for a scanty subsistence! Yes, man toils unceasingly in noisome abodes, screened from all that is beautiful in nature; even the fair canopy of heaven is veiled from his eyes by clouds of pestilential smoke. But amid all the misery by which man is beset, his mind does occasionally soar above the artificial barriers by which it is surrounded, and takes a flight into the realms of the divine and the beautiful.

The starving mechanic for a time quits his damp cellar and expatiates on a happy state hereafter, where the weary are at rest and the wicked cease from troubling.

The artisan on his seat or at his bench visits in imagination the verdant meadows, hears the rippling of the bubbling streams, sees the finny tribe disport themselves in its waters; and, by contemplating the divine and beautiful, his thoughts are involuntarily carried from nature up to nature's God. The poetic

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cannot be entirely extinguished even in the breast of the tradesman, the mechanic, and manufacturer. The god of mammon is at times supplanted by the goddess of poetry, when the mere money-maniac acknowledges there are objects in nature as beautiful and congenial to the mind of man as "money grubbing." Even royalty does at times sigh to throw off its cruel shackles, is impatient of solitude, panting to be free in order to taste that which, as yet, it has never experienced—the true beauties of nature, quiet meditation, and the poetry of life. All, all humanity is ready to exclaim, "*What in nature is there so opposite as the poetry and reality of life.*"

SONG.

THE FAIRIES' INVITATION.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Beauteous maiden, come away
Over burn and over brae,
Where the rushing torrent dashes,
Through yon mystic grove of ashes,
To our elfin halls returning,
While the glow-worm's lamp is burning;
Beauteous maiden, come away
Over burn and over brae.

Come and see, come and see
How we sport by greenwood tree;
When the moon is shining brightly,
How we gather round it nightly,
We our joyous revels keeping
While the drowsy world is sleeping;
Favour'd mortal, come and see
How we sport by greenwood tree.

Come and dwell, come and dwell
In the meads of asphodel,
Where the crystal streams are flowing
And the vernal gales are blowing;
Where the gem-like flowers are fairest,
And the golden fruits are rarest,
Beauteous maiden, come and dwell
In the meads of asphodel.

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RICHARD BIDDULPH;[1]

OR,

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MARY STONE MARRIES A WET QUAKER, AND OPENS A SWEET SHOP IN THE OLD BAILEY, EXACTLY OPPOSITE NEWGATE.

REALLY, *really*, if the reader hasn't a good memory that's no fault of mine, although I am bound to say that I am—and in fact I am—very sorry for it. What! not remember the smiling servant-of-all-work, Mary Stone? Why, I intended she should have taken so twisting a root within your mind, that even in your happy dreams, when your heart created a picture, she should have been right in front of the ideal canvass, looking at you merrily, and saying—"I'm Mary Stone the child of nature, who waits upon the sixteen single gentlemen at the house of the fine lady, Mrs. Pearse, who is known at all fashionable churches, as well as at all charitable debates in the great hall called Exeter." Ay, ay, gentle Mary, so you were when you last appeared upon this historical stage, but that's not what you are *now*; so get into the kaleidoscope in order that you may be twisted about and scrutinized by the metropolitan world.

Well, then, as before stated, Mrs. Pearse was a singularly charitable lady in the eye of society, inasmuch as she subscribed to no less than two alms-bestowing institutions, and was as regular and constant an attendant at all meetings when nothing was demanded at the doors as the very speakers themselves. She would rise at any hour, would Mrs. Pearse, in order that she might get sight of an orator, and she would sit up till past twelve, so as to encourage him to proceed, and then she even dreamed of flourishes, clapping of hands, as well as waving of handkerchiefs; and all this arose from the fact of her servant doing all the work whilst she had lots of time to do all the lady; and in good truth she did the lady to perfection, except when she condescended to explain any item of a bill to one of her sixteen young men lodgers, and she was singularly—nay, it may be said, and was said for the matter of that—that Mrs. Pearse was monstrously charitable to every one and everything save and independent of her own servant, and that one spot corrupted and helped to blot out the great cartoon she had crept into. Still Mary Stone worked and worked, rubbing, scrubbing, and boot-blacking, just as though she were well contented with the

1 Continued from page 105.

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situation she had held for so long a time. She went round the mill like a mill horse, and yet did it so cheerfully that the whole sixteen lodgers joined in a plot together, and tried which could say the civilest and heartiest thing to the good-tempered servant.

It must not be supposed that the sixteen now spoken of were the same sixteen as heretofore, for they had changed over and over again; yet they all, as they went away, made room for other chaps who were delighted to join in the conspiracy. Mrs. Pearse was not cared for more than the dead end of a candle, whilst Mary was the pet of all and every one; because, whilst the one tried to keep the young men in order by fierce looks and a general sanctimonious expression, the other made herself agreeable by means of her smiles, fun, and strict moral conduct, for she had got into such a habit of looking cheerful, and into such habits of strict morality, that there was not one of the whole sixteen young men lodgers who ever dared to molest her. It wasn't one, two, or three that protected her, but every one tended in a manner to keep off the rest, so that her course was a joyous and satisfactory one from the commencement of her service even until the then moment. There came butcher-boys after Mary, and some butter-men looked after her with eyes full of emotion, whilst every now and then the waggoner's boy called to see and to pay her any little attention within his very limited power, but it was of no use whatsoever; Mary looked after him as he went away, and she looked at her various admirers with equal indifference, whilst her little heart was beginning to lose all remembrance of Biddulph, because of the years which were then between them; nay, she even lost the little locket, and was not over sad when she discovered that she had done so, inasmuch as she reasoned within herself that if Richard still loved her he would have found some means of showing the intensity as well as the constancy of his passion, and she was well aware that he had not done so. If Mary Stone, the simple-hearted servant, had known as much of the vagabond's character as the reader is acquainted with, she would have tried perhaps to reclaim him; but their roads were essentially different, for the purity of the one shone in her face thus:—"This is the way to Heaven!" whilst the reckless eye, the hanging lip, the general moroseness of the other, spoke out to passengers—"If you follow me you must make up your minds to a warm reception at the end of the journey." Happily there was an electrical influence which kept the two asunder, and which gradually blotted out all remembrance of childhood, its dreams and its unbounded hopes, in the reality of life in the woman as well as in the man; for it must not be understood for an instant that Mary Stone had no realities, for they were all in all important ones to her, and the chief reality was that which brought a sleek young man into the house of Mrs. Pearse, who was dressed in the habiliments of a Quaker. Now, there is no use parrying the subject, but rather let it stand as a known fact at the outset that the plainly-dressed Ephraim Smiler was the accepted lover of Mary Stone; that they had their courtship partially over, and had fixed the day which was to unite them in the bonds of holy wedlock. How it was or why it was Smiler had gained the good will of Mary must be a question, but sufficient is it that he had full possession of her heart, and as it may not be uninteresting it is better to let the reader

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know something about his profession as well as practices. Well, then, Ephraim had been in the sweet trade ever since he was a boy, and had learned how to manufacture sugar into every variety of shape or character. The master to whom he was apprenticed was a famous sweetmeat manufacturer, so that it was Smiler's object to follow in his footsteps on his own account whensoever he had an opportunity. He had travelled over the greater part of England in pursuit of orders, and fortunately for him was most successful, for there was that about his dress which inspired confidence, and there was that about his habits which confirmed it; nevertheless he was what is called by the world a wet quaker, that is to say, his morality was sound whilst he eat, drank, smoked, and danced like the rest of society. He was a fellow of infinite merriment, and enjoyed anything like a joke amazingly, whilst his laugh was a perfect roar or chorus of joys all put into a body for the purpose of being evolved from it. Smiler's great fort was in the centre of a lot of travellers, when, being an object of ridicule, he knew well how to return the compliment with interest, and he generally came off victorious; so Smiler travelled on through the world taking orders for sweets, which he saw properly executed, and in time he got into the good graces of more than one half of his customers, the consequence of which was that his master's bakery was constantly at work, making little images for children, which went out in large hogsheads right chock full to the top. Still Smiler got disgusted with the unsteady life of a traveller, and thought it high time he should begin to settle down and do something for himself, for it struck him that, although he was dressed in the clothes and was treated by waiters as a gentleman, he was none other than a scrub. Moreover, it struck him that other chaps who were all swagger—except that portion which was scent, snuff, and French polish—whilst upon the road generally, after a year or two—twenty at the most—were thrown like useless logs, or dogs, or old coachmen, out of that road into old workhouses or modern unions. Having made no kind of provision for old age or bad times, but having swaggered and strutted all their money's worth away, Ephraim saw many old hands pass from luxurious habits into hard—to them monstrously hard—penury because of their improvidence, so he collected all his savings together, gave his master warning, popped the question to Mary, and in due course was united to that amiable servant. He might have got a richer but he could not have got an honester woman for his wife, or one better suited for carrying out the great and all-important views he contemplated into execution. On the day they were united Mrs. Pearse was as savage as a bear, because of the declivity which was then before her, whilst the young men lodgers joined together and had sundry bowls of punch at the expense of the bridegroom, who was not over particular in asking them to patronize his contemplated emporium, which they promised to do. The marriage over the twain forthwith took possession of the house in the Old Bailey, and as Smiler was a pure man of business he began to sell sweets very early the next morning. Of course there was a sensation in the neighbourhood, and all other chaps who sold barley-sugar came and peeped with envious eyes at the tempting curiosities displayed; but their envy was of no ill consequence, for it only made the children think they were so many customers. Now, as it is not

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to be supposed that every one is acquainted with the locality, it is better to say that the shop was exactly opposite the famous prison of Newgate, and of course there was not a little contrast between the iron fetters and the stone face of that building, with the fragile ornaments opposite. It naturally struck many persons what on earth a sweet shop had to do in the very neighbourhood of Newgate, where bad men were confined first, and now and then brought out to be executed afterwards. Still for all that there was reason in it, as Mr. Smiler was acquainted with the fact that children swarmed about the place, and that the general inhabitants were suckers of sweetmeats—men and women who were indolent, and depended not so much upon hard work as upon the money they charged for seats at the execution of a criminal—chaps who had to depend and fatten upon last dying speeches and turn-offs of living men into an untimely judgment—chaps who thought no more of an execution than they did of a lollypop, and were just as anxious for one as for the other. It may be said that this was scarcely the neighbourhood for little children to play about and to gain early impressions in, but then it must be remembered that the rules or laws of society actually called for the destruction of bad men and women, and that they were bound to be as public as possible, so that whatever fault there was must be attributed to the system, although for the life of me I cannot see why the whole thing may not be done away with altogether; but as this is not a convenient time for entering upon the subject, it must remain in action as heretofore until some mighty power shall carry it, as well as the New Poor Law, into eternal oblivion. All round and about the sweet shop there were whole hosts of children, who belonged to the sight-seeing as well as punishment-of-death-loving inhabitants, except here and there the child of a governor, or of a turnkey, or of a prison-van driver, mingled with the rest, and helped to make up a congregation suitable for a gallows tree. Nearly all the children had curiously mixed-up faces, which might have been copied by tragedians for stage representation; for, from very infancy, they had had blood so spread over their bread and butter and stirred up into their tea, that it came out as naturally as a tooth—ay, whilst babies their little bodies had been lifted up above a crowd, so that their young eyes might witness a man or a woman swinging to and fro—that they really longed and would have gone whole leagues to see an execution. Moreover, there was a kind of execution air about the place, just as though it had been breathed over and over again by expiring criminals, which crept into the very lungs of the little ones. Fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, and female cousins were quite proud of the relationship, because of the taking ways as well as the keep-a-head notions the little ragamuffins displayed in reference to public executions; so that it was not at all singular that Smiler, the wet quaker, should settle down in that particular locality, and as a business man make the most of it.

Now, it becomes essential that it should be known how Ephraim went to work in the matter, and what instructions he gave to his gentle Mary, although Mary must not be lugged in as though she were guilty of a crime, or Smiler either, for the matter of that, as they only acted in accordance with established precedent. Well then, Smiler went to

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work right lustily, and manufactured beyond the ordinary kind of attractive sweetmeats many of a very different kind, bearing some resemblance to the particular locality. In the first place, the wet Quaker built a large prison of the best sugar and stuck that in the window; then he made the very image of a gallows; then he made a coil of rope with a knot at one end and a chain on the other; then he made a ferocious-looking face, similar to a hangman's, and stuck that right in front of the window; then he made a face of white sugar very like a criminal's, and another like a schoolmaster's—that was red, that was—who regularly smiled through the sugar, just as though he were flogging a school-boy. Yes, the Quaker made a great variety of sugar figures, and put them all along the front of his window, so that all those who passed by might fancy they heard the chaplain's voice prior to the dropping of the handkerchief—handkerchief! handkerchief!!

Good heaven! oh! is it possible that that chaplain, that Christian minister's handkerchief can be washed clean, and that that criminal—hardened and filthy as he is—cannot? What do you say, chaplain? Is not man, hardened impenitent man, of more consequence than a handkerchief? Nay, tell the world, chaplain as you are, that there is no soul in a rotten handkerchief, and that there is a soul, an everlasting and almighty soul, in a man, which, let it be as black as the wing or the heart of a devil, is capable of being made whiter than the driven snow; but mind, chaplain, that you say it is not to be done by rods or with cat-o-nine tails, or in having recourse to the gallows, but in simply carrying out the doctrine of the Divine Saviour of the world—"*Love ye one another!*" Go—ay, go at once, chaplain and minister as thou art, and tell the Lord Chief Baron that as there is a union between the Church and the State, it ought to be complete in this particular; for, let me ask again, what are the bishops for, and what are the rectors for, if the spirit of religion is not taught, and does not come flaming out of the mouths of its political teachers?

Now, reader, pray don't pardon anything in the shape or having the shadow of a digression, and as there is no digression here there shall be no apology, so to proceed. Ephraim Smiler put all these figures into his window, which was quickly thronged with customers of all ages and of both sexes; but it must be confessed that children formed the greater number, for they seemed to enter into the historical poetry of the Quaker, and actually were quite delighted when they clutched hold of the objects. One boy was particularly fond of a pair of fetters, and he put them to his mouth grudgingly; another bought up the prison, when, having caught a number of flies, he tore off their wings and poked them through the door of it. One little girl was singularly delighted with two elecampane handcuffs, which made her dream of the day when she should wear real ones. Then again, another child—the governor's son he was—purchased a well-made beam, with a barley-sugar man hanging to it, and he put it in a little box, when he charged the other children so much each for a peep at it. One bought one thing and another bought another thing, but there was a kind of unity or agreement amongst them that whatever they did buy should bring to their remembrance the place they had lived in, as well as the place they wished to die in one day or another. Then the men and women were

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customers also, so that the wet Quaker had as much upon his hands as he could well manage to do, because the whole neighbourhood was infected with a mania for executions, and took every means in their power of gratifying their anything but singular propensity; for after all it would have been most singular if they were not so affected, for it formed the very clothes which they wore, as well as the very bread and cheese which they eat for their supper.

Smiler was only one of many who took advantage of living in this neighbourhood, for there were execution ballad printers, execution hot roll bakers, and execution rope sellers. Smiler was a Quaker, but then he was a wet one, so that he had not the strong notions which dry Quakers have about the abolition of the punishment of death; yet he had his own notions, too, upon the matter, and sometimes thought that he was doing good to society by showing how very little children may be taught, or rather may be brought up to the place of execution without much trouble on the part of the public—and in fact he was right, for the streets of London are, after all, nothing more or less than continuous school-rooms, where the young idea may be initiated into vice by looking at a low print shop, and may ascend the first step of the gallows by looking on at a public execution; at any rate the children about the Old Bailey learned their lesson so adroitly that they actually had it written upon their countenances. Still they were not too far gone—*and no one is ever too far gone*—for recovery.

Mary Stone—oh, I beg her pardon—Mrs. Smiler assisted in the shop, and gave out the sweets (?) to the children; but then she didn't half like it, and would have told Ephraim so if it had not been for her knowledge that one day or other it would come full upon him, which would be better than her risking the telling him. She did not like her neighbours, and she did not like the angry stone-faced building which was continually frowning on the other side of the way. But there is a Providence which guides the course of every history, and hers was not to be an exception; so that, let the picture have the oil placed upon it, and then, my dear reader, you will find that Ephraim and the gentle Mary's dwelling is as essential to this history as even your own kind—outrageously kind—sympathy.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE OLD BONE PUTS ON HIS SPECTACLES BEFORE HE VISITS "THE UNION."

"Mrs. Harty, Mrs. Harty! I say it's no use, so that even if I offend you I will go," the old fellow said, determinedly, as he rose off his little deal chair and took hold of the hand of Jerico; when he continued as though he was in a passion, "Don't go with me, Jerico, or I'll never kiss you."

"You won't, daddy?" asked the girl, imploringly, as she put her other hand round the withered neck of the aged man affectionately, and

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implanted a pouting, hearty kiss upon his hollow cheek; when, as if overcome by such entreaty, the old bone's eye shone again, and his thin blood rattled towards his little heart as he looked steadfastly at her, and asked, as though his very life depended upon the answer,

"Jerico, do you love the poor?"

"Ay, daddy, that I do, quite as much as I love Mrs. Harty, and nearly as much as I love you."

"Bless you, Jerico, bless you; but do you think you could stand it, eh?"

"Stand what, daddy?" she inquired of the best friend she had in the world.

"Why, Jerico, can you bear to see the poor tied down and bound to their very penury? Can you stand seeing human souls crushed by their own kindred's law? Can you stand by, Jerico, whilst a parson tells the poor that there is no hope for them in this world, but all hope in another? Can you stand," he asked, raising his voice to a squeak just as though he had been addressing the very speaker of the House of Commons; "can you stand and look at the poor whilst their bones are creeping through their branded union dresses?"

"Oh! daddy, daddy, I can stand all this if you can; besides, we shall have the power of doing good to the poor souls by relieving them, daddy, shall we not?"

"No, Jerico, no," replied the old man, with emotion; "no, Jerico, no! we shall be able to see the misery, but we shall not be allowed to create or turn it into happiness, for that is against the law."

"What! is it so, daddy?"

"Ay, Jerico is it. But if you think you can stand all this and more you shall go with me to the union."

"Shall I, daddy? oh! that's a good, dear, kind, daddy," she cried, as she threw her young arms round and about the old man again, just as though she had been an ivy clasping an aged oak.

"But, my dear Mr. Howard," interposed Mrs. Harty, in a mild and submissive tone, similar to that of a junior counsel when suggesting anything to a lord chief baron; "but, my dear Mr. Howard, do you think Jerico is old enough and discriminating enough to enter fully into the subject?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do," replied the old man, in a pet.

"But, my dear Mr. Howard, do you think Jerico has seen enough of the world for it? now do you, my dear Mr. . . . .?"

"Don't dear me, ma'am," squeaked out the withered bone, petulantly; "don't dear me, ma'am, for I tell you Jerico shall go with me. What," he continued, "what do you think I want with experience, ma'am, or with parsons, ma'am, or with House of Commons' orators, ma'am, eh? I tell you once for all I don't want 'em, ma'am."

"Ah! I see," put in Mrs. Harty, when she saw her opportunity; "Ah! I see you're right, Mr. Howard, yes, yes, I see you're right."

"To be sure I am, ma'am; and, what's more, Jerico shall go with me into the union, so that her mind—which, thank God, is not yet polluted with experience—shall simply say what her heart feels truly, and not with the light of experience. Why, once for all, experience is a fool—yes, a rascally fool, ma'am, when put by the side of the first im-

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pressions of the unstained mind; so that whether you please or not," he said, not in a firm key, just as though he really meant what he said, "Jerico shall go with me to the union; won't you, Jerico, won't you, eh?" he asked, as he looked at her with as fond a face as his withered one could assume; and when he heard her "Yes, daddy," twice over he went off to his bed quite satisfied.

But before getting into bed he knelt down by the side of it and pressed his lips tightly one against the other, and looked up towards the ceiling through his well-worn spectacles; when, gradually, the fretful muscles about his forehead went away one after the other, until there was another expression, another profile, another tone altogether; for it was just such a head as one may fancy is placed in front of the half-way house to heaven, and where the first glance is caught of an almighty and all-merciful God sitting in amongst the great stars, which are not one quarter so brilliant as *His* face as *He* looks down and smiles encouragingly at such bones as are really charitable to the poor wanderers upon earth.

Then the old chap rose up, scratched his shrunken shanks, and got upon the hard mattress which had been his nightly companion for many years past; and the whole family of the Harties, as well as Jerico, jumped into bed also, and, as a matter of course, they ascended in their dreams right into the bosom of the Saviour of the world and the preacher of charity.

Well, after the night came the bright morning, which, like the dawn of life, seemed full of joyous hopes, when they all got out of bed, had their breakfasts, performed sundry acts of private philanthropy; and then the old bone took Jerico's hand, and drew it tenderly through his bent arm, as they started off on their way to the union.

Now, lest the reader should be horrified outright, it must be understood that the particular union they were going to was a few miles from the metropolis, so that after walking for awhile they got into a stage, and were soon put down right in front of the habitation of poverty; so that, without allowing the inmates any time for preparation, they passed the porter at the gates and went straightway into the repulsive building.

"Jerico," said the old bone, "Jerico, that porter mistook me for a pauper, or he would not have let me pass so easily, would he, eh?"

"Why, daddy?"

"Why, if he had been aware I had two shillings in my pocket he would have demanded one half of it for a fee, so that he might have paid the cook to put the soup on, eh?" he continued, jocosely, as he rubbed and rubbed at his spectacles until there was not the smallest spot of dirt upon the glass of them; when, taking hold of the girl's hand firmly, he whispered as they put their foot upon the first step, "Now, Jerico, now open your eyes and see all that's to be seen, and tell me what impression it makes upon your mind, eh?"

"Yes, daddy, that I will," she replied; and then they got to the top of the steps, when the old bone tugged away at the huge handle of a bell, which made the sound penetrate into every crevice of the union.

Not to keep the reader waiting one moment longer than is positively

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necessary, let it be understood that a woman pauper opened the door in a minute, and stood looking at the twain fixedly, and just as though she were fully determined to take their portraits. Now as she stands staring, let us go for one instant into her history, and see if any good can be got from a partial examination.

Well she was a woman of about sixty, of short stature, peering, impudent eyes, and a face marked deeply with the small pox. She was born in one of the old workhouses, had been educated in the workhouse, married at the expense of the parish, and, not having been blessed with children, had luxuriated in the old workhouse fare, from her first childhood, even until the change in the law, when she entered the union, or rather, was turned over from the one to the other, being a blasted object, or rather, a mere flesh and blood and filth body, without one particle of soul. She was employed by Mr. Death in looking after the other paupers, so that she assisted in nursing some of those children who were separated from their parents, and was called nurse; and she also sat up with the living or dead paupers when she was called upon to do so; then she opened the door when the bell rang, in order that visitors might get an insight into the happy condition of the inmates of the house without taking the trouble of going any further. She was a bold outline of a back and bone pauper, who gloried in being a pauper and was proud of telling the world that she did so. She had no poetry in her, no imagination, no mind, but was made up of callous and determined bestiality. She had paid no poor's-rates, she never had the good opinion of her neighbours, she had lived a pauper all her life; and abject, servile, yet surprisingly impudent, she wished to be buried in one of the coffins prepared by the union for those poor people who were relieved from the trammels of living wretchedness.

The old bone looked at the object, and the object stared at the old bone in return; but there was pity in the look of the one, and there was impudence in the stare of the other.

"Well, what do ye want, scums, eh?"

"We want the governor, ma'am," replied the old bone.

"Then ye can't see him, ye rags, ye."

"Why not, ma'am, eh?"

"Cos it aint the day o' hentrance, d'ye hear, scums?"

"Never mind, ma'am, about the day, ma'am, but give this card to Mr. Death, will you ma'am, eh?"

"Yes, sir," replied the hag, awakening all of a sudden from her dreamy mistake, and taking hold of the old man's autograph, when she ran off to the governor, who very speedily made his appearance, and began bowing towards the earth in the most servile manner imaginable.

"And pray, Mr. Howard, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing, save letting us go over the union, eh?"

"Oh! if that's all sir, I shall be most happy to conduct you; mind the steps, sir, mind the steps. There, this way, sir, this way, Mr. Howard, if you please; and pray mind the steps, sir, mind you take care of the steps. There, this is the hall, sir, and there's the rules, sir, there's the rules," he continued, as he pointed the old bone's attention to two large printed papers which were hanging up against the wall; but as many of the poor people could'nt read, they might just as well

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have been in Nova Scotia; and as this is not meant for a political history, the better way will be for all those who may wish to peruse the precious documents to go and do so for themselves, as the rules of to-day are not the rules of to-morrow.

Still, Mr. Howard did read the rules, when, asking Jerico to accompany him, they followed Mr. Death right into the centre of the building. Out of one room they went into another, where they saw all kinds of people, who appeared bowed down by fatal circumstances to their present dependent and mournful condition. Some of the paupers sat at the end of their beds crying just as though they had as many pailfuls of tears in them as sickly children; and some of them felt so forlorn and miserably deserted that they could not cry at all. The great object of the system appeared to be making them as miserable as possible, so that they might either die out of hand, or leave the country of their forefathers.

The old man opened his eyes very wide indeed when he saw them sit down to the prison—pardon the mistake—the union dietary, and he was sorely vexed at the barbaric conduct of Mr. Death towards the helpless inmates. Mrs. Death, too, was just as harsh as her husband, and did everything she could to mortify the paupers, who, in their turn, looked askance at both of them, which looks were prayers in the shape of curses and horrible denunciations. The women who were under the care of the union looked truly wretched, and not at all like mothers of the members of the House of Commons; yet, in truth they were, for some of those very children which are the offsprings of the state will rise up one day or other and tell the whole world about the cruelty of that law which separated them from their own natural mothers.

The old bone and Jerico went right through the place, and learnt some of the secrets which are hid within the union, about sacks keeping together angry gristle, and the law of the land being a plague to the poor and to the poor only; for if the poor had any hand in making the law, there would be a chance of doing good for themselves. The blood ran coldly through the old system of the man and the young system of the girl as they descended the steps to get as fast as they could out of the union, when the old fellow rubbed his eyes as hard as he could, put his spectacles firmly over his eyes, and looked Jerico full in the face as he asked her,

"Now, Jerico, what do you think of the union, eh?"

There was a long pause, and the old man got petulant as he repeated the question, "What do you think, eh?"

But again there was no answer, for, trying to do all she could to speak, the poor girl was struck dumb with surprise, grief, and anger; and it was only when the man repeated again his question in a querulous tone that she gave the only answer in her power by a flood of tears.

"What's the matter, Jerico?" asked the old man, submissively, "what's the matter, eh?"

"Oh! daddy, daddy, how can you ask me what is the matter when my whole heart is full of tears?"

"For what, Jerico, eh?"

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"Oh! daddy, don't ask me what or why, but let us kneel down and implore God Almighty to pardon man for his conduct to the poor; do, daddy, do."

"Ay, Jerico, my own darling Jerico, my own sweet Jerico; oh! how I love you, Jerico, don't I?" he asked, as she bowed her head as low as his withered hand, which he raised convulsively as he squeaked out, "There, God bless you, bless you!"

Then they went to a retired spot away from the road, and knelt down upon the grass, when Jerico put the old man's hands in a praying posture, and said, "Oh! Father of all mercy, pray pardon man and make him turn again kindly towards the poor. Oh! bless the poor, Father! bless the poor, bless the poor," she continued, sobbing as she spoke; "oh! do bless the poor, by making them rich unto salvation."

Then the old bone said "Amen" twice over, when they rose up and walked on their way; but there was a sadness upon each of their faces similar to that which sometimes rests upon an audience during the touching appeals of a tragedian, only that this was a real—nay, is a real—living and positive tragedy, which, having opened its first act, will not rest until the whole five are completed. Yet it strikes many persons, that as some of those who formed the plot now live in peace and are surrounded with plenty, there may come an hour when even they—ribald livers and scoffers as they are—ay, when even they may be enveloped in a prolonged termination of many sorrows brought about through poverty.

And what is poverty, that it should be punished *in this world everlastingly?* Why poverty is the genius, the power, the influence, the glory of every age. Yes, poverty is the creator of the poet and the mighty philosopher—nay, in a more selfish point of view, the poor of a country are so many steps or spokes in the ladder of civilization as well as in that ladder whose highest point reaches right up into heaven; so that the longer the ladder is, or, in other words, the more poor there are in a country, the less is the civilization, and there is a greater want of that happiness which is enjoyed in the region of love and unity.

But stop! do put on your night-cap, my dear reader, in order that you may dream whether this be so or whether it be not.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE MAN BIDDULPH, WHO WAS ONCE A SCHOOL-BOY, MEETS HIS ORIGINAL ENEMY, DR. FRAMPTON, WHO WAS ONCE HIS SCHOOL-MASTER. THE DEFIANCE! THE MURDER!

Such is the heading, and such is the stuff of this chapter, that it will be better for squeamish, fainting, and fantastic young ladies to nurse their lap-dogs rather than continue this history, for as sure as possible, they will have to get their stay-laces cut before they finish it. And after this warning I advise every reader—whether a young lady subject to fits, as most young ladies are, or whether a young gentleman who cannot bear the gripe of a parrot—I advise every reader to pay his or

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her doctor's bill without any kind of questioning or reference to either my publishers or myself. Nay, if I were to write an introduction as long as most introductions are, it would only amount to this—that the very soul and body of the chapter is a murder; that the murderer is Richard Biddulph, and that the murdered is no less a man than a Christian clergyman of the Church of England. So look to it—yes, again I say look to it!

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If the reader dreams a moment he will remember that Dr. Frampton was left at the head of that branch of the noble—nay, illustrious—foundation, situated in the busy market town of an English county, where he was continually stamping the hearts and blackening the minds of his youthful scholars with an instrument called a rod, and it was singular to observe the depth and length of the impression made upon some of them. Lord bless you, Dr. Frampton thought no more of using the rod than he did his toothpick, only there were others who took a very different view of the subject, and one of those was the hero of this history, who had thought well over the days when he was young and virtuous, and he also remembered the savage brutality which had corrupted his young feelings, and turned him out upon the world very different from what he ought to have been. He thought he had been educated to ferocity, and had been taught vengeance and well-merited retribution; so that years had not even in the slightest degree altered his original intention of paying back, with interest, the debt he owed his old master, or rather, it may be said, his bitterest enemy.

When Richard Biddulph left the school and came up to London, the tyrant remained behind in person, but there was the image—the laughing bacchanalian image—of the flogging schoolmaster always before him—yes, the Christian doctor never left the idea of the boy, as he passed through boyhood, or the man either, as he went along, days, weeks, and months together, dreaming about his early persecutions, as well as that certain revenge which was one day or other to be carried into execution.

Whilst the boy thought thus, the persecuting master was continuing his course with fresh rods upon fresh minds and upon fresh hearts, for after all it is not the back only which feels the degradation of the rod or the lash, as it simply shudders or shivers a little, when, to the mere eye, there is no remembrance of the marks, whilst the mind and heart allow the theory, or the electrical fluid so to creep into their centres, that they very rarely get out of them again; at least, so was it with Richard Biddulph's mind and heart, although Dr. Frampton knew nothing whatever about the matter—nay, in fact he did not care for anything, save the tortuous cry of the school-boy, as well as the rich tear of the school-boy, and as he heard the one and saw the other, he imagined that the end of the punishment was fully accomplished.

Oh, fool that he was! Why, he was then and there blasting the best principles of the future man's nature, as well as building a cage for himself, which was just then getting closer around, in order that his stony heart might be crushed into a million atoms. Yet it may be said that

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the unworthy doctor very seldom thought of these matters in the way they ought to have been thought of, because he had been used to fog minds and hearts since he first went to teach children at the Christian educational establishment alluded to; although, to tell the honest truth, it would have been much better for both parties if he had never been born, for Richard Biddulph's soul was cankered and diseased; his mind was actually so perverted that he had come to one strong and positive resolution, which crept around and was a part of his very being, and that resolution was to murder his venerable master.

The man went to work in a systematic manner, and after making inquiry he learnt that Dr. Frampton's long services (?) had entitled him to a snug rectory in the country, where his information told him his enemy was settled down quietly and tamely, in order that he might enjoy all the peace and all the happiness that could be got in the midst of a carnal and meretricious world.

But, previous to the meeting, it is better to describe the personal appearance of the doctor, now that years have walked over the top of his head, and have carried away a portion of the matting which originally covered it.

He was still a clergyman—oh, yes! and he still had the same unrelenting, revengeful, yet ferocious smile upon his aged features, just as though that very smile which was lighted up during Richard Biddulph's punishment had taken full and inviolable possession, and was never to be ejected or turned away from the premises. Why, the dead face of a schoolmaster has ferocity written upon it, just the same as the hyena or the tiger hath, and wash it as you may, or place as many half-crowns upon the eyelids as you please, there will still be the settled devilism upon the face ready to go up for judgment with the plea—

"I was the master of a school, and I had children placed under my charge for the purpose of education; yes, for the sake of a Christian education, so I took a rod in one hand, a cane in the other hand, and a sardonic laugh within my puffed-out cheeks, and I said to all of the boys, one after the other, 'Strip!' Well, they did strip, and when I saw the thin skin which covered their bodies, I first of all hit 'em with a cane, then I hit 'em with a rod, then I hit 'em smartly with both the instruments at once, which made the imps roar again, and which made me laugh again. Oh, yes! I flogged 'em, and I caned 'em, and I lashed 'em, and I tormented 'em, until they had had a sufficient quantity of education, when I turned 'em out upon the world, and for all these services I claim a place with those children of charity and of obedience who are now about the throne!"

There, that's what the schoolmaster's face says, whether dead or alive; for, putting aside beadles, and kicking two or three footmen into the back ground of the picture, there isn't a more conceited chap than your downright tyrannical schoolmaster, and to a certain extent it may arise from the fact of his having—like unto a parson—the fact of his having the pulpit all to himself. If they had to stand up in a debating society—of course I mean some of those societies which abound about the neighbourhood of the Temple, where there are more speakers than listeners, and every man is red hot, or rather brim full, of argument—ay, if they had to work in such a society for a month or two it might

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make their ears grow an inch or so, and they would see, too, that they might do more good and less harm than they do now.

Well, Dr. Frampton had just such an impudent face as that described as belonging to a corpse, only his was red with port wine and cherry brandy, which helped to make his assurance more perceptible. His arms, as well as his whole body had got more corpse-like, inasmuch as he was getting a firmer tread upon his coffin, and then the whole man had settled down to a quiet which was not akin with his scholastic performance. Settled down as the rector of a church, he had his snug rectory close beside it, with a large yard where he kept poultry. His wife had grown older too, and his children from children were getting on to be men and women, whilst one of the highest points of his ambition was, that the whole of them should be united to the bringing-out-the-vices-of-children profession—the men as masters and the women as wives of schoolmasters. He might have been called a tiger, and if he were a tiger, why they all had the blood of a tiger in them, and as sure as possible it would show itself one day or another.

The village where the church was, and where the rectory was, and where the aged schoolmaster dwelt, was a delightfully romantic place, and had lanes and walks about it, down here, there, and everywhere. There were a few aged folks crawling or hobbling on crutches along the quiet way, and there were many old trees scattered in every direction, whilst the comparatively young ones pushed in their over fulness, so as to create a glorious picture—ay, and it was a glorious picture, made up of a quiet church upon a hill, partially surrounded with mighty elms, having crows upon their topmost branches, whose perpetual cawing reminded the student that that was one of the Father of all mercy's pictures, and had not been done in water colours or oil colours by a feeble imitator.

Then there was the churchyard, with little pokey stones sticking out of it, having initials upon them, as S. K., or M. W., or any other first letters of Christian or surnames, which once belonged—ay, once belonged—to men, women, or children; and upon some of the larger monuments, with whole volumes of writing upon their sides, little children scrambled about in joyous merriment some of the little ones of the world—some of those faces which stare at you through the genius of the benign Murillo.

Then there were birds chirruping away amongst the smaller trees right joyously, just as though they wished to see the marrow and the fat return again to those who slept beneath the brick-making sod, so that they might all of them dance together. But—pardon the length of this, sweet reader—but around and about, both up towards the sky, and then down again, there was a quietness, a stillness, a melancholy—ay, a melancholy with a smile upon its face—which could be made up of sunbeams, the soft kisses of kindred waters, as well as the gentle heaving of that innate poetry which clings to the very being of a man—and a woman too, for the matter of that.

In such a place as this Dr. Frampton's lot cast him, in order that he might be rewarded for his past services, and live, as well as die, in peace. He had his duties, which were, compared to what the man of genius calls a duty, mere shadows—no, not shadows, but blisters of

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them—he had to go through parish duty once every Sunday! and he did it!! He had to visit the sick and to minister to the happiness of the poor; but he forgot to do this. He had his garden, and his wife, and I don't know what else to attend to—and then he had to look after himself.

Old, miserably old man! He had got so fixed, and he clung so fast to persecuting children at school, that he actually tried what he could do with the poor, as well as the children of the poor; and in good truth it would be surprising if it were not so, for what can be expected to result from such a continuous inclination towards devilry?

Well, the doctor had his dinner, as most doctors do, when he strolled out of his house, to mix with the quiet influences which were around his dwelling; but then they had no kind of power over his perturbed and unquiet conscience, for he rather preferred the activity of a city to the dull—only dull to him—poetry of the clouds. He walked along, and he smoked, and he whistled, and he looked upon the ground, and he thought of all manner of funny stories, and had all kinds of remembrances forced upon his attention. But then, the funniest remembrance in the whole catalogue was about flogging, or rather, *tanning the hides* of children; and as he saw with the aid of his mind one after the other of his scholars, bellowing out as though they were suffering genuine pain, or agony, or grief, or childish torment, he made a full stop, chuckled away to himself, and otherwise appeared so delighted, that the scene of quiet loveliness around him was nothing at all worthy of comparison. He went on, and thought as he went, and having got right into the middle of another flogging, he sat down upon an antiquated tombstone, so that his leg might not, by its motion, interfere with his joyous reverie.

And so he sat, grinning, and grinning, vaguely, when a well-dressed man flung open the gate, and began to advance towards the contemplative disciplinarian. That man was Biddulph—Richard Biddulph—and as it is essentially necessary the reader should be put in possession of—I wish I could and was obliged to say twenty, well then fifty thousand pounds, instead of—some facts connected with his journey from London, through many roads right into the heart of the garden of England, in order that he might have an interview with his old schoolmaster, who had infused into him the very spirit of revenge when he was a mere boy, unacquainted with the practices of the world—it is better to tell it.

Well, without much money he commenced his journey from London, and passed shops, churches, and people without so much as glancing at them—nay, even conjurors, Punch and Judy men, as well as Rum Striker, the chap who had played the cymbals for the British Army, were in his very path, but they did not in the slightest degree attract his attention—no, there was but one image, one dancing demon, one ferocious schoolmaster close on before him, which said image, demon, or schoolmaster kept evading his grasp as the man tried to catch it.

Through the street of a city, the road of a town, the way of a village, he went on, on, on, on, apparently heedless of everything; for he eat nothing, he drank nothing, whilst sleep was kept away from his eyes through his excited imagination. He got weary physically, and large bladders covered the soles of his feet; still, weary and worn as he was,

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his purpose had the same originality about it—nay, it had rather gained than otherwise.

And thus went on Biddulph towards effecting what he considered a righteous judgment, whilst his enemy, as has been stated, sat upon one of the aristocratic tombstones.

"I'll meet him," the man said musingly, biting his lip till it bled again; "I'll meet him, and tell him what it is to stamp the mind of a child with a —— seal. I'll teach him a lesson he shall carry with him to his grave. I'll rid the world of a black, cankerous, venomous demon, I will—ay, I will, by ——"

Then he took out a clasp-knife, and looked at it, when he continued,

"What are ye at, eh? A knife? No, no, it shall not be done with a knife. No, no; these hands, and these hands only, shall tear his heart out—yes, they shall tear his heart out—yes, they shall, by ——" he cried determinedly, as he threw away the weapon and gazed at the nails growing out of his fingers.

On, on he went, through one place and then another, until he came full upon the village, and the church, and the peaceful valley, and the high trees, and the crows, and the little children, and the churchyard full of decayed mortality. Oh! what a wondrous contrast between these objects and the two persons who were about to meet after so long a separation; why, the blood was boiling in the veins of the one, and there was devilry in the mind of the other. It may be said that they ought not to have been there, but really that was no fault of mine, as I simply record the facts, not make them, and am not in any way answerable for the manner in which the picture is painted; so just remember, will you, that as the aged schoolmaster was dreaming about his former persecutions upon the top of a tombstone, a man opened the gate of the churchyard, and walked in a rapid manner towards his old enemy the doctor.

Ay, he recognised in an instant the man who had insulted his youthful sorrows, who had perverted his childish virtues, and who had flung him upon the world a hardened reprobate.

Biddulph stopped short all of a sudden, pulled his hat over his forehead, fixed the collar of his coat right up and around his ears, when he walked deliberately over the graves right to the front of his enemy, and looked at him savagely, and just as though he did not wish to follow the example of the tiger in playing with his victim.

The doctor continued his dream, and did not observe that he had a visitor for a time, until, gradually lifting up his eyes, which were full of satisfied brutality, they encountered the piercing glance of the instrument of vengeance.

"I address Dr. Frampton, do I not?" began the man.

"Yes, my friend, you do," replied the doctor, just as though he expected something in the shape of a marriage-fee, or a christening-fee, or at the least a burial-fee.

"You were once master of a public school?"

"Yes, my friend, I was."

"You had many scholars, hadn't you?"

"Yes, my friend, many."

"Do you know any of them now?"

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"No, not any."

"Why, don't they come to thank you for their education?"

"No, I suppose they don't know where I live, or they would, I suppose."

"Oh, that they would; and I knew where you lived, and I am come to thank you," the man said, bitterly, and he continued as he saw that the doctor trembled, "Yes, to thank you."

"Well, and what do you say, my friend, what do you say?"

"Say? why this, doctor—that my name is Richard Biddulph."

Here the clergyman shook like a leaf.

"But I am not now as I was when you *first saw me*, am I?" he asked, determinedly, as though he wanted an answer, and wouldn't wait for one.

"Why, my scholars were so many that I don't remember the name."

"There, look at the face! There!" Then he threw aside his hat, and took off his coat, and cried, "Look at this face! Look at it, I say!"

"Well!"

"Ay, but it is not well, for there is written upon it something horrible, isn't there?"

"No, my friend."

"Nay, then, at once, friend not me, because we are the bitterest and most unrelenting enemies. I was a boy once in mind, heart, and integrity, and you made me a man."

"How, sir, how?" asked the doctor, as he sprang upon his feet, in order that he might protect himself. "How, sir, how?"

"Dr. Frampton, do you remember——?" Here Biddulph repeated a portion of his early history, and laid particular stress upon the first punishment. "Ay, do you remember all that?"

"No, my friend, I dont."

"Then, sir, I do, and I am come to thank you in a modern and never-to-be-forgotten manner, so defend yourself—defend yourself."

The man went back three paces, then darted forward with such velocity that the doctor was lying upon the turf in less than no time.

"Monster, protect your throat, or I'll throttle you, I will—I will, by ——"

At this juncture the life which was in the aged schoolmaster became more anxious to continue; so that he struggled hard, but to little purpose, because of the determined hatred of his enemy, for being very soon deprived of all resistance, Biddulph dug his nails into the flesh about his heart—if he had a heart—and so gripped at his throat that what was beneath was not more powerless than the capacious body of the man who had created a retributive murderer.

Biddulph dug away with his hands at the breast of the dead man until he reached a lump of muscle which resembled the heart of a tiger, and not of a christian—and that was the heart of a schoolmaster.

When he commenced the man panted again like an enraged maniac who is determined to break away from his keeper; but now it was all over, he was all at once changed into a child. He had no ferocity, no revenge, no seeking and searching after blood, but he allowed his eyes

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to rest upon his hands, which were bloody, and large tears rushed from them, whilst he cried,

"Oh! if I had known what the feeling was to be, I would never have been a murderer. Yet he murdered me when I was a child, didn't he? Yes, but he had a warrant for it, and I had no warrant for staining that grave with the blood of the living. No!"

He rose up and looked around him, and would have left the place if it had not been for the laughter of the little children, who were still at play upon another tombstone, and who now and then looked at the scene which he had been the means of placing before them. He then flung himself upon the body, and would have given it his own life, but it was not to be so. *No, it was not!*

VISION OF ST. MARTIN'S.

BY A LADY.

I ENTERED in the lone churchyard of old St. Martin's pile,
The setting sun was shedding there a sad and parting smile;
I sat down on a time-worn stone deep sunken in the mould;
How many tales of olden time those ancient gravestones told!

I gaz'd upon the humble tower that rear'd its modest head,
Around whose brow the ivy leaf in rich luxuriance spread,
And thoughts of time long pass'd away came rushing o'er my brain,
Till, in my vivid fancyings, they seem'd to live again.

The palace towers met my view just peeping o'er the trees,
The leaves, in murmuring voices soft, were whisp'ring to the breeze,
When shadowy forms came flitting by—a day-dream of romance—
And all the present soon was lost in fancy's blissful trance.

* * * * * * * *

The palace gates are open'd wide, and in the stately hall
Is mirth and loud rejoicing as for some high festival;
And thousands in right gay attire, and nobles in their state,
Are thronging in glad eagerness around the palace gate.

But all is expectation now, for nearer and more near
Loud shouts are borne upon the wind, a pageant draweth near,
Each cap is doff'd, each heart prepared, whatever may betide,
To give a joyous welcome to their monarch and his bride.

The music soundeth joyously, the banners wave on high,
And all around is boisterous mirth and noisy revelry;
Amid the shouts that rend the air King Ethelbert comes on,
And in his eye a mingled glance of pride and pleasure shone.

But look on that light graceful form that's seated by his side,
As fair as morn when morning breaks in all its summer pride,
With noble brow and eye of love, and in her gentle heart
Lie thoughts and feelings deep and pure that Christian hopes impart.

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Among her train there is a man of word and aspect mild,
With high, pale brow, yet in his eye the meekness of a child;
He passes through the heathen crowd unnotic'd and unknown,
And breathes a prayer for sinners there in piety's deep tone.

It is Augustine, he hath left his own more sunny clime
To follow fair Queen Bertha here across the heaving brine,
To keep her gentle heart from sin, her faith unstain'd and pure,
And in this dark and heathen land her heavenly bliss secure.

But now the train has swept from sight within the lofty walls,
And long and loud the revelry resoundeth through the halls;
And ladies fair are mingled there, and grace the festive scene,
And all unite in welcome to their monarch's lovely queen.

* * * * * * * *

Months roll away, and Bertha's heart is torn with hopes and fears,
If Ethelbert will yield or not to all her prayers and tears,
To kneel with her in earnest prayer for mercy from on high,
And learn the glorious creed that tells, We live beyond the sky.

With throbbing heart she takes her way to his accustom'd room;
He meets her with a joyous smile that dissipates her gloom,
He takes her hand with words of love—how welcome to her now!
"Sweet Bertha, whence this moisten'd eye, and why this troubled brow?"

"Oh! list to me, my king and lord," in gentle tones she said,
And laid her hand upon his own, and bent her graceful head;
"Hark! while I tell eternal truths thou never yet hast heard;
Oh! bow thy heart with humble faith and listen to His word.

There is another world than this, a world that lasts for aye,
A region of perpetual bliss, a life of endless day;
And all who steadfastly believe and call on *Him* to save
Will meet again in peace and love, and live beyond the grave.

Remember this, my much-lov'd lord, and hear thy Bertha's prayer,
Let her not think a joy is hers which thou mayst never share;
Let her not fear, beyond the grave we ne'er may meet again,
And that thou mayst eternally be doom'd to endless pain."

Soft fall her honeyed accents on the raptur'd monarch's ear,
He could not fail to listen when the speaker was so dear;
While fervent with her sacred theme, her colour mounted high,
And lighted up with holy love her beautiful soft eye.

The king's high brow is troubled now, his lip and cheek are pale,
He trembles like some forest oak that's stricken by the gale;
He looks on her with grateful love, and waves her to depart,
For fear and doubt are on his mind, and anguish in his heart.

Oh! long and doubtful was the strife within the monarch's breast,
Before he would renounce the faith his fathers had profess'd,
And with the holy friar oft he held communion long,
Who strove with all a Christian's zeal to win his mind from wrong.

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The truth at last burst on his soul with majesty divine,
He turn'd unto his joyful queen, "My Bertha, I am thine!
Our ancient gods I do renounce, my errors now I see,
And in St. Martin's holy church a Christian I will be."

* * * * * * * *

The morning sun shines gloriously and gladdens all the vale,
And music's slow and solemn strains are borne upon the gale;
The king comes forth in royal state, his nobles round him throng,
And to St. Martin's Church the train now slowly moves along.

They enter 'neath the lowly door, that gay and reckless crowd,
And every voice is hush'd and mute, and every head is bow'd;
For in the altar's simple rail the holy friar stands,
And calls a blessing on their heads, and lifts his folded hands.

The king advances up the aisle and stands the font beside,
And banish'd from his heart and mind is all his royal pride,
And with a Christian's humble mien he kneeleth lowly down,
Forgetting all his earthly state to win a heavenly crown.

Augustine now with pious joy the sacred rite begins,
And tells of ONE who died for all, a martyr for our sins,
And on the monarch's noble brow is plac'd the holy sign—
The symbol of our sacred faith, of promises divine.

And hundreds rush'd, with hasty zeal, the heavenly boon to share
That would atone for former sins by penitence and prayer;
And soon, o'er all this heathen land, the Christian's creed was known,
And every voice was lifted up to God's almighty throne.

* * * * * * * *

Augustine, Bertha, Ethelbert long since have pass'd away,
Ages have fled, and generations moulder'd in decay;
Yet still St. Martin's stands as then, triumphant over Time,
A lasting tribute to their praise, a monument sublime.

Old church! long may thy hallow'd walls give back the voice of prayer,
And long may pious Christians meet in supplication there;
But when thy last stone crumbling lies, tradition still shall tell
The spot where early Christians strove so wisely and so well.

E. C. H.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF MADEIRA DURING THE WINTER OF 1844-5.

CHAPTER I.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.
Anon
New shores descried make every bosom gay.
Childe Harold.

I SHALL not easily forget my sensations when, after those thirty days' tossing and buffeting through the Channel and Bay of Biscay in a terrific westerly gale, I heard the welcome news announced one morning that we had passed Porto Santo during the night, and were then rounding Point Saint Lorenzo, the easternmost extremity of the island of Madeira.

Sick, miserable, exhausted, and disgusted with my "nautical existence," the intelligence was grateful as can be conceived. What matter was the head wind, or the dull, misty, damp-feeling morning? We were there—actually *arrived* within a mile from the shore; and after a few hours' coasting (such coasting it promised to be!) away merrily would our anchor rattle in Funchal Roads. Not only were sufferings, dangers, and disagreeables at rest, but enjoyment was even then commencing; while Hope was at work telling many a phantom tale of recruited strength and spirits in that pleasant land before us. Strange my fellow-passengers did not feel thus! Already sounds of discontent came grating on my ear. Some people never derive enjoyment in the realization of their anticipations. No wonder; why will they for ever be so sanguine? Why anticipate at all, if they cannot limit the brightness of expectation? Trusting to the power reality will have of pleasing, better far to form no previous idea at the risk of being disappointed. The past—at least the memory of agreeable places—always possesses enjoyment; about *that* there can be no mistake; recollection is too faithful; but dwelling pleasantly on the future is often succeeded by sad reality, and disappointment is the effect of the deception. I confess I was in the humour when,

"Lovely seemed any object that should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep;"

and if the Isle of Sheppy had arisen out of the waves at that

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moment, I should have hailed it as "promised land." Still, in spite of my matter-of-fact desperation to effect a speedy disembarkation, I saw enough when I scrambled on deck to enrapture the soul of *Smelfungus* himself.

We were beating up with our head to sea, and passing between Point St. Lorenzo and three small uninhabited islands a few miles windward, called the "Desertas"—fit name for such inhospitable-looking rocks!—cold, desolate, and barren, they contrasted miserably with the aspect of Madeira.

Terminating in the point I have mentioned, a bold ridge of black, sharp-crested, surf-beaten rocks joins a long neck of low country, which gradually merges into the fine chain of mountains that, rising abruptly from the sea to the height of 3000 and sometimes 4000 feet, runs along the entire southern side of the island.

Another tack! and we career gaily towards the shore. The neck is passed; the land becomes bold and high. Dark brown cliffs appear, 500 to 1000 feet high, covered with gigantic *cacti*, and broken and slipped into all the fantastic shapes a loose soil undermined by the ever-roaring breakers is likely to exhibit. For, however calm the sea, a storm of surf heaves and rages below, throwing up columns of spray among the rocks and wave-worn caverns with a low, rumbling sound. From the rugged summit, gracefully undulating, the mountains stretch away, wild, occasionally wooded, but without a habitation, or the slightest trace of cultivation. Resting on the sea, its head buried in mist, truly one could fancy such a beautiful speck on the wide ocean must have *fallen from the clouds!*

Low and heavily the clouds hung over the hill-side—not so heavily, however, but that now and then a bright gleam revealed a portion of the jagged outline peeping behind them; nor so low but that one could distinguish the succession of ravines which intersect the range, dark, deep, and anon filled with vapour. One of these defiles, opening directly from the sea, and forming a romantic bay, on whose rippling shore a small village is quietly ensconced, widens into a beautiful valley, rising through magnificent country. Gleams of sunshine passed rapidly across the valley. Once, I remember, when turn after turn of its serpentine course was dark and gloomy in the distance, the head of the gorge became for a few moments brilliantly lighted up, the clouds breaking away and disclosing many a bright peak and gilded ridge far above. The view was well worthy an island possessing some of the most noble scenes in the world.

The same character of scenery continues for ten or twelve miles along the coast; but when, after rounding a jutting crag called the "Brazen Head," we ran lazily into Funchal Roads, we came at once upon a new and lovely sight. The cliffs decline rapidly into a low indented shore, where, surrounded by beautiful hills

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that seem purposely to have receded for its sake, dazzlingly white and fair lays the town of Funghal, occupying, as it were, a corner of a vast amphitheatre, not perfect nor level, but inclining inland, one segment being open to the sea. White houses, with bright balcony, window, and light-tiled roof, and many a glittering tower and spire, are strewn thickly along the shore; while pretty cottages, built on terraces overhung with creepers and flowers, half buried in trellis-work of vine and the varied shade of huge tropical plants, are scattered in every direction on the rising ground above. Over that circle of dark hills, enriched with vineyards and groves, white-looking domains peeping amongst the foliage, the sun at last burst gloriously forth; one by one they pulled off their night-caps to bid us welcome. Giant shadows and transient gleams played over all; the clouds rose higher and higher, though not without struggles, and a "devil's tablecloth" sometimes dropped provokingly down again. Gradually the whole outline of the mountains, table-land, ridge, and pinnacle came out in fine relief against the pure blue sky, and *then*, the colouring, the warmth, and the beauty of that first view of Funghal I shall never forget.

Surely, I argued, if health or happiness are to be obtained, it is *here* that I would seek them. The scene was indeed singularly novel and impressive, nor was it difficult to realize the fact of a great change of locality having been effected during a month's sea-sickness. I believe it was the very suddenness, the *completeness* of the change which was so striking. We cross the Channel, the North Sea, or even cruise down the Mediterranean, and, wherever we land, vast as may be the difference in country, people, or climate, still there is some traceable point of resemblance to things of a similar nature to which we have been used. Not so in a trip to Madeira. We sleep at Falmouth to wake, after a few days' rolling and pitching on the broad ocean, in a place unlike anything we have seen before. The voyage seems a dream; but whilst we have been dreaming we have, somehow—it appears a trick almost—exchanged England for a country with all the characteristics of a tropical clime.

There was little time for reflection. Scarcely had we let go the anchor, when we were surrounded by a number of strange-looking boats, strange tongues sounded around, moustachios, dirty faces, and straw hats, crowded the deck; there were greetings in English, greetings in Portuguese; the bustle was confusing, officials were satisfied, compliments, salutes, farewells, protestations uttered, bargains were struck, and the strange boats loaded with luggage and land-lubbers, each being propelled by four stout half-naked rowers, glided swiftly towards the shore.

Farewell to the good ship! or, as a sentimental young lady remarked, to the "last link between ourselves and home"—a link, I must own, I was heartily glad to sever. For I was neither un-

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curious, unexcited, or home-sick; but I was dreadfully sea-sick, and, longing to be landed, I got through the parting with tolerable composure.

The sun had been his highest and slightly declined, the heat intense, the town glaring, and everything so foreign (especially the paucity of attire in which the crowds on the beach seemed to indulge), that I already began to surmise the probability of experiencing some inconvenient change in habit or manners. The scene on landing at Funchal is by no means an ordinary one. Scattered high and dry on a long, rough, steep beach, lay innumerable large, peculiar boats, low in the quarter, peaked both at stem and stern, with a lofty prow, and gaudily painted. Many of these boats are in process of landing their various cargoes of passengers, pipes of wine, and live stock; the last of which is the only description of lading whose lot it is to have a comfortable mode of reaching *terra firma* by remaining quietly on board until the boat is drawn out of the surf. Passengers have to watch their opportunity, and leap to shore as the turf recedes; but, with all their precaution, a wet foot is often the warmest greeting they meet with on first acquaintance with Funchal.

As for the casks of wine, they are unceremoniously bundled into the sea, and by dint of swimming, pulling, and hauling, a Portuguese manages to get them on shore dexterously enough. The confusion consequent upon all this pulling, hauling, and jumping, is extraordinary; but it is nothing to what catches the eye a few yards higher up the beach. Such a singular mass of boats, bullocks, and human beings! The whole place seems moving. The dusky Portuguese, from the half-naked boatmen to the ragged boys, swarm like a hive of bees. A dozen or twenty smart fellows, dressed in short blue jackets, white trousers, white boots, and a little peaked cap just covering the crown of the head, are prancing up and down on caracolling steeds, with loud cries of "Ah, cavallo!" "ah, malo cavallo!" restraining their impetuosity; or in a jargon of broken English commenting on their various qualities, and trying to induce you to mount.

The sturdy little brown oxen, coupled with heavy wooden yokes, are toiling along with well-laden sledges (the only means for conveying heavy goods in Madeira), or dragging the heavier boats through the surf; while some are patiently waiting their burden, whisking the countless flies with their long tails. Their drivers, curiously costumed in loose bag breeches, leaving the ancle and calf bare, and a sort of whity-brown coloured boots, with the before-mentioned little cap facetiously perched on the head, are goading the beasts with long poles, bawling out horrid sounds signifying their wish that they should make greater exertions; and a small boy, guiding by a leathern thong attached to the horns of the animals, also intimates a similar desire in the same

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charming but shriller tones. From this medly of quaint-looking objects arises, not *a* sound, but the most wonderful and unearthly *combination of sound* that ever issued from the human throat. The noise, the bellowing, howling, and screeching, the imminent danger of unpleasantly-close quarters with the horned beasts, along with crushed toes and sundry other inconveniences, render the scene perfectly bewildering.

One is thus apt to be deceived as to the industrious habits of the Portuguese. All this horrible confusion, distracting though it be, cannot fail at first sight to strike one with an idea of the commerce, the traffic, and the industry of the place. A closer inspection dispels the illusion. To every description of employment twice the number of men are engaged that are required, and those from whose mouths the most inharmonious noises proceed, are absolutely doing nothing at all. In fact, glancing again and again over the heterogeneous collection, it is evident there is "much ado about nothing;" and well there might be, for this observation applies to almost every action and occupation of a Portuguese.

BALLAD.

THE BRIDAL BLESSING.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Bless thee, my child! the hour is come
That tears thee from a father's side;
Alas! I seem as stricken dumb,
I scarce can bless thee as a bride.
'Tis Nature's law that we should part,
Yet Nature may not chide my tears;
Those fountains of a father's heart
Will gush for thee, my hope of years.
Bless thee, my child! oh, bless thee!

Bless thee, my child! my household gem!
That argent wreath that binds thy brow,
Thy beauty's bridal diadem,
But tells me I must lose thee now.
Light of my hearth! we part, we part,
Thy bridegroom's step is at the door;
Come, let me fold thee to my heart,
My home shall now be *thine* no more.
Bless thee, my child! oh, bless thee!

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LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Gaëtano ; a Dramatic Poem, in Three Acts, and other Poems. By GILBERT MAYFIELD.

WE are not among the number of those who would look discouragingly or disdainfully upon even the humblest aspirant unto the fair field of poesy; on the contrary, we consider the desire to win honour in itself honourable, and that, though there may be few who gain laurel and myrtle crowns, and golden violets, yet that, as the ambition to achieve great things is the next best thing to achieving them, so do we reckon that every candidate merits the gentlest treatment from the hands of even the severest critic. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that in this crowding into the poetic field there may be some danger of the highest merit passing undistinguished. An individual may be lost amid a multitude, just as the true gem may sometimes lay unnoted among the shoals of pebbles upon which we tread by the sea shore.

To carry on our thought we say, that in neglecting such a gem as the book of poetry before us, the injury in like manner will be done to ourselves. It is easy for the critic to speak praisingly of the graceful and the beautiful, but such a production as the present must inspire its own sensations before it can receive its fitting commendation. The words that belong to this life but faintly shadow forth the meanings of another; yet are there all that the poet can command, though he wander over the confines of that other land and bring, like the spies of old, samples of its glorious fruitfulness to this. His mind expatiates in worlds of light, his footsteps print themselves upon the stars, he roams upon the wings of the wind, and then returns to us laden with the thoughts of immortality. If he can communicate to us these impressions, if he can free us for a brief season from the chains of our earthly cares, if he can lift us from the dust of which our sordid human nature is composed, his office of priestly poet is fulfilled, for the poet is assuredly nature's priest. True it is that the multitude are incapable of this elevation. The labourer must be fitted for his vocation. More for humble cares the crowd are suited, for life's necessary toils by their very incapacity for higher pleasures, and it may be that they are happier in the multiplicity of their homely enjoyments than the man of refined mind in his solitary joy. The

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one class may count themselves richer in the possession of their heaps of dross than the other in the few grains of their pure gold. There exists also this marked difference between them, that while the humblest intellect is ever best self-satisfied, the highest is constantly possessed with an insatiate craving; and hence our obligations to such poets as Mr. Mayfield has here proved himself. We do unfeignedly say that we recognise and acknowledge in him the true poet. We know not whether the world will crown him with its praise, but though the rays of such a glory may be bright, the poet should aspire to a brighter. When Mr. Mayfield speaks of retiring from the arena should his genius not be appreciated, he forgets that, though talents may be buried in a napkin, it is beyond the power of genius to extinguish its own flame; that it will still burst forth and blaze; that he cannot subdue his own spirit, and that he must live and die a poet whether he will or not.

"Gaëtano is a drama better fitted for the closet than the stage. Public representation has to do rather with the stirring events of life, and the results of warring passions, than with the refined and intellectual. An audience looks for scenes and passions hanging on this world's interests instead of those aspirations which associate us with existence beyond the grave.

In "Gaëtano" we have a soul struggling with its shackles, aspiring for emancipation. Though rich to overflowing in the possession of all that might satisfy life, with youth the brightest, as it is the most perishing of all our gifts; with beauty winning all hearts; with wealth sufficient to buy all earth's luxuries, and even to purchase friends to share in their enjoyment, yet will not the ardent soul content herself with any earth stained joy. Drinking, like Solomon, of every forbidden cup, he finds bitterness in the dregs of all. There is exquisite beauty as well as refined poetry in the justice of "Gaëtano's" portraiture. It was fitting that he who had disdained life should, in losing it, recover a just sense of its full value, while in the arms of such a death the poet seems to have satisfied his own ideas of the happiness of existence.

But passing over several poems of singular beauty, we must pause for a brief moment over the last, "Ecstasia." Here the poet, standing upon some rocky pinnacle of life, seems to survey the stormy ocean of man's passions, his distracting hopes and fears. In these the power of thought and beauty of expression bear equal pace. The real dignity of Mr. Mayfield's muse requires no adorning. He does not fritter away the strength of his expressions by hanging round them the trinkets of epithets. There is power in his spirit, strength in his calmness—in short, in one emphatic word, *he is a poet.*

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Manual of Astronomy; a Popular Treatise on Theoretical, Descriptive, and Practical Astronomy; with a Familiar Explanation of Astronomical Instruments, and the best Method of Using them. By JOHN DREW. London: Darton and Co.

ASTRONOMY is the sublimest science which ever engaged the attention of man. It has usually been considered as the *ultimatum* to which other sciences have been made subservient. Why has the student pored over the intricate questions of algebra, and solved in succession the problems of *geometry* and *trigonometry*? Why has it been the summit of his ambition to be initiated into the arcana of Newton's *Principia*? These were once deemed the necessary *prelimina* to the systematic study of astronomy; and hence the multitude were shut out from an attempt to acquire this sublime science. It was considered the science which none but minds of the loftiest order, and scholars of the highest degree, could possibly understand. And the large measure of scientific acquirement demanded as the qualification for initiation had a tendency to sustain and sanction the opinion, for it was impossible for a mind to have passed through the required preliminary routine of study without having gained strength from the palæstra. Mathematical studies are the most severe exercises, and on that account the most invigorating to the higher order of the mental faculties.

The treatises on astronomy were to be found only in the libraries of colleges, or in the halls of the nobility; and many of those treatises were not designed to convey instruction, they were long discussions, and nothing more than long discussions, attempting to adjust the claims and adjudge the merits of the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems. Aristotle, Hipparchus, and many other philosophers of antiquity, defended the former most strenuously; while Pythagoras, Plato, Archimedes, and others, maintained the latter, by the ancients called the Pythagorean system. It had had an existence centuries before Copernicus was born; but the system bears his name, because to him was the merit of bringing the system into public notice about the year 1500. Since that period the brilliant illustrations of that system by the indefatigable labours of Sir Isaac Newton, have established it on an immoveable basis. Some points in astronomy, which were once debatable, are now settled principles—axioms and postulata upon which all legitimate discussion is conducted.

Since the days of Sir Isaac Newton, works on astronomy have rapidly increased, and the works of comparatively recent date have been adapted to the general class of readers; they have been cal-

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culated to stimulate the student to nobler efforts in this study, and to teach the uneducated the first great principles of this elevated and ennobling science.

Among the works to which we especially refer are, "The Architecture of the Heavens," by Dr. Nichol; "Sidereal Heavens," by Dr. Dick; "The Wonders of Astronomy," by the Rev. T. Milner, M.A., and to these we may add, "Manual of Astronomy," by John Drew; a work which we have read with much pleasure, satisfied that the philosophical views and practical details it contains cannot fail to instruct the reader, and encourage him to pursue with fresh vigour this deeply interesting branch of an enlarged education. No time can be more profitably spent than that which is spent in a diligent attention to this science. We agree with the poet in his views of the holy and salutary influence this study must have on the mind, when he said—

"An undevout astronomer is mad"

And though there are too many who make some pretensions to astronomical knowledge, and yet have no devout or hallowed sentiments, it is no evidence against the tendency of the science, but a strong proof of moral derangement; for when does man appear so little, so insignificant, so undeserving the notice of God,—when is his view of the infinitude of the Divine Being so deeply impressed on his mind; when does he feel his dependance on the mercy and forbearance of God, if not when the starry heavens are spread out before him, and presenting to his view worlds on worlds in infinite succession, until mind is lost in wonder? But how "much more wondrous HE who made them all!" Every branch of this science; every aspect in which it can be viewed, has a tendency to raise the thoughts and expand the mind.

We think Mr. Drew has been very successful in simplifying the principles of astronomy, and that "his book will meet the wants of many who, without pursuing astronomical science to any great extent, are, nevertheless, anxious to obtain a general acquaintance with the phenomena of the heavens."

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with an outline of the arrangement as given by Mr. Drew in his preface.

"The work consists of four parts.

"Part 1 explains our position in the universe.

"Part 2 is an attempt to simplify the principles of the Newtonian philosophy.

"Part 3 makes known the discoveries of the telescope with respect to the magnitude and physical constitution of the heavenly bodies.

"Part 4, on practical astronomy, gives an explanation of the manner in which the facts brought forward in the former sections may be verified by the use of astronomical instruments; directs

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such as may possess telescopes how to use them, what objects to look for in the heavens, and where they are to be found. The rules for the adjustment of the Transit, Astronomical Circle, and Equatorial, divested as they are of algebraical formulæ, will, it is anticipated, be found extensively available."

With this arrangement we are much pleased, because we think it appears to be the result of close attention to the subject, and a clear comprehension of its principles. A second edition of this work will be speedily required if its merits shall be appreciated as we expect. In the prospect of a second edition we take the liberty to suggest that the pages from 249 to 254 would be most suitably arranged if they formed an *introductory* section. Mr. Drew seems almost to have anticipated this suggestion in his observation at the close of his preface, where he says, "The author would strongly recommend the non-mathematical reader to begin by studying the definitions at the commencement of Part IV., inasmuch as unless these are fully comprehended, certain portions of the work will be unintelligible."

"There is no royal road to learning" was a trite observation of a distinguished instructor of his prince. The sentiment the tutor intended to convey was, that there was no exception to be made for a prince in any of the *gradations* of education. Mr. Drew has succeeded in making the most difficult science intelligible to those minds which have not passed through the gradations of mathematical training. He has written in a very *perspicuous* style. His statements of facts and of principles are so plain that they cannot be misunderstood.

The instructions upon the peculiar characteristics and upon the use of astronomical instruments are very valuable. Though it may be an extreme case of ignorance where the man who, after a wreck on his native shore, had found a quadrant, used it as a stand to put his meat on, when he took it to the oven, yet there are many who have had the advantages of instruction on other subjects would be very awkward in regulating the foci of a telescope, or in using a quadrant, or a sextant. We view this part of the work with much interest, and believe it will induce many to avail themselves of the invaluable assistance they may derive from the improved astronomical instruments.

No doubt some wonderful results will arise in the science of astronomy by means of the monster telescope prepared by Lord Rosse in Ireland. And it is gratifying to the friends of advancing knowledge, that now every encouragement is offered to those inventions which may aid the developments of science. Mr. Drew's Manual of Astronomy will amply repay all the attention and patronage it may receive. We give it our most hearty commendation. It is our deliberate opinion that every family library is defective that is destitute of this valuable manual on the sublimest science.

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Atmospheric Traction in General; with Explanations and Illustrations of Pilbrow's Atmospheric Railway and Canal Propulsion; being the substance of a paper read by Dr. Hewlett, before the Society of Arts, March 19, 1845. Published by JOHN WEALE, London.

THOUGH we directed the attention of our readers to this subject in our number for the month of March, yet the barometer of railway speculation has risen so rapidly, and attained a height so far exceeding all calculation, that we think it desirable again to notice this new method of *traction*, which the pamphlet before us most fully explains. It contains a very brief history of the application of atmospheric power as an agent for railway traction; it gives a comparative view of the two systems now before the public—viz., the Samuda and the Pilbrow systems; it enters very minutely into the details of the latter; it furnishes tables of the comparative expense of each system, both in *the original outlay*, and also in the *working* of a given distance, and it recommends the adoption of the atmospheric principle in preference to the *locomotive*, by satisfactory and cogent reasons.

We have thus given a brief analysis of this neat pamphlet. As this method of traction is quite a new patented invention, and many of our provincial readers may not have an opportunity of seeing the beautiful model at the Adelaide Gallery, we take the liberty of transferring from the pamphlet to our pages,

THE DESCRIPTION.

The apparatus consists of a tube with a small square chamber above; on this chamber, at given distances, are small square boxes, into which a pair of spindles are perpendicularly inserted, having a small wheel at either end with oblique threads or channels on its surface; the edges of these wheels enter the chamber above the piston. Into the tube the piston is placed, carrying with it an arrow, or bar, or oblique channelled rack, in the square chamber above. The progress of the piston brings the arrow between the edges of the spindle-wheels, and turns the spindles round with great velocity. This description relates to all that is *under* the surface of the road midway between the rails.

Above the surface of the road are the media of connection with the moving power. The spindles have wheels at the top in every respect corresponding with those which enter the chamber below; along the centre of the leading carriage there is placed a rack, in shape and form, only rather wider, similar to the piston rack. This rack is of sufficient length to be in two pair of pinions or spindles at the same time, and, by consequence, it is never out of gear during the whole time the propulsion apparatus is acting on the carriage.

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We are bound to bear our testimony to the correctness of this description, and to the comfort and security we felt in riding in the model carriage at the Adelaide Gallery.

From our earliest acquaintance with this system we heartily wished it success, and we repeat those wishes with more earnestness than ever, since we are sure that by this method many accidents of that frightful character which have recently occurred will be entirely avoided. During the past month more accidents have occurred on railways than have been known in the same given time during their history; and the writer of this pamphlet notices the security from accidents in the following terms:—

"Travelling by Pilbrow's Atmospheric Railway may be accomplished by the invalid without injuring his health by offensive vapours, or perturbing his nerves by the immense momentum of a ponderous engine and tender, which render immediate stopping almost impracticable. Provision is made ordinarily for stopping the carriage *ad libitum* by the *break*, and on extraordinary occasions by an opening valve similar to a flute key, which can be opened by a slight depression of the carriage-rack under the control of the conductor. The advantages of this system, which are common to the other system of Atmospheric propulsion, are *the avoidance of* smoke, steam, and falling flakes of fire,—the impossibility of collision,—the rapidity of progress over gradients of considerable height,—and the extraordinary saving of expense.

We hope this pamphlet may have an extensive circulation, as it is calculated to disabuse the public mind of many erroneous opinions in reference to the Atmospheric as a tractive power.

The Coming of the Mammoth, The Funeral of Time, and other Poems. By Henry B. Hirst. Boston, U. S.; Philps and Sampson.

We rejoice to recognize the inspiration of poetry anywhere; and though the leading subjects which Mr. Hirst has selected are not those which we admire, yet his poetic genius invests them with attractions which rivet the attention and charm the fancy.

"The coming of the Mammoth" is a poetic version of an Indian legend. The poem has seldom been equalled for bold conception and appropriate language. It will be read with delight by all the admirers of Byronic verse, without the poison of Byron's principles.

"The Funeral of Time," the other larger poem of the work, possesses considerable merit. Poetry with Mr. Hirst is not an art, but an inherent habit of mind. The habit will require some care or vigilance or it may be injurious. The excess of a good becomes an evil, and on the amount of the superabundance of poetic influence we account for the last ten lines of the first page

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of the preface, being the most *unqualified bombast* we ever read. We think it right to inform our readers the bombast is *nowhere else* but there, lest they should hastily conclude that the preface is a specimen of the whole. We advise our readers to pass over the preface as a bed of poppies which have overgrown the entrance to a parterre of the choicest flowers. We welcome this transatlantic volume as a valuable addition to our libraries, and a stimulus to our poetic literature.

Zanoni. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.A. London: Saunders and Otley.

Night and Morning. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.A. London: Saunders and Otley.

We are not of those who pass a sweeping censure on light reading. Fully aware of some of the disadvantages of too free indulgence in this kind of reading, we venture to think that, if it be not allowed to consume too much time, it has its peculiar benefits. To minds much engaged in severe studies it is a pleasing relaxation, while it is an interesting medium through which a knowledge of human knowledge is communicated, and that many who, without this means, would continue unacquainted with the workings of the human mind, do through this means learn much that others only know by long and painful experience. It is a mental exercise to those who have no inclination for graver studies, and is often the means of inducing a *habit of reading.* And this is no small advantage, since it prevents the grosser employment of time, which is too often spent entirely in the gratification of the senses—an exercise which takes its place among the auxiliaries to the attractions of home. Every faculty of the mind has a measure of impulse given to it by that department of literature now under consideration. It is true that the larger measure of impulse is given to the imagination, but even this is subordinated to the exercise of the more useful and sober faculties. Not that we think depreciatingly of the imagination; as a mental faculty it has its appropriate office, and ought to be cultivated. It is only injurious when left to its own undisciplined roamings; when under wholesome control it will keep up the vividness of every scene presented until *judgment* has formed its estimate of the principal actors in the scene. *Memory* supplies principles, facts, and illustrations to aid the judgment in giving its verdict; nor will the *understanding* be dormant; it will be on the alert minutely to observe each light and shade of character and circumstance, and thus the whole intellectual man is put into requisition, and a vigour is imparted by the effort required.

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And there are also *moral* advantages to be derived from the best works in this department of literature. The object of the *best writers* is generally to exhibit vice in its deformity, and virtue in her sweetest attractions. In many instances it is the fault not of the writer but of the reader, if the contents of the volume have not the effect of putting the reader on his guard against some evil ensnarement, and of giving vigour to some good principles and purposes.

In giving this brief comparative estimate of that branch of literature to which these volumes belong, it is but fair to state some of the disadvantages, that these being known may be avoided. It must not be concealed that the infatuating influence which the reading of productions of the imagination does exert on many minds may induce an indulgence in this *desultory consumption of time*, which prevents more important though less pleasing duties. It is not only possible, but highly probable, that many may read merely for the excitement of the imagination, and thus neglect the benefit which might be acquired, and induce a *morbid sensibility*, which may throb a scenes of imaginary woe, and maintain a stoical indifference to the sorrowful events of real life. And it must be admitted that some works of imagination have been made the media of conveying erroneous sentiments. And then, the more powerful the fascination thrown about them the more injurious their tendency.

Though we might considerably enlarge this article, yet our limited space compels us to bring our observations to a conclusion, and in doing so we remark, that while there is much mental trash teeming from the press, against which we are bound to record our decided protest, yet we believe that, with some exception, most of the works of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton possess many of those qualities which secure for them many of the advantages, while they have but few of the disadvantages of this branch of literature.

These works have been so long before the public that anything like lengthened or elaborate critique of their merits would be superfluous.

We cannot, however, forbear giving one extract illustrative of strong *filial affection*, and this we regard as a cardinal virtue; wherever it exists other virtues are usually found, wherever it is wanting vices of every kind and degree abound. An unfeeling, ungrateful son treating his mother with indifference or cruelty is but the index of an accomplished villain; not so the son whom Sir E. Bulwer Lytton describes.

"'She is dead!—dead! and in your presence,' shouted Philip, with his wild eyes fixed upon the cowering uncle; 'dead with care, perhaps with famine. And *you* have come to look upon your work.'

"'Indeed,' said Beaufort, deprecatingly, 'I have but just arrived;

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I did not know she had been ill, or in want, upon my honour. This is all a—a—mistake; I—I—came in search of—of—another—'

"'You did *not*, then, come to relieve her?' said Philip, very calmly. 'You had not learned her suffering and distress, and flown hither in the hope that there was yet time to save her? You did not do this—ha! ha! why did I think it?'

"'Did any one call, gentlemen?' said a whining voice at the door, and the nurse put in her head.

"'Yes—yes—you may come in,' said Beaufort, shaking with nameless and cowardly apprehensions; but Philip had flown to the door, and gazing on the nurse, said,

"'She is a stranger!—see, a *stranger!* The son now has assumed his post. Begone, woman!' and he pushed her away, and drew the bolt across the door.

"And then there looked upon him, as there had looked upon his reluctant companion, calm and holy, the face of the peaceful corpse. He burst into tears, and fell on his knees so close to Beaufort that he touched him; he took up the heavy hand and covered it with burning kisses.

"'Mother! mother! do not leave me; wake, smile once more on your son. I would have brought you money, but I could not have asked for your blessing *then;* mother, I ask it now.'

"'If I had but known; if you had but written to me, my dear young gentleman—but my offers had been refused, and—'

"'Offers of a hireling's pittance to her; to her for whom my father would have coined his heart's blood into gold. My father's wife!—his wife!—offers—'

"He rose suddenly, folded his arms, and facing Beaufort with a fierce, determined air, said—

"'Mark me, you hold the wealth that I was trained from my cradle to consider my heritage. I have worked with these hands for bread, and never complained, except to my own heart and soul. I never hated and never cursed you, robber as you are—yes, robber! for even were there no marriage save in the sight of God, neither my father, nor nature, nor Heaven, meant that you should seize all, and that there should be nothing due to the claims of affection and blood. He was not the less my father, even if the church spoke not on my side. Despoiler of the orphan and derider of human love, you are not the less a robber, though the law fences you round and men call you honest! But I did not hate you for this. Now in the presence of my dead mother—dead, far away from both her sons—now I abhor and curse you. You may think yourself safe when you quit this room—safe and from my hatred; you may be so, but do not deceive yourself; the curse of the widow and the orphan shall pursue; it shall cling to you and yours; it shall gnaw your heart in the midst of splendour; it shall cleave to the heritage of your son. There shall be a death-bed yet, beside which you shall see the spectre of her now so calm, rising for retribution from the grave! These words—no, you never shall forget them—years hence they shall ring in your ears and freeze the marrow of your bones. And now begone, my father's brother, begone from my mother's corpse to your luxurious home!'

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"He opened the door and pointed to the stairs. Beaufort, without a word, turned from the room and departed. He heard the door closed and locked as he descended the stairs, but he did not hear the deep groans and vehement sobs in which the desolate orphan gave vent to the anguish which succeeded to the less sacred paroxysm of revenge and wrath."

The public are much indebted to the publishers for the cheap edition which they are now preparing. A cheap literature cannot fail to be a benefit to a country.

We invite the attention of our readers to the present edition, and hope that it will receive the patronage it deserves.

The Anglo-Indian Passage Homeward and Outward; or, a Card for the Overland Traveller from Southampton to Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta. With Letters Descriptive of the Homeward Passage. By DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, Author of "Literary Leaves," &c. London, Madden and Malcolm.

THE rapid communication with India will be a means of increasing our knowledge of the far-off sunny land; yea, what will be the result of this close intercourse it is impossible to determine. The crisis when there is a regular communication to India twice a month, marks "an event of great importance, not in the history of England only, but in the history of the world."

The book will be an invaluable companion to any one about to go to India, as it minutely describes the course, as it gives an account of the most remarkable places, describes the outfit most suitable, cautions against unnecessary expense, and prevents imposition by giving a tabular view of the relative value of money. The author is, perhaps, too sweeping in his censure of female inconsideration. There are some who are thoughtless, but, no doubt, they would be glad to receive advice. He says, "The ladies have usually so many requirements beyond the reach of the imagination of male creatures, that it is, perhaps, quite useless to propose any limit to their *impedimenta*. Female travellers, with the most moderate and reasonable intentions at the outset, generally remember at the last moment a vast multitude of articles that, according to feminine notions are all equally indispensable." Notwithstanding our objection to the *animus* of this passage, we must in justice say that no one ought to think of going to India without obtaining this book and giving it their closest attention.

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Miscellaneous Poems. By ELIZABETH PIDDOCKE ROBERTS. London, Darton and Clark; and Ragg and Co., Birmingham.

THE authoress of this pleasing volume of poems judiciously adopts for the motto of her work the modest lines of Burns,

> I am nae poet in a sense,
> But just a rhymer like, by chance,
> And hae to learning nae pretence;
> Yet what the matter!
> Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
> I jingle at her.

We say judiciously adopts, for, while by frankness she disarms criticism by her talents she charms the senses and rivets the attention. There are many choice poems in the volume, from which we will make a random selection.

THE SPIRITS OF LOVE.

> OH! there is a love of an early day,
> And its shrines are the fresh wild flowers,
> 'Tis a radiance which gilds with gentle ray
> The pleasures of childhood's hours.
> Spirit of light, and love, and truth!
> Hovering over the joys of youth,
> Hiding deep in the lily's bell;
> Haunting the dew-drops that star the dell;
> Murmuring soft through the waving trees;
> Wafting sighs on the mountain breeze:
> Spirit of dreams and visions bright!
> Alas! that each fairy spell,
> Woven by thee for those hours of light,
> Should *only* with childhood dwell.—
>
> And there is a love of a later day,
> 'Tis a transient, meteor flame:
> Yet music's swell, and the poet's lay,
> Have woke at its magic name.
> Spirit! whose home is the azure sky;
> Whose earthly rest is a star-bright eye;
> Far and wide hath thy empire spread,
> Many the captives thy power hath led,
> Weaving bonds for the gay and free,
> Crushing the young heart's buoyancy.
> Spirit of joys, of hopes, and fears!
> Of smiles and of love-lit eyes!
> Alas! that thy spell o'er our youthful years
> Should be bounded by manhood's sighs.

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And there is a love which to age's prime,
Is in grace and mercy given :
'Tis purer than that of the early time,
For its native home is heaven !
Spirit ! whose altars are far above
The fragile shrines of an earthly love—
Spirit of deeper and holier truth,
Than that which blesses the hours of youth ;
Far from the hopes and fears of earth !
Soaring up to thy land of birth !—
Spirit ! whose blessings firm and free
To the humblest hearts are given,
Bright type of an immortality
To be spent in the Christian's heaven !

Nor is our authoress less happy in her historic and narrative style, as witness the following.

THE RIVAL KNIGHTS.

[An authentic account of the termination of the quarrel between these knights is preserved in Latin in the British Museum, to the following purport :—

"The river Trent flows with a clear stream by Mavesyn Ridware, so called because on its northern bank is situated the ancient inheritance of the Mavesyns. The inhabitants say, 'that a jealousy subsisting between the families of Mauvesin and Handsacre, it so happened that when Henry IV. had obtained the crown of England from Richard II, and it was rumoured that Percy of Northumberland was in arms against the king, Mauvesin had ridden forth with six or seven vassals on the part of King Henry ; it chanced also that Handsacre, who espoused the opposite cause, had left home the same day with an equal number of attendants to join Percy. These rivals met, and, inflamed with rage, rushed furiously to battle ; Handsacre was slain, and the victorious Mauvesin, proud of his conquest, marching to Shrewsbury, there lost his life fighting valiantly for the king.' Mavesyn and Handsacre fought on an open, flat meadow, just above High Bridge, in Mavesyn Ridware, lying on the side of the Trent, between their respective mansions, which are in sight of each other. Sir Robert left behind him two daughters. Margaret, the younger daughter, became the wife of Sir William Handsacre, Knight, and thus terminated a feud which had been so fatal."—*Pitt's History of Staffordshire.*]

'Twas in those days of civil broil
Which once once disturbed our favour'd isle—
When Percy of Northumberland
Against King Henry rais'd his brand,—
That Robert, Mavesyn's proud lord,
March'd boldly 'gainst the rebel horde.
A warrior of high degree,
Of ancient race and proud was he.
Where Trent through Stafford's county flows,
In feudal pomp his castle rose ;
Its battlements and turrets high
Told, even then, of days gone by ;
For Soger, first of Ridware's name,
With the bold Norman's followers came.

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High on the opposing bank there rose
The hall of Ridware's mortal foes;
Its lord, a brave and dauntless knight,
Unmatch'd in valorous deeds of fight.
In Percy's fatal cause to war
Right boldly march'd De Handsacre:
True was his heart, and stout his hand,
And braver never wielded brand.
Long time had pass'd some angry words,
Between his sires and Ridware's lords,
Which settled into deadly hate,
That years could neither quell nor bate.

And now the warriors met, and high
Sir Robert spoke; and tauntingly
He told of ancient wrongs long past,—
And fiercely at his foeman cast
Such galling words of rage and scorn
As never tamely might be borne.
Ill could the gallant Handsacre
Such insult from a rival bear;
And hate, long felt, though long suppress'd
Now gain'd the mastery in his breast.
His eye of pride flash'd fiercest fire,—
Crimson'd his high swart brow with ire:—
And "thee, proud Mavesyn," said he,
"To single combat I defy;
To prove, with my good blade, that I
In a true cause will win or die;
In just and honourable strife
De Handsacre would risk his life;—
Thus, only thus, to be subdued,
And thus to end the mortal feud.
So, good Saint George defend the right,
And save him in the coming fight."

They fought,—and nought remains to tell,
Except that brave Sir William fell;
And that the Lord of Mavesyn
March'd boldly on to Shrewsbury's plain,
Where, fighting for his king, was slain.

Time pass'd—the nation's peace restor'd
Handsacre own'd another Lord;
And two young sisters, bright and fair,
Of Mavesyn's broad land were heir.
Young Handsacre, with brow of pride,
Took Ridware's Margaret for his bride;
And ended thus the fatal strife
For which his sire had paid his life.

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Still onward Trent's wild waters flow,
And still upon his banks we show
The deadly field of strife;
Where Mavesyn the mortal blow
Gave fierce De Handsacre, and how
He rendered there his life.

And yet there is the mansion left,
Of moat and drawbridge all bereft.
Of Ridware's castle nought is seen
To tell that it had ever been,
Except the ancient chapel, where
Was utter'd many a pious prayer,
Whose 'scutcheon'd walls so often rung
With many an even vesper, sung
For welfare of the Ridware Lords
Who fell by foemen's fated swords.
This last sad monument will tell
"How, when, and where" each chieftain fell.

We trust that the work will become known to the public, and, being known, it will be appreciated.

Jardine's Naturalist's Library. The People's Edition. Edinburgh: Lizars. Vol. I. part 1.

It has seldom fallen to our lot to review a work containing so much deep scientific research combined with so much that is calculated to please. The Part before us is on Ornithology; it is beautifully illustrated, and cannot fail to make the English reader fully acquainted with the birds of his own country. The first family is the Falconidæ, or the raptorial tribe of birds. The descriptions are accurate, and the plates so beautiful that it is impossible to study this book without attaining an accurate knowledge of Natural History. We have spoken of the *first Part* which we have received; but hope to see the subsequent parts as they shall appear, when we shall from time to time introduce the work to the notice of our readers.

In the prospect of again inviting to this work, we conclude the present brief notice of it by expressing our sincere joy at seeing "A People's Edition" of a work of such intrinsic excellence,—a work which many could not obtain on account of the price can now be had by the gentleman of small means, at a price which might be easily saved from the wages of the journeyman, whose extravagance often exceeds eightpence per week. This work deserves a place in every library.

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Stray Thoughts, in Prose and Verse. By E. J. Hytche.

Mr. Hytche is a very pleasing writer. He is a man of refined mind and cultivated literary taste. The little volume before us consists of poetry and prose, in both of which departments of literature he seems equally at home. Most of his pieces have before appeared in the periodicals of the day, where they have met with a very favourable reception. In their collected form they will be read with additional gratification. From his "Stray Thoughts" we give a brief extract, as illustrative of his manner in prose.

"Men can no more become wise merely by desiring it, than they can reach the summit of Mont Blanc merely by viewing its misty crown through their telescopes. In both cases arduous labour is requisite, exertion being as the turnpike which is erected at the commencement of the road to Success, and at which we must pay heavy dues for liberty to pass.

"It is a melancholy spectacle to see a man eating, drinking, and gambling away his property; and yet, when poverty, and its constant companion, misery, overtake and make him wince beneath their clutch, he will upbraid Providence for allowing him to suffer the mere consequence of his own imprudence. Such conduct is just as reasonable as for a man to sleep in a ditch, and then complain of the access of fever thereby occasioned.

"How many persons profess admiration of historical productions; and yet history is too often but a chronicle of robbery and murder on a great scale—the life and adventures of Jack Sheppard expanded into twenty volumes.

"A sick-bed is a 'station house,' to which we are often taken by the police constables, Vice and Folly.

"The surest way of acquiring the respect of others is to possess *self*-respect.

"There is one thing only which presents a complete picture of physical comfort: it is not a dog lying beside the arm-chair of a kind master, for he is annoyed by flies; nor even a cat reclining on the hearth-rug before a Christmas fire, for her sharp movements indicate nervous irritation: but a perfect picture of physical comfort is presented in yonder fly, which, reclining with outstretched limbs, drowsily sips the sample-sugar in the grocer's window.

"What strange ideas men entertain respecting their natural rights! For instance, yonder ragged urchin is beating his younger brother—the bystanders remonstrate with him on his cruelty, when he replies—Have I not a *right? Is he not my* brother? Reader, perhaps you laugh at the notion of the lad; yet he is but a microcosm of man in general; and it would puzzle many to assign a better reason for the rights which they claim.

"A great book is not a necessary sign of great wisdom—a maxim has contained volumes of *suggestive* thought."

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We subjoin a specimen of Mr. Hytche's poetry. It is entitled,

MORNING—A FRAGMENT.

The morn is mild, and, like a child at play,
The lark upriseth on its dewy wing;
And swiftly 'neath the heavens it cleaves its way,
Enchanting man with its sweet carolling;
Whilst all around bright flowers their odours fling,
And cheer the senses, or delight the eye.
The forest trees with simplest music ring;
For everything is blest, and majesty
Is crested on each flower—is seen in earth and sky.

A low dim sound is heard—the merry hum
Of insects floateth on the perfumed air;
Which tells that, though the orators be dumb,
Yet still they love to greet the morning fair.
Sly reynard wandereth from his secret lair.
Who could be slumb'ring on so glad a morn?
Fit hour to smooth the heavy brow of care,
And bid the sluggard wander where the corn
Is smiling like some face of beauty newly born!

There is much more equally delightful poety in the little volume, which we can cordially recommend to our readers.

Evenings in the Pyrenees, comprising the Stories of Wanderers from many Lands. Edited and Arranged by SELINA BUNBURY, Author of "Rides in the Pyrenees." London, Masters.

THIS volume is a series of romantic tales, whose only object seems to please or keep off a severe attack of *ennui*. The style is at all times perspicuous, and sometimes ornamental. The work is well got up, and will be a suitable book for the drawing-room into which the visitor is introduced to remain at the pleasure of the host for an interview.

The only decisive opinion that we have noticed, is our fair authoress expressing her views of smoking, which is in the following terms, "were sitting together engaged in the *iniquitous* employment of smoking." Not giving our opinion at present upon the practice of smoking, we think that an author should not use a word without knowing its meaning; and it would be rather difficult for our fair authoress to justify the use of the word *iniquitous* in the relation in which it is used in the above sentence. We might pass it over with a significant n'importe, did we not know that the word incorrectly applied weakens its force in its proper application. And all words relating to morals should be used with the utmost precision

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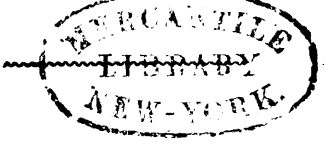
Lindah; or, The Festival. A Metrical Romance of Ancient Scinde, with minor Poems. Dedicated by very gracious permission to Her Majesty, Adelaide, the Queen Dowager of England and Hanover. By the Author of the "White Rose Wreath," "The Beacon Mound," &c., &c. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Between the rhymist and the poet there is a wide distinction: the former produces the outward appearance and fashion of poetry without its spirit, the latter makes the spirit of poetry to glow in his writings, whether they assume the form of prose or of verse. And there are not a few works in our own language which might appropriately wear the title, "Prose by a Poet." But we have no expectation that the author of "Lindah" will ever contribute to this class of interesting works. We have read his book with much attention, and regret that we are obliged to record an opinion which the most impartial judgment awards, and that is, that "Lindah" has no claim to a place among *poetry*. It is an Indian tale screwed up in Alexandrine metre, and divided into four compartments called cantos. The best pages of the book are those devoted to "the notes," in which some good sense and scriptural truth may be found. As we cannot commend we gladly forbear making any other remarks.

Hogg's Weekly Instructor. Part V. Edinburgh: James Hogg.

We have watched with much interest the progress of this periodical, and the more we are acquainted with it the more are we satisfied it is a useful publication, and deserves the patronage of every family in the united kingdom. No parent need fear that the minds and morals of his children will be injured from a constant perusal of this valuable work, but on the contrary he will find that the sentiments of sound morals and scriptural piety are inculcated by "The Weekly Instructor." It contains much original matter, which is always good in its tendency, and also the extracts are of the choicest kind and from the best works of our country. It is a very cheap publication, and the man who gives his influence to make literature cheap becomes a *benefactor* to the world of mind.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THE GLEE-SINGERS;[1]

OR,

THE GUELPHS AND GHIBELLINES.

CHAPTER XXX.

Let me come to him; give me him as he is; if he be turned to earth
Let me but give him one hearty kiss and you shall put us both into one coffin.
The White Devil.—Webster.

THE tender care of poor Buondelmonte for his young bride had prevented her from exposing herself to the raw early morning air in accompanying him to San Stefano. Her mother had come to the Palazzo Buondelmonte to bear Imma company. They had heard mass in the private chapel, and were now sitting together in a room of the palazzo awaiting the return of Buondelmonte; and the simple and affectionate Imma was pouring out to her mother expressions of her happiness in being the wife of her idolized Giovanni.

"Oh, mother!" she said, "I should be too happy were it not for a mingled dread that I am indeed *too* blessed; that so much happiness cannot last. This thought sobers me, or I should be wild with ecstasy. I do so entirely love Giovanni—he does so entirely love me; and he laughs at my fears; I ought to conquer them for his sake. And do you really think, dear mother, that all danger is now over, and that there will be no more nightly ambushes? Oh! how could any one dream of harming *my* Giovanni—my beautiful, kind Giovanni."

She stopped, for she heard some unusual sound in the street, at a distance. It came nearer; it was a mournful cry.

"Hark, mother! what is that?"

The Widow listened; and now they heard frequent cries, as it were of surprise and sorrow. Imma grew very pale, and the Widow herself looked alarmed; and again Imma asked, "What *can* that be?"

"I apprehend," answered La Donati, "that it is some commotion between the Guelphs and Ghibellines."

"Oh!" exclaimed Imma, terrified, "and I am the cause! The factions would have forgotten their hostility but for me; I am the parricide of my country, and will it not be visited on me?"

The cries became louder and more frequent. Imma and her

1 Continued from page 154.

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mother went to the window; they were in an upper room that looked upon the street. They saw persons, principally of the lower class, running about as in alarm and uncertainty, and women uttering doleful shrieks. Imma saw that the persons looked down the street as if to watch something approaching, and then they glanced over at the Palazzo Buondelmonte. She became excessively alarmed, and her mother little less so.

"Something dreadful has occurred," said Imma, "and those people look over here already as if to curse me."

Now she saw men, women and children in a group running on as the precursors of something that followed; and they were using all the violent Italian gesticulations of grief and horror. A dark object borne on men's shoulders appeared, the white horse led along followed, then a crowd.

Imma did not distinguish what the bier was, but she saw the horse, and screamed,

"Oh, mother! Giovanni is thrown from his horse; but where, where is he?"

The sad cavalcade drew near, she saw the bier, and screamed again,

"He has broken his limbs; let me go to him!"

She hurried down the stairs, but the unfortunate young woman had no command of herself; she fell down repeatedly, and could hardly rise even with her mother's help. And he, who, had he seen her falling from step to step, would have felt his heart bruised, *he* could not come to the assistance of his beautiful, his beloved.

Imma at length dragged herself to the lower floor. The train had entered the palace, and laid down the bier in the first apartment, and were now standing about it. Imma tottered in, leaning on her mother's arm; and, before she could be prevented, hastily pulled off the pall, and saw at once the extent of her misfortune. There lay her adored Giovanni, a murdered corpse. The miserable Imma did not faint; she had not the happiness of even a momentary oblivion. She stood in a state of horror, her eyes almost starting from their sockets, and her form rigid. She was silent; she found no words adequate to express her agony.

Then she gave way in a succession of shrill, delirious shrieks that appalled the by-standers. Her mother, in a tremulous voice, tried to speak to her, but Imma turned impetuously away, and threw herself upon the corpse, tearing her hair and beating her bosom with the vehemence of insanity.

"Oh, my Giovanni! my Giovanni! oh, my own! What will become of me? Why do I not die? My heart is a stone, or it would have burst at this sight. Oh, my beautiful, my beloved! will you never look at me again? never speak to me again? Oh! I would give worlds for one word. I was too happy—I knew I

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was; but this misery is more than I can bear. But I should have foreseen it; there was that funeral wreath in the chapel when I was married. Oh, Giovanni!" and she screamed again long, and frantically, and agonizingly.

"Who did the deed?" said the Widow to one of the Buondelmonti.

Imma heard her and started up from the body.

"Why need you ask? *You* did it, mother; you and Carlo. Yes, you did this; if it were not for your plans and wiles he would have been living now. Oh! why did I wed him? I brought death—a fatal dowry. *I* helped to kill him, too. I tried to save him, for I refused him once, but I helped to kill him at last—I directed the Ghibelline daggers. Oh, my Giovanni! why did I not die instead?"

One of the kinsmen whispered to La Donati that Mosca was the murderer, and that he was in custody, The Widow felt a self-accusing pang; she saw she had brought death to her ill-fated son-in-law, and anguish unutterable to her daughter.

A light draught of air stirred Buondelmonte's dress. Imma thought he moved.

"Oh, my Giovanni! there is life yet—he hears me; help! help! raise his head! bring water! we are letting him die for want of help! water! water! try, try to revive him!"

One of the attendants, to gratify her, gave her a vessel of water. She eagerly bathed her husband's cold temples, and tried to pour some drops between his pale lips; but the water trickled out again at the corner of his partially opened mouth, till even delirious hope perceived it was in vain, and she sank down on the bier and hid her face. Poor Imma! her eyes were burning; she had not yet had the relief of a single tear. She started up again.

"Oh, miserable! is there no help? no help?"

Her confessor entered, and, taking her by the hand, said gently,

"Daughter, take comfort."

She turned quickly on him, and said in a calm voice,

"There is but one comfort in the world for me; if you can give it—well. Can you give me back my Buondelmonte?"

"Nay, daughter, you speak wildly."

"Can you not?" said Imma, bitterly, for grief had overcome her habitual respect for the priest; "can you not give me the only comfort I want—the only thing that *could* comfort me? Then away with your mockery! it is insult to talk of comfort to *me*. Oh, my lost love!" (turning to the corpse) "*you* do not mock me with empty words!" and she bent down and kissed the lips, the hands, and forehead of that marble form with an intensity of love and grief; then at last burst into a passion of tears, and sobbed herself into a state of exhaustion.

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Amidea, since the scene at her interrupted nuptials, had appeared in public as little as possible; and on the morning of Easter Day, instead of going to one of the churches where she would be exposed to the gaze of hundreds, she heard mass at home with the sick and infirm of the household, Padre Severino officiating.

After the service the Padre and Amidea went to the apartment of the latter, and had begun to speak of Florestan's prospects, when they were interrupted by clamours in the streets, cries, lamentations, shouts of defiance and execrations, and Guelph and Ghibelline watchwords.

They hastened to the window, and saw crowds and confusion, but could not comprehend the cause. While they were yet wondering Almanno burst in hastily, looking heated and flurried.

"What is the matter, Almanno?" they exclaimed together.

"Florence is up," he replied; "civil war has broken out; the city is in a fearful state."

"How? why? what has occurred?"

Almanno hesitated.

"But I may as well tell you," he said, after a moment's thought; "Amidea cannot fail to hear of it. Well, then, a dreadful circumstance has occurred; poor Buondelmonte has been murdered, and the Guelphs have flown to arms."

Amidea and the priest were at first unable to speak; they could only look at each other pale with horror.

"Buondelmonte murdered!" at length murmured Amidea, slowly; "poor Buondelmonte! miserable Imma! Oh, brother! tell me, surely I am not the innocent cause of this horror? Have the Ghibellines done this?"

"I do not know the details," replied Almanno; "I hurried home on the first report, knowing you were defenceless here. The palace is now closed and guarded, but some of my men will soon bring intelligence."

And presently one of the domestics came in, all haste and terror, and reported to the astonished group that the noble Buondelmonte had been attacked by the Glee-singers on the Ponte Vecchio, and murdered after a brave resistance, in which he had killed one of the assailants.

Amidea's interest in *one* of the Glee-singers made her heart flutter at this extraordinary announcement; yet she felt sure that Florestan was in no way implicated, for she knew his friendship for the unhappy dead.

Almanno marvelled.

"The Glee-singers! what interest had *they* in his death? But they are Ghibellines—some factious brawl—it is strange!"

Now arrived another domestic from the focus of rumours, and he added to the perplexity by announcing that Buondelmonte was murdered by Captain Florestan Bastiani.

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"Fool!" cried Almanno; "you speak of a man who has been dead many months."

"So it was thought, I know, Vossignoria," replied the man; "but Captain Bastiani was alive all the while, and disguised under the name of Brunetto, the Glee-singer."

This was such a blow to Amidea that she felt as if death was busy with her. Not that *she doubted* Florestan, but she feared for him some new calumny, some new persecution, and she dreaded the consequences of his recognition.

The priest had been speaking apart with Almanno, and telling him that at least *that* part of the story was true—that Florestan was living under the name of Brunetto; but desired him not to discuss the subject with Amidea, who was unable to bear it.

"A third messenger brought a different version. He affirmed that Buondelmonte had recognised in the street Florestan who was known as Brunetto, and had denounced him publicly as an outlaw and endeavoured to seize him; that the other two Glee-singers interposed to rescue their comrade; that in the scuffle the youngest was killed by Buondelmonte, whom Florestan stabbed in revenge, but was himself (Florestan) immediately apprehended, and was then in confinement.

"Amid these conflicting rumours," said Almanno, "two things appear agreed on—that Buondelmonte is dead, and that Bastiani is alive and implicated in the murder. But what are we to believe?"

The priest saw Amidea suffering so deeply that he could not bear to leave her in suspense any longer. He said to Almanno,

"These men of yours get only the varying street rumours from third and fourth persons; I will go to the scene of this miserable occurrence and learn the truth from the podesta."

"No, dear Padre," said Almanno, "do not venture out; the city is in an uproar."

"My age and my habit will protect me, my son; no one will molest old Padre Severino."

"At least take a couple of men with you."

"No, my son, their appearance would only draw unpleasant notice upon me. The old priest will go safest alone. But where am I to go to?"

"To the Ponte Vecchio," replied Almanno; "I saw the podesta hastening thither."

The Padre went to Amidea, whispered a few kind words to her, and set out on his unpleasant walk. He found the citizens entirely plunged in civil discord; party cries, shouts, oaths, "Down Guelph," "Down Ghibelline," resounded in his ears; groups distinguished by party badges were already fighting in the streets; Guelph mobs were attacking Ghibelline palaces, and Ghibelline mobs Guelph palaces, with stones and missiles; alarm bells were

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ringing; the civic authorities vainly struggling to restore peace; shrieking women and terrified children were rushing into the churches for sanctuary.

Amid all this uproar Padre Severino arrived safely at the Ponte Vecchio. He shuddered as he looked at the slaughter-place crimsoned with human blood. He was directed to the neighbouring monastery, where his name procured him instant admission.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I pardon thee; I will shed tears for thee;
Pray with thee;
And, in mere pity of thy weak estate,
I'll wish to die with thee.
A Woman kill'd with Kindness.—Heywood.

The venerable character of Padre Severino and his well-known interest in Florestan, on account of Amidea, at once obtained for him permission to be present at any inquiry within the monastery that regarded the fate of Bastiani. He was admitted into a room of the monastery wainscoted with very dark walnut wood, and lighted by three high narrow windows secured by strong iron bars. Its furniture consisted of a few oaken seats, a table on which stood some medicines, a coarse picture of the crucifixion against the wall, and a low couch or bed, on which lay Antonio, very pale, and with closed eyes; motionless but not insensible. Valdo knelt beside the couch, hanging over his apparently dying comrade. A surgeon stood near. The podesta, the superior of the monastery, and another monk, were the only other persons present.

When Padre Severino entered, he was gladly greeted by the podesta.

"You are welcome, reverend Padre; you have come in good time, for I was just about to impart to these honoured persons a discovery made by the surgeon, Messer Landi, which may prove to be of more than private interest: Messer Landi has communicated to me that the young person who lies there mortally wounded and near death, and who has been known in Florence as Antonio, the Glee-singer, is—a female."

The pale face of the supposed Antonio glowed; the hearers started with surprise, and drew nearer to the couch. An agitating surmise seemed to flash through Valdo's mind; he uttered a kind of scream, and bending lower over the wounded person, said, in a husky voice,

"Tell me, I implore you by everything you hold sacred, are you——?"

"Yes, my poor brother, I am Rosara," was the startling reply.

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Valdo moaned aloud with anguish, but pressed his miserable sister to his bosom. Every voice was ready with questions; but Valdo made a gesture imploring silence, and they respected his evident agony. After a solemn pause he raised himself on his elbow, and gazed with grief and surprise on the greatly altered face of his sister. She gathered breath.

"Dearest, ever-beloved Valdo, I have always said I would be known to you on my death-bed, and *you* promised you would not loathe nor reproach me then."

"Reproach you, my lost, my found! I will love you, tend you, pray for you. Rosara! is it really possible? Rosara, whom I sought so eagerly! Rosara by my side, and still unknown!"

The remainder of the persons drew into a group and whispered together when they found that the wounded person was the apostate nun of Sienna. They seemed debating on what was to be done. The surgeon, a humane man, was heard to say—

"Death will soon decide all—she must die; the wound is mortal."

And Padre Severino appeared evidently pleading for mercy; and after another conference carried on in low tones, they all approached Rosara.

"Wretched and criminal being——" began the superior.

"But most suffering, most penitent," murmured the unhappy girl.

"Yes, I can solemnly swear," said Valdo, with energy, "that her life has been one continued penance."

"And you, sir, her brother," continued the superior; "how is it that you have lived with her in connivance at her guilt?"

Valdo vehemently asserted his utter ignorance of his sister's disguise, or even of her existence, till that moment, and stated that he had not seen her since she was twelve years of age, and that the great alteration that time had effected in her prevented his recognising her. He said Rosara had been remarkably fair for an Italian; now she appeared of a particularly dark complexion.

Rosara, anxious to vindicate her brother, explained that the dark complexion was the result of an application to her face, in order to assist her disguise; and she requested that it might be washed away. Messer Landi complied with her request, and gently removed the dye; and then she appeared unlike the boy Antonio. She then said to her brother,

"To convince you, Valdo, who still seem to look strangely upon me, do you remember the deep wound I received in my head when I saved you from falling down the precipice? Raise my head and part my hair behind, and you will find the scar."

Valdo did as she desired.

"It is indeed Rosara; and now I am beginning to recall the style of her features to my memory."

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"My son," said Padre Severino, addressing Valdo, "to assist our understandings, tell us as briefly as you can, how came you and your unhappy sister together here, and in the dress of Glee-singers?"

Valdo complied, and related briefly what he had before detailed to Florestan at the hermitage. The podesta then observed,

"We have this morning apprehended the outlawed Florestan Bastiani, who also has been with you under the name of Brunetto; explain, how came he associated with you?"

The superior knit his brows, and said angrily,

"Wretched woman! do you talk of repentance when you have been so long living in disguise with your seducer?"

Padre Severino listened eagerly for Rosara's reply. She said, firmly,

"Brunetto our comrade is *not* Florestan."

The Padre was perplexed at this answer; but turning to the podesta, he said,

"Vossignoria knows my interest in Bastiani; I pray you let him be summoned hither, and permit me to interrogate him, for here seems some great mystery."

The podesta assented, and requested the monk in attendance to have Florestan conveyed thither, accompanied by Piero, whom he remembered to have said that *he* could prove Florestan's innocence.

Padre Severino then addressed Rosara, and adjured her to satisfy him that she was indeed penitent; and she replied to his adjuration in such pathetic and humble words as moved her hearers to pity, and assured them of the depth and sincerity of her repentance; and Valdo could no longer control himself, but wept aloud.

"Oh, my Rosara! my own, only sister. I have sought you so long, and now to find you thus miserably. My dream, my strange dream, that I should find you in Florence—and *how* found? to lose you again so soon. Must she indeed die?" he said, looking wistfully at the surgeon.

"It is better thus, my son," replied Padre Severino; "better for her to die young, to die penitent and absolved, than to live a long life of shame and penance, and parted from you for ever; for if she recovered she would be claimed by the offended ecclesiastical powers, and you could never see her more. Now she will be delivered from the authority of man to a Power whose mercy and justice exceed immeasurably those of even the best of mortal men."

As he spoke Florestan entered, guarded, and accompanied by Piero, and Mosca, whose presence Piero declared necessary.

As soon as Rosara saw Florestan she held out her feeble hand to him.

"Good Brunetto, do not mourn for me; I wish to die."

Florestan, who had been apprised of Rosara's discovery, looked

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with extreme interest, mixed with pity, on her who had been unintentionally the cause of all his misfortunes, and with whom he had lived so long and so unsuspectingly; but before he was able to speak to her she glanced at Mosca Lamberti, and fell into a swoon which every one feared was fatal, and none more than Florestan and the Padre, who saw that the long-desired clue to the fate of the former was at length found.

Messer Landi lavished all his skill to recover his patient, and after some time succeeded, but entreated the by-standers to speak to her as little as possible, as excitement would hasten her dissolution. Piero, whose object was revenge on Mosca, addressed himself to the persons present.

"Reverend and noble Signori, while that unhappy lady reposes from her agitation hear me with patience, and I will unravel the tangled skein that perplexes you. Captain Bastiani is entirely innocent of the abduction of Rosara, the nun of Sienna—the hero of that performance is here" (clapping Mosca on the shoulder), "and he, this good Florentine noble, the better to ward off suspicion from himself took the name of Florestan Bastiani, by which appellation alone he was known to Rosara."

Florestan and Padre Severino uttered mentally a prayer of thanksgiving, and then joyfully clasped each other's hands. Mosca looked on without a word or a gesture.

Valdo sprang up from beside Rosara's couch and grasped Florestan's hand.

"Bastiani, I have wronged you—I have villified you; but you know how I was misled—forgive me—" and Florestan cordially returned his grasp. Rosara, who now comprehended the truth, tried to murmur something to Florestan of the wrongs she had heaped upon him; but he begged her to be tranquil, all was forgiven, and would soon be overpaid.

Florestan then requested of the podesta to call on Piero for a full explanation, which he begged might be taken down in writing on the spot, and subscribed by the witnesses, as a means towards his future justification, and of restoration to his rank. The podesta complied, and the attendant monk prepared his writing materials; the persons present seated themselves, and Piero spoke.

"I am the natural brother of this Florentine noble, Mosca Lamberti. I was acknowledged by my father, and brought up in the Palazzo Lamberti, in that most trying and dangerous of situations, a doubtful position. I was educated as if intended to hold some rank in the world, yet I was denied any. My education prevented me from associating with menials, and I was neither received amongst nor presented to men of respectable rank. No profession, no occupation, was provided for me. My half-brother, Mosca, associated with me, but it was on terms of inequality, as a condescension on his part. The nobility of my birth on my

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father's side prevented the household from becoming friendly familiars; the meanness of it on my mother's side procured for me the scorn of all others, and particularly because I was a dependant. Had I been brought up to support myself; had my education been directed to some one end; had I been taught to respect myself, I should have been a better member of society than I am; but I received an education unsuited to the contemptuous manner in which I was treated, and I learned tastes for indulgences which I was allowed no means of procuring honestly. I was just trained to become the tool of any one who would pay for the evil use of my abilities, that needed money which they could not procure by their lawful exercise. I became then the tool of my wealthy, unscrupulous half-brother. At one time he pretended some affection for me, the easier to win me over in the beginning; but when once I had sold myself to his evil suggestions he treated me with double scorn. Well, no matter now; I have been engaged with him in many evil things, but they are irrelevant to the present subject—I will proceed to that at once.

"During his late absence from Florence he abode for awhile in Sienna, and there he heard of the beauty of Rosara and of her exquisite voice, and he learned her little history. He was curious to see her, and to procure access to her he pretended to be a Ghibelline officer acquainted with her brother. It was necessary to assume a name, and he took that of Captain Florestan Bastiani, because it was held in such estimation, and because Bastiani was actually in Sienna, but living so retired a life as to be scarcely known even personally in the city; and, as Mosca learned, he was utterly unknown at the convent of St. Mary's.

"Mosca saw Rosara and became violently enamoured of her. I cannot tell of what kind his feelings really were, but he professed to me that she was the only woman he had ever loved, and that had she been free, and able either to enrich or to elevate him, he would even have married her. As it was he plunged into a love-affair with her at once; he took every opportunity of visiting her with pretended messages from, or news of, her brother. He whispered to her his love; he insinuated himself into her affections, overcame her scruples, and gained her consent to elope with him.

"He sent for me to Sienna; but I had not seen Rosara, and it was with shouts of laughter that Mosca told me of his gaining her affections under the name of Florestan; the name, he said, had gained half the victory for him. He imparted to me his intended elopement, and between every burst of laughter used to exclaim, 'The saint-like, prudent, precise, impeccable Florestan! How the world will be edified to hear of his turning convent-robber! How disgusted people will be with your demure fellows after such an exposure. I am ten times better pleased to have the scandal fall on the head of this young military saint than on any other

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person's, there will be such a commotion among the pious; and honest, unsuspected Mosca will hear all the discussions, and think to himself how much wiser *he* is than any one else.'

"I am sorry to say that I procured for Mosca a bit of Captain Bastiani's writing, by which he was enabled to imitate the hand, and to prepare a letter with the signature of Florestan, to drop in the garden on the night of the elopement. The plan of escape was communicated to Rosara; I repaired with Mosca on the appointed night to the convent of St. Mary's, and assisted him to place the rope ladder, and in evil hour the unhappy, forsworn nun put herself into his power. He conveyed her away instantly to the Apennines, intending to reside awhile at a lonely retreat he possessed in that mountain region.

"You all know how appearances condemned Captain Bastiani, and how great a victim he became in consequence of Mosca's wiles. I heard afterwards of his death at the Battle of Bouvines, and believed it; and then it was too late to make reparation.

"When Mosca returned to Florence he was alone. I asked him of Rosara; he said she had become a great burden on him, and even dangerous to him, in consequence of her repentance, and of her retaining scruples of conscience, and that he was obliged therefore to get safely rid of her. I guessed that getting safely rid of her meant securing her in the grave. Indeed he hinted as much, but he seemed always unwilling to speak of her, and avoided the subject; so that I could not tell with certainty what had been her fate, but I was fully convinced she was no more. I have very little proof to offer you of the truth of my statements, except the corroboration of the unhappy lady, who fortunately lives to establish the facts, and here," said he, drawing out one or two papers,* "these may corroborate in some degree."

He showed the specimen of Florestan's writing that he had procured at Sienna. It was only a transcript of one of the Emperor's sonnets; but on the blank spaces were many attempts at imitating the hand, and these essays were recognised as Mosca's writing. Piero also showed the letter he had received from Mosca, summoning him to Sienna, and promising him a large sum for his aid in some matter, which, though mentioned in ambiguous terms in the letter, easily became intelligible by Piero's explanation.

"These evidences," resumed Piero, "I have preserved unknown to Mosca; he caused me to burn them, as he thought, in his presence, but I substituted other scrolls and deceived him."

Piero then proceeded to state Mosca's determined hostility to the murdered Buondelmonte, and Lamberti's ambitious views; acknowledging that it was in revenge for ill-treatment that he (Piero) now made these disclosures. He added that he had seen

* Paper made of cotton was in use at this time.

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Rosara but once, on the night of her escape, but that he now recognised her; that he also had only casually seen Bastiani once or twice in Sienna; that, believing him dead, he never suspected his identity with Brunetto the Glee-singer, particularly as in that character his face had always been concealed when he saw him.

The podesta turned to Mosca and asked him had he anything to say. Mosca, who had remained hitherto like a statue, replied,

"I scorn to hold parley with a man who receives accusations against a Florentine noble from a self-convicted villain, who has forgotten, however, to tell you that he robbed the church at Empoli of its silver vessels."

"For that," said the podesta, "he shall answer in proper time and place, and shall be retained in safe keeping; but the present question is the innocence of Captain Bastiani, which I am happy to say I consider established. But, with Messer Landi's permission, I will ask a question of his patient."

He approached Rosara and begged her to answer him truly as a dying person. He pointed to Florestan.

"I adjure you as you hope for mercy, is this the person who took you from your convent?"

"No!—no!—no!" replied Rosara, eagerly but faintly.

"Was this the man" (pointing to Mosca); and did you believe him to be Florestan?"

"Yes!—yes!—oh, yes!" she replied, in the same manner, holding her hand over her eyes to shut out the sight of Lamberti.

"And now, Captain Bastiani, I would beg you to explain how you came to be falsely believed dead; why you adopted this disguise, and associated yourself with this unhappy person and her brother."

Florestan related his story briefly, but clearly, veiling, however, the Emperor's design on Florence, and letting it appear that in the political character of the Glee-singer he had indulged his own Ghibelline zeal.

Padre Severino testified in Florestan's favour that he had on a former occasion saved the life of Buondelmonte from the dagger of a midnight assassin.

"*That* was the assassin," cried Mosca, pointing to Piero.

"Under *your* orders," recriminated Piero; "but I care not what happens to me, when or how I fall, if I drag you down along with me—you, my tyrant and destroyer."

"Cease, sinful man," said Padre Severino; "this is an evil temper of mind, and will but cast discredit on your testimony."

"Permit me," said Florestan, "one word with that unhappy lady." Then bending down to Rosara, he said to her, gently,

"Why have you hitherto so constantly affirmed that Rosara was murdered by Florestan? You still live, and I never harmed you."

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She replied, "The false Florestan *did* attempt my life, and imagined he succeeded; he was in intent a murderer, and as such I denounced him."

"I could wish," said Padre Severino, "that this unfortunate young person could be able to tell us what befell her since she broke her convent vows; then everything would be at once explained."

Messer Landi intimated that his patient was too much exhausted to enter on the subject at that time; she must have perfect rest, and he must administer restoratives before she could again be questioned.

The superior proposed their retiring to another apartment, leaving Rosara to the care of Messer Landi and an aged female as a nurse. Mosca and Piero were removed to the prison cells of the monastery. Florestan entreated the podesta immediately to despatch a messenger to the Emperor Frederic, announcing the discovery of Florestan and Rosara, and requesting that his Imperial Majesty would be pleased to direct a re-hearing of his cause in Pisa. The podesta acceded, adding,

"I have no doubt, Messer Bastiani, of your perfect acquittal, but in the meantime my duty demands that you be detained here in safe but honourable keeping."

Florestan replied,

"I am a willing prisoner."

CHAPTER XXXII.

I was betrayed to a most sinful hour
By a corrupted soul I put in trust once.
A Fair Quarrel—Middleton and Rowley.

Rosara after her exhaustion had slept quietly for some time, and awoke refreshed. She had been provided with female apparel, the nurse had removed all the stains of blood and dirt and smoothed her hair, and she lay on her bed pale, fair, and neat, and without the ghastly and unnatural appearance she had before exhibited.

Her brother was again admitted to her; he was accompanied by the superior, the podesta, Padre Severino, and Florestan. Valdo saw now more and more clearly the traces of his sister as he remembered her in childhood; and Florestan looked with pity and interest on the remains of *that* beauty that had been so fatal to him.

They all seated themselves near the couch; Valdo close beside it, holding his sister's hand. She addressed him,

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"Since the time that you met me in the Apennines, Valdo, I have always intended to reveal myself to you at my dying hour; but, fearful that the approach of death might impede my utterance, or that it might be sudden, I wrote my narrative and concealed it about my person. You will find it under my pillow."

Valdo drew forth a small manuscript; he felt that to read it would task him too highly; he handed it to Padre Severino with a tearful glance which the good priest well understood; and, in compliance with that mute request, the Padre read aloud as follows:—

ROSARA'S CONFESSION.

"I took the veil from a mistaken impulse, and not from any real vocation. My parents were dead, my brother far away, I was very poor and very friendless, and the convent seemed to offer me the only safe and honourable retreat. I espoused the conventual life from merely worldly motives, and dearly has it cost me. Far better for me had I bowed my pride to even a menial situation with some honourable lady, than to have assumed, from earthly considerations, a religious profession.

"But I did not willingly deceive others when I professed vocation; I first deceived myself. My heart was saddened by the loss of my father, and humbled by my gloomy prospects; and I mistook sorrow and apprehension for religion. There was nothing in this world that I could then dare to *hope*, and I imagined that there was nothing in the world that I could ever *desire;* and this is no uncommon delusion.

"After my profession as a nun I became gradually aware of the truth. The convent grew irksome to me. I had lived a life of perfect unrestraint; I was passionately fond of nature; I had been used to search out scenes of beauty and to ramble in them freely; I had been accustomed to do as I pleased with my own time, and I had often thought it well employed when I was basking, indolently happy, gazing on the mountain or the stream. *Now* I was confined within narrow limits; my eyes rested on unvarying stone walls; and ever, at the same recurring hours, I plodded on the same round of stated duties.

"There is no profession so irksome as the religion of those who have no vocation for it. It is so incompatible with the interests, the feelings, the hopes of earth, that when these can venture to intrude, the discord, the discrepancy, is subversive of all tranquillity. Happy beyond measure are they who have sincerely dedicated themselves to religion, and whose soaring fervour carries them above the cares and wishes of earth; and equally miserable are they who, without due self-knowledge, advance to lay a profane hand on the ark.

"I grew weary of what I now considered as confinement; I

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sighed for the woods and valleys, and thought I could be more really religious among *them* than between stone walls. The only pleasure I now had was in seeing those Ghibelline officers who brought me news of my dear brother. I delighted to hear them speak of military life; I had loved it because it was the life of my father and my brother, and I had been so happy when I lived with *them*. Yet after the visits of these persons I always felt myself more and mort dissatisfied with my state, and often wished that my lot had been differently cast, and that I had been the wife of even a subaltern officer. I had occasionally heard of Captain Bastiani, and always in terms of praise. I was prepossessed in his favour, and it was with no small pleasure that I was one day informed that Captain Bastiani requested to see me, being the bearer of a message from my brother. I received him in the *parlatojo*."

Here Rosara interrupted the priest's reading to observe,

"This was the person whom I hear you call Mosca Lamberti, but to me he was ever known as Florestan Bastiani."

Padre Severino resumed his reading.

"He pleased me, and oh! most unhappily, *I* pleased *him*. He came again, again, very often; every time he insinuated himself into my favour. The days that he was absent were to me more irksome than ever; but I had now one occupation—that of watching and wishing for his coming; and I believe this is the first ingredient in woman's love.

"But I must not dwell on the details of a sacrilegious attachment. My visitor now began to lament that so much beauty (as he said I possessed) should be buried in a convent. He talked to me of the world, of the pleasures of freedom, and artfully drew from me the confession of my distaste to my situation. It is an enormous stride towards a woman's ruin when she confides to a man her dislike of the state of life in which he finds her, if that state be an honourable or a lawful one.

"My false friend soon professed love for me, and I confess I listened with a tumultuous joy. My heart yearned for affection; I had so loved, I had been so loved by my own family, that affection was one of the wants of my soul which could not be supplied by the inmates of the convent, to whom I was by *name* 'sister,' but in *truth nothing*.

"Had I set my affections above and thought less of perishable earthly ties, I should not have been the wretched outcast that I am. My professed lover soon induced me to listen to a proposed elopement. He reminded me that he was the favourite of the Emperor Frederic; that the Emperor was now in favour with the Pope, and the Ghibelline cause was now the prevailing one; and that it would not be difficult, through the Emperor's interest, to procure a dispensation from my vows, and, ultimately, permission to marry.

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"I wished him to employ himself immediately in seeking to interest the Emperor to procure the Pope's dispensation, while I remained in the convent till the matter should be decided and I be free to leave it and marry my pretended lover. But he persuaded me that every opposition would be given by the abbess and the sisterhood, and that if I remained in their power they would be enabled to thwart my views. He urged that it would be better for me to intrust myself with him and be conveyed to some place of security pending the question of the dispensation.

"In evil hour I consented. The principal pleasure I promised myself in my release from conventual seclusion was that I should often be able to enjoy my dear Valdo's society when I became the wife of a brother officer. Alas! in an evil hour I consented to the sacrilegious breach of sacred vows, and fled with my false lover.

"He carried me to a lonely retreat in the Apennines. There, at his desire, I assumed a male attire to avoid detection. Remorse now began to awaken; I knew I had sinned; I became miserable. The freedom I coveted I could not enjoy. The beautiful scenery my eyes had longed to behold seemed covered with a pall; the very rivulets seemed to murmur, 'apostate! perjured! accursed!' I thought of my brother; I remembered the agony that the report of my flight would cause him, and the dishonour I had brought upon his name. Oh, how bitterly I repented!

"And I soon began to discover that my professed lover was not sincere when he spoke of seeking for a dispensation. At first he played off my entreaties with excuses, then he turned them off with a jest, next he met them with sarcasms, and at last I saw fully the wretched thing that I was. I perceived it was his intention I should remain in that retreat of the Apennines till—till—I suppose he had wearied of me. I know not what *then* he intended to be my fate, but I now loathed him and myself, and determined no longer to abide in my sin. I resolved to leave him, and, by favour of my disguise, to search out my dear brother, to confess myself to him, and entreat him to place me in some religious retirement where I should be unknown, and where I might wear out my days in penitence.

"Accordingly I took an opportunity of my betrayer's absence (I knew not where) to fly from the house. I eluded the persons he had left in charge of me, and made my way to the desert part of the Apennines. But my destroyer, on his return, had missed me, and set out immediately, well mounted, in pursuit. He traced and overtook me. I positively refused to return with him; an altercation ensued with much recrimination. I was bitter and unsparing in my reproaches; he was provoked and afraid of exposure; in a moment of blind fury he attempted to strangle me. I had sufficient presence of mind not to struggle, but to simulate

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death. I heard a whistle and footsteps approaching; he flung me into the deep bed of a mountain torrent in a ravine and fled. I became insensible.

"Peasants in search of a stray goat descended into the ravine and found me apparently dying. Their timely interposition restored me sufficiently to speak, and I told them I was a friendless boy who had wandered thither in search of employment, and that I had fallen in with banditti.

"The peasants conveyed me to their cottage and treated me with kindness, which I mourned to think was so ill-deserved. I had a long and dangerous illness; in the midst of it Valdo arrived at the spot; he had heard of my evasion from the convent, and had set out to seek his wretched sister, and, led by some unaccountable rumour, had come to seek me in the Apennines. The simple peasants repeated to him what I had told them; he pitied the supposed boy, Antonio, and came to see me. I instantly recognised him with mingled joy and anguish, but I saw that he did not know *me*. I now felt afraid to discover myself to him, and continued in my disguise. I perceived by his dress and by words he let fall, that he had lost his rank in the imperial service and was reduced in fortunes, and that I was indirectly the wretched cause. What additional coals of fire this heaped upon my wretched head! Valdo, dear, kind Valdo, stayed with me, nursed me, became attached to me. His heart knew me though his eyes did not.

"I slowly recovered, and determined to remain under his protection, which he offered me with instinctive pity. I felt that my constitution was undermined, and that the continual preying of remorse would soon bring me to the grave; and I resolved on my death-bed to reveal myself to my brother."

Here the manuscript terminated, and Padre Severino drew his hand across his eyes.

Valdo had been for some time audibly sobbing, and Florestan's face was averted. Rosara spoke,

"I little guessed that my end was to be thus, or that the same fierce hand should so long after repeat its murderous intent and with better aim. We came to Florence to fulfil some wishes of the Emperor, and received Brunetto (so he called himself) as our comrade, by the imperial command. Little did I guess that he was a man so deeply injured by my transgressions; little did he guess how closely the seeming Antonio was entwined with his fate.

"I had heard the reported death of Florestan Bastiani, and believed it to be my unworthy betrayer, whose memory I accordingly charged with murder; and the real Florestan, when he heard my denunciation of him, and my wild assertions, as he thought them, naturally believed me deranged. I saw it, but I did not chafe at it; I accepted that humiliation as an additional

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penance. It was a source of exquisite misery to me to hear you my poor Valdo, speak of your lost Rosara, to see how eagerly you sought me—me who was already found. I was so happy in your protection, yet so miserable in the thought that it was undeserved. I saw you distracting yourself in searches for what was already so near you; and to restore you to some kind of tranquillity I denounced to you the false Florestan as Rosara's murderer, as he was in intent though not in fact.

"Alas! what a creature of falsehood I had become when the truth in my tale was interwoven with falsehood—when my very daily existence was a lie—nothing about me true but my repentance.

"Valdo, my dearest, truest, you who have lost so much for me, you who have seen my tears and heard my self-accusations, dare I yet ask you to forgive me?"

Valdo, the strong man, the tried soldier, sobbed like a child over his dying sister.

"My own Rosara, dear to me as ever, dearer for all that I have borne for you."

She looked towards Florestan.

"I have blighted your reputation, thwarted your affections."

He hastened to interrupt her.

"But not intentionally, I have nothing to forgive. Dear lady, if my services could avail you count me your earnest friend," and he pressed her wasted hand to his lips.

"There is yet another," said Rosara; "to how many can one criminal bring pain and wrong! The lady—*yours*, Captain Bastiani—the Lady Amidea; I inflicted on her the misery of believing you a murderer. Will any one for charity ask of her my pardon? Nay, let me write to her," and she tried to start up in her bed; but Valdo gently laid her down, and Padre Severino said,

"Leave this care to me, I will be your advocate, and that generous maiden will weep for you."

Rosara lay perfectly still with her eyes closed for awhile, and her lips worked as if she was trying to school herself to some painful task. At length she opened her eyes and requested to have Mosca sent for. Her request was granted, and in a few minutes Lamberti, guarded, stood beside her, and Rosara addressed him, but with her hand shading her eyes from his sight.

"Miserable man! look at your victims, Florestan—my brother—myself; and what have you reaped from your cruelty? Discovery, disappointment, execration. Your name will live in history a by-word and a warning. See how unexpectedly the best-contrived guilt can be overthrown. You thought the evidence against you was buried; but the grave refused to hide it, and two of your victims have been thrown back on earth from the very

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jaws of death to confound you. Take warning from this unexpected event. Believe at last. Recognise a Power far mightier than mortals that mocks at the best arts, the best arrangements of man, and confounds him with his own devices. Had I never seen you I should not be the wreck I am. Time, good example, my own struggles with myself, would have tamed down my waywardness and taught me religious peace. But I *can* forgive you, though you came like a serpent, insinuating yourself where you saw a weak part in the fence, to destroy what *might* have been a fair garden. But I forgive you; I wish you repentance."

Mosca bent over her.

"Rosara," said he, in a low tone, and would have spoken to her, but she half shrieked,

"Spare me, spare me! I can forgive, but I cannot hear your voice; it sounds like the trumpet that summons me to judgment," and she fell back in an agony.

"Wretched man!" said the Padre Severino, "will you be hardened for ever? will you make no sign of repentance?"

Mosca, stung by Rosara's repulse, turned on the Padre fiercely,

"What shall I say, but that all old proverbs are false? The adage ran that 'dead men tell no tales,' but dead men and dead women both do; yet it is no wonder that death cannot silence women's tongues. 'True as steel,' was another proverb, but the steel at Bouvines seems to have been false enough; yet . . . ."

"Take him away, for pity's sake," said the surgeon; "he will distract my patient," and Mosca was instantly removed.

Rosara recovered breath.

"Short time remains to me; let me use it to ask pardon of Heaven and of man for the scandal I have given. Encouraged by the forgiveness of those I have injured, I now pray forgiveness of the church I have offended. I entreat to be admitted to confession, and, if found worthy, to absolution."

"Hear her prayers, I entreat you," cried Valdo, springing towards the superior and Padre Severino; "has she not borne a heavy penance?"

"I will go instantly to the archbishop," cried Padre Severino, hastily. "Messer Landi, look well to your patient; summon all your skill to prolong her life a few valuable hours, and your recompense shall be a rich one."

And he hastened away, leaving Rosara to the care of Messer Landi and the nurse, and the prayers of Florestan and Valdo.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

The spiritual court
Is breaking up; all offices discharged;
My soul removes from this weak standing house
Of frail mortality.

Satiro Mastix.—Thomas Decker.

Rumour had bruited about the extraordinary intelligence that Rosara had been discovered in the person of the youngest Glee-singer. The report reached the ears of Amidea, and when she remembered that Florestan, whom her heart had so lately absolved from his supposed guilt, had been also living for months in the habit of a Glee-singer with his imputed mistress in their mutual retreat, she felt an inexpressible pang of doubt, fear, and indignation.

But after a moment her faith in Florestan returned; she remembered the possibility that in Rosara's disguise they *might* have been unknown to each other; she remembered Florestan's positive assurance that he had never, to his knowledge, seen the nun of St. Mary's; she recollected that *she* had before been, in some degree, false to Florestan because appearances were unfavourable to him, and she determined now to make amends by still trusting in him; and she said to herself, that the stronger the evidence seemed against him, the greater would be the merit of still confiding in his innocence, and the greater the reparation she should make for her former inconstancy. And to support her resolution of fidelity to his cause, she recalled with satisfaction that one of the Glee-singers was also Rosara's brother, by whom even it appeared she had not been recognised—why, then, might she not also be unknown to Florestan? But how came they together? Oh! *that* was the mystery that made her fidelity and her confidence meritorious.

Almanno Amidei likewise heard the rumour and burned with indignation against Florestan, whom he considered every way a deceiver; and he angrily denounced what he termed his sister's absurd credulity.

"What a misfortune it is," said he, "when a good cause like the Ghibelline is cursed and disgraced by the adhesion of bad men. Our cause had just gained a great advantage by the dishonourable conduct of a Guelph, and now the wicked act of Mosca has turned the scale and made us odious; and Bastiani's guilt will be represented as belonging to the party quite as much as the individual himself."

Amidea replied, "Why should a good cause be condemned for some bad members, since in everything human there must be a

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mixture of good and evil? Such men as Mosca adhere to a cause for other reasons than from the principles that they profess. Mosca was no true Ghibelline; his only party was self; his only principles, ambition and revenge. As for Florestan, I will not give him up till I hear from Padre Severino."

Her reliance on her lover was soon rewarded by a hasty and explanatory visit from the Padre, who informed her of Rosara's situation and of Florestan's entire exculpation, and amazed her by the unexpected intelligence that the disgracer of Florestan's name had been her own kinsman, Mosca Lamberti.

After the first surprise was over, Amidea became alive to pity for Rosara's state, and learning that the unfortunate young woman had eagerly mentioned *her*, she was filled with a laudable desire to go to her and soothe her dying moments. Perhaps, after all, there might be some latent woman's curiosity in her breast to behold her whom she had once believed her rival; but it was no mere prying curiosity; her feelings towards Rosara were pure and benevolent.

Almanno and the Padre combatted her wish on account of the disturbed state of Florence, but she said that to be deterred from a work of charity because it was dangerous or inconvenient was unworthy, and that her sex and the Padre's profession would protect her. And escorted by the priest, and attended by one elderly female of her household, she set out in her covered litter, avoiding, however, the more public streets; and she proceeded, protected by the veneration in which the Padre was held, by the respect inspired by her own character, and by the interest felt for her on account of the late events.

They met many a disorderly group; they saw many a trace of blood; they heard many a horrid cry, but they passed on safely; and if once or twice rudely challenged whither they were going, the answer, "To visit a dying woman," was their passport, and they arrived agitated, but uninjured, at the monastery, where the Padre's influence and Amidea's rank and character procured her admittance under the peculiar circumstances of the case.

Padre Severino had sped well on his errand of mercy to the archbishop, who, moved by his representations, sent to the monastery the required permission and dispensation for removing the excommunication from the penitent and dying nun.

The superior in his surplice, with his purple stole and square cap, received Rosara's confession, which was as ample as her weak state would permit. The excommunication was removed, the absolution given, and the last sacrament administered to the fast-sinking sufferer.

She was now once more dressed in the habit of her order; her veil was thrown back, and she lay upon her low bed, which was covered with a white pall. The room was strewed with herbs and

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medicinal flowers; lighted tapers were placed about; the small table was covered with a white cloth, and on it were set lighted candles on each side of a crucifix, and a ritual lay near it; at the head of the little bed were more lighted tapers and a vessel of holy water.

The dying girl held in one hand an ebony crucifix, in the other a taper, burning. Valdo sat a little behind her, supporting her in his arms, but still so placed as to be able to gaze upon her face. On each side of her kneeled Florestan and Amidea, and Padre Severino stood at the foot of the bed. Rosara's countenance had assumed a placid expression, such as she had never worn while in the character of Antonio. Valdo now wholly recognised the sister of his love, and Florestan and Amidea wept as they admired the evidence of her former beauty.

She looked from one to another of her kind friends with a glance of gratitude and affection; but her long, earnest, heart-moving look of unutterable love dwelt on the face of her only, beloved, and loving brother, who with a mighty effort restrained his tears that he might not disturb the peace of his sister's last hour.

Amidea had been with Rosara at the time of her receiving the last sacraments, and had rendered her every charitable female office, and the two once supposed rivals had exchanged a kiss of peace and Christian charity. Rosara had murmured her repentance, and Amidea had answered her with all that a kindly female heart could dictate of consolation.

That group was strangely composed; two persons believed dead; one of them restored only to unravel the mysteries clouding the destiny of the other, and then to die; while the other looked forward to years of happiness and honour; two lovers who had been painfully parted, met together at a death-bed, to lavish their cares and soothings on her who had caused their separation.

Rosara was sinking; sometimes she spoke a little—thanks to her kind friends, soothings of tender love to her brother. Sometimes the Padre prayed, and his auditors responded; sometimes Rosara's lips moved, and her countenance showed that she understood and was animated by the prayers; sometimes an air of stupor stole over her face, and she heard nothing.

The state of her wound had produced inflammation, and she became at length restless and delirious, and raved vehemently. She talked of Florestan, and reproached him; raved of the Apennines, and of her brother's finding her; then muttered, "He must not know me—he would curse me." Then she spoke of the hermitage near Florence, and now and then sang wild snatches of Ghibelline songs; again she raved of Florestan and became violent. Padre Severino prayed aloud, while Valdo and Florestan endeavoured to soothe her, and Amidea wiped her lips, and bathed her temples with reviving essences.

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That paroxysm passed away; she lay perfectly still; her breathing became embarrassed; her features grew sharp, long, and drawn; her mouth was half open; an air of idiotcy pervaded her now scarcely recognisable face, and a strange grey tint came over it; her fingers looked more thin and long than ever, and were now of a yellowish hue, and clutched convulsively and fumbled about. She still raved a little, but quietly, and in a low, interrupted voice. Now her visions seemed pleasant ones; she talked of the days of her childhood, spoke of happy scenes, talked to her brother as if he were a boy, sometimes addressed her parents, then raved of flowers and of some beautiful valley.

By degrees her words became unintelligible, and seemed to slip and slide over her lips with a lisp—she slipped down lower and lower in her bed—her wasted form felt heavy as a statue of lead—she was icy cold—there was a thick dew on her forehead—her eyes half closed—her breathing was more and more interrupted. At length the breath returned no more—they listened—no! the spirit was fled—that form was now but a lump of clay.

Amidea wept bitterly, and Valdo, no longer restrained, burst into a passion of grief, calling aloud on his dear, lost Rosara, and kissing her hands, her forehead, and her pale lips.

"I am alone now," he cried; "I am the last Leonelli; we were but four, and one went, and then another, and there were but two of us—no more; we were all that were left to each other in the world, and now I am all alone—not a drop of my blood runs in the veins of any living creature—who cares for me now?"

"I do," whispered Florestan; "I have neither brother nor sister myself; you shall be my brother, Valdo; we are just made for each other."

Valdo thanked him by a gesture, but threw himself beside the body of his sister, and moaned and murmured his lamentations.

The Padre drew the weeping Amidea to a window, and Florestan followed. The priest said,

"This has been a painful scene for you, Amidea; but it has been also an indulgence, so compose yourself out of gratitude to *me* for permitting you this interview with Florestan contrary to my original intentions."

"You only said, Padre, that we were not to meet till Florestan was acquitted; he *is* fully justified now."

"Yes, to *our* private judgments; but to authorize your intercourse he must be as publicly acquitted as he was publicly condemned."

"That," replied Florestan, "we may hope will soon take place; a messenger has already gone to the Emperor. Then, my Amidea, we shall meet in happier scenes than this."

Florestan and Amidea stood together in the deep embrasure of the window, and whispered to each other in a low and earnest

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voice, and the kind old man permitted it awhile. But when he thought it time to interrupt them, he told Florestan that when he was leaving the Palazzo Amidei, Almanno (whom the Padre had convinced of Florestan's integrity) sent him a kindly greeting, and said that in spite of the disturbed state of the city, he would come to the monastery to offer him every assistance his present circumstances required.

Before Bastiani could reply Amidea hastened to speak.

"No! Florestan, no! do not see Almanno. I could not bear that the first time you should ever meet one of *my* family should be in that sordid garb, and in a state of restraint. No! they must not see you under a cloud; you must shine out first. They must not see you till you are restored to rank and honour, and you can appear as the Florestan of Arezzo. For *my* sake," adding she, seeing that he was about to expostulate; "for *my* sake, that they might not say I was easily pleased; for indeed, Florestan, you are not now the brilliant being you were. To me and to the Padre your altered appearance does but give a greater interest; but it could not be thus to those who had never seen you before."

"I must not thwart you, Amidea," replied Florestan; "but say something better than a churlish or a proud refusal for me to your brother."

"We must leave you now, my son," said the priest. "I learn that you remain here for the present. I will see you daily, and Amidea shall hear from me of your welfare."

And Florestan and Amidea parted in a reasonable hope to meet ere long in a happy certainty.

And thus even in the chamber of death and of sorrow, love and hope entered—so mingled are clouds and sunshine in this world; grief intrudes on joy, and hope on sorrow.

AT LAST.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

[Suggested by having heard of a lady who died murmuring the words, "At last! at last!"

"At last! at last!" words oft and lightly spoken,
What solemn import from thy lips they bore;
Were they the record of a spirit broken—
Of a tried heart o'erwearied to the core?
A sad rejoicing that earth's waste was travell'd,
Its idol fanes all pass'd or dimly seen;
That thy fate's thickening mystery was unravell'd,
That rest was near thee with no gulf between,
"At last! at last?"

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Or did some glimpses of a brighter morning
Break through the dense cloud of thy mortal night,
Whose steadfast radiance all the view adorning,
Shut's earth's receding shadows from thy sight?
Did the dim vision of a better portion,
That stay'd thy soul through many a mournful hour,
Freed from life's clinging dreams, from doubt's distortion,
Visit thee in the fulness of its power,
"At last! at last?"

"At last!" how many of earth's wasting passions,
Its loves, its hates, its wild ambitions, keep
A watchful vigil till that sentence fashions
The lot, and leaves them—to rejoice or weep!
How many a heart has mark'd its own slow wasting,
As the one life-boon held its light afar,
The bitterness of hope deferr'd still tasting,
Till the prize vanish'd like a falling star,
"At last! at last!"

"At last!" why haunt'st thou us when sunny childhood
Sports 'mid the flowers of its own glorious day?
The ring of its sweet laughter in the wild wood
Brings to the heart no token of thy sway;
Sorrow and sin to its fresh thought are strangers,
And as a halo gladness girds it round;
Yet who shall say, amid the world's rude dangers,
What wreck of peace, of beauty shall be found
"At last! at last!"

"At last!" who has not watch'd beside the pillow
Where some frail human idol fading lay;
The fair head drooping as a graceful willow
O'er the dark waters that bear all away;
How the lip blanches and the pulses quicken
As fear and hope alternate find a tone,
Till on the shrinking spirit of the stricken
The dread truth breaks—the heart is left alone
"At last! at last!"

"At last!" O pilgrim, as a magic finger
Points it not often to each thought of thine,
So prone amid earth's passing bowers to linger,
And bound so consciously for one great shrine?
Love may grow cold, hope cheat, and friends forsake thee,
Or joy make bright the brief path thou hast trod;
Yet must the one great promis'd day o'ertake thee,
And thy soul yield its reckoning up to God
"At last! at last!"

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A VISIT TO THE ABBEY STREET THEATRE, DUBLIN.

AN AFTER SCENE.

BY THOMAS R. J. POLSON

An early association with an officer of the service, whose regiment had been twice quartered in the Irish metropolis during his military career, contributed in no mean manner to increase a desire which I had already entertained of paying a visit to the first city in my native land.

The gentleman in question had evidently seen a good deal of the gay side of life, and as an officer had also encountered in the service of his sovereign and country much of that oppression and fatigue which generally attend the soldier's career in a warfaring season.

In the society of this veteran I spent many an hour, whilst the interesting relations with which he beguiled the time—his tales of martial life, the many dangers he had braved, and the many scenes he had gone through, rendered his company truly agreeable. Dublin, however,—the eccentricities of its inhabitants, the magnificence of its public buildings, its theatrical entertainments, and a hundred other subjects which it would be superfluous in me to particularize or describe, were topics upon which he freely descanted, and principally inclined to dwell.

As my readers are, I presume, anticipating one of his relations, I will not needlessly trespass on their time by introducing him to their notice in any unnecessary exordium, but give the story in his own words.

"In the winter of 181—, the regiment to which I was gazetted was lying in the Royal Barracks. Youth, as Mrs. More says, being 'naturally capricious,' upon my joining the service, and having been introduced to the officers of my corps, and nearly the entire of those then stationed in the Irish capital, our time was generally spent in the most gay and agreeable, though I must now add, not the most useful amusements. It is almost impossible for me to say how an individual feels whose bosom has for any length of time been fired with a military enthusiasm, when he has for the first time viewed his figure attired in the glittering uniform of an ensign in the British Army, and considers himself at once a soldier. Amid a newly-formed circle of acquaintances, each thirsting after fame, and assimilated to himself in a variety of ways, he is a different creature entirely from what he was when carelessly strutting

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about the rural seat of his parentage. He feels and acts as a man would who had an object in view; he feels himself settled, as it were, in the world, and lays down his mind to acquit himself honourably in the high position in which his country has placed him. Such," continued the narrator, "were the influences which actuated myself when I was being initiated into the service.

"One evening shortly after we had all met at the mess, the captain of the company to which I had the honour to belong proposed a visit to the theatre, a resolution which the senior lieutanant, named Perry, immediately seconded.

"The piece about to be represented was 'Othello; or, The Moor of Venice,' and as it had been announced that it was for the benefit of a favourite and admired actor, his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant had graciously condescended to patronize the performance. Several of my brother officers, who had obtained tickets of admission during the day, were busily engaged discussing their dinners, in order to be there in time. As an admirer of theatrical performances in general, of course it took very little persuasive eloquence to induce me to accompany them, and bestow a share of my patronage on the occasion.

"At the period to which I allude our relations with the usurper of the crown of France were daily assuming a more menacing appearance; and in addition to the forces already setting out for the continent, the ——th regiment of Hussars, then occupying quarters in Dublin, were preparing to embark the following morning. Their officers, with the exception of two or three who had accepted private invitations, dined at our mess, many of whom resolved upon visiting the theatre, although several remained decanting the contents of a brilliant display of bottles filled with the best wines the metropolis could produce. Be this as it may, about half-past seven nine of us set out from the Royal Barracks—at eight the curtain was to rise.

"The house was unusually attended, and the concourse of fashionably-dressed ladies surpassed any display of the kind I had ever witnessed before. Where they could have all come from was mystical to me at the time, but Perry, apparently no way backward in selecting a seat, conducted me into the midst of a phalanx of ladies, whilst he afterwards thrust himself into a box nearly opposite where I sat, containing some of the most beautiful faces I have since beheld. What his object in thus acting at the time could have been I suppose will be understood to my readers; suffice it to say, his assiduities that evening were in no small measure aggravating to me.

"Owing to the crowded state of the theatre at the time mentioned, the other officers who had accompanied us to the door, had declined thrusting themselves forward, after our example, and I could afterwards perceive them by their uniform embellishing

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some of the remote parts of the house; whilst not a few of them had the modesty to display their figures in the gallery, a place where, ere long, I wished I had had the sense to have gone myself.

"What a feeling pervaded my soul when I sat down, and wiping my forehead with my handkerchief, I beheld myself gazed at by the creatures who surrounded me; ladies to whom I had never been introduced, and whom I had never seen in my life before. Some way or other I felt as I had never previously felt—not that I ever bore any aversion to the sex, but because I had never witnessed such angelic faces. Their very breath, to say the least of it, was odoriferous; and as they had occasion to use their handkerchiefs to fan their faces, why, Eden with all its fragrance was not to be compared with it.

"Never was I so much delighted as on the occasion in question. His Excellency was there, accompanied by three or four aides-de-camp. Never shall I be able to obliterate from my memory the scene the house presented as his Excellency entered the vice-regal box. The pit was densely crowded with spectators, and the boxes and galleries were full almost to suffocation. When the band struck up 'God save the King,' as the announcement of the arrival of the Lord Lieutenant, all faces immediately turned towards the door, in order to obtain a glance at the vice-regal personage. Instantly afterwards he entered, attired in the costume of a general officer.

"The cheering now commenced vociferously, drowning a few feeble attempts to procure a hiss, which might be heard emanating from the remote parts of the gallery, where the principal tatterdemalions of the city had taken their stand. Such waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies, and roars of acclamations by the gentlemen I had never seen or heard at the *entree* of any popular individual. To see an individual received with such enthusiasm made me feel as if some unexpected promotion had been held out to me; my spirits, and I think the same might be said of every young ensign and cornet then present, became buoyant, and my heart exulted in the general excitement. Why I was thus affected I will not presume to say; probably the novelty of the scene tended to cause it.

"At the fall of the curtain consequent at the conclusion of each act, the band in the orchestra struck up. Frequently, however, their music was completely drowned by the shouts and cheers of the disorderly ruffians who, for almost no other purpose than that of picking pockets and annoying unoffending individuals, make a habit of attending the gallery, to the very great annoyance of every respectable person who may resort thither. Several eggs were thrown with careless indifference as to whom they might strike! and once as I happened to glance at the gallery, a syringe was

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squirted at my face, which excited my indignation to its highest pitch. Shouts of 'Put such a fellow out,' and different other personal remarks, reverberated through the house. One poor fellow, not very far from where I was sitting, seemed to be their principal subject for diversion; at him their invective was aimed with a lavish profusion.

"Of all places where an unpopular character may appear, the theatre is undoubtedly the last which any person of sense will select, especially when it is an Irish audience. If you have any known or supposed fault—and who laying claim to mortality can be said to be free from such a proof of his fallibility?—there you may expect to have it embellished in the highest colours.

"At the termination of the performance a general rush took place, and before I knew where I was, I was borne into the centre of the street. The shops were all shut, and the watchmen paraded up and down the several streets. Being a stranger in the city, and considering any attempt to find Perry would be fruitless, I wended my way as best I could in the direction of the Royal Barracks. Ere long, however, I found myself in the vicinity of Stephen's Green.

"Perceiving that I had mistaken my path, I was about to solicit one of the watchmen to conduct me to Carlisle Bridge, when the tender valediction of some fair one caught my ear. It was scarcely audible, and quite incoherent, being broken with sighs. There was, notwithstanding, a melancholy sweetness in the tone in which it was uttered, calculated to move the tenderest sympathies of the breast.

"I listened with breathless attention, and upon hearing some other sounds I turned myself immediately round, and beheld a beautifully-dressed *belle* linked with an Hussar officer, and applying a pocket handkerchief to her eyes. The 'fare ye well' of the fair one cast a melancholy over me which I could by no means banish for a few hours.

"'This may be some affectionate pair who are about to be separated from each other,' I conjectured, while at the same time I felt irresistibly forced to follow them at a few yards' distance. Obtaining an easy entrance into the green after them, unexposed as they supposed to the eye of mortal, I heard the candid revelations of their bosoms, without any of that reserve which would have marked their disclosures under other circumstances.

"'You wound my feelings, dearest, when you say that it is your opinion that my love is an affectation. Have, then, all my solemn protestations been unavailing, or do you wish to accuse me of inconstancy, when my departure for a short interval is not only necessary but indispensable? O! dearest Julia,' he exclaimed, 'you cannot thus think that I would dissolve an attachment formed under no capricious motive—an attachment which I hope

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will be mutual between us while we may be numbered with the living, Cruel would I be—oh! how treacherously false!—should I assume any indifference towards thee—one for whom I would shed my warmest blood. Never wilt thou have occasion to impute such a treachery to my heart—no, death before dishonour!'

Here I perceived him clasp his arms round her neck, while she uttered a few inarticulate sentences, such as,

"'Your absence, even for a short time, under the circumstances which require it, will cause me insupportable anguish. Thou mayest fall, but——'

"A flood of tears involuntarily rolled down her cheeks, and choked the remainder of the sentence; meanwhile he, unable to restrain his passion, gave vent to his feelings, and affectionately mingled his tears with hers.

"'Oh! what a thing is love!' said I, as I turned my face from the scene, which was too affecting for any sensitive person to behold; and even while in this position the tones of her voice, falling audibly on my ears, originated many strange ideas in my imagination, overwhelming me with astonishment, as I proposed to myself the question, 'Can ever I be made to love like this?' These creatures were surely created for one another; of congenial natures, and assimilated to each other in every endearment which can charm the human heart, when uncontrolled and unprejudiced by any vicious influence.

"'Ah!' continued she, 'the hazards to which you will allow yourself to be exposed, regardless as you are of danger, may be such as will inflict some fatal mark, and sweep thee from this stage of mortality. I cannot contemplate thy gallantry and not shudder. Would that I were a soldier to accompany thee—a life guard to preserve thee!'

Here again I perceived her left hand applying a handkerchief to her eyes, and being unable to repress her anguish, she cried, vehemently,

"'Your heart is not yet softened; you hasten to leave me, and deal death-blows around you. You must yet wade through seas of blood ere love can make any impression on your flinty heart. You depart; you—you—you leave me to impart death to the foes of your sovereign and country, and at the same time to kill one that—that—that almost adores you.'

"'And what wilt thou have me to do?' he asked, in a tremulous tone. 'Soldiers, I perceive, you imagine to be naturally hard-hearted; here, dearest, I must beg to differ with you, for I cannot be persuaded that there is another body of men upon earth whose hearts are more tender or susceptible of love. True, they must display intrepidity in the field, and venture their lives in defence of their country; but this does not favour your assertion, for he who would not fight for his country would be reluctant to venture

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himself in defence of his love. Habituated as they are to scenes of sanguinary hostility, they acquire a fearlessness of disposition; their hearts do not become dejected when they are aware that it is an astringent duty, and a proof of their allegiance; but in nowise do they relinquish that innate virtue of the soul which will survive the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds. Speak, Julia, dearest Julia, for the time is at hand when I must go; I am ready to assent to any proposal you may incline to make. Order me and I will obey with pleasure, but never call the heart of your Frederic ungrateful.'

"Here he evidently betrayed much emotion, and leaning upon his sword seemed wrapped in contemplation.

"'I was in error, I admit, when I said so; but what could I think? my mind is confused with the idea. This night terminates your stay in Dublin. How pregnant with anguish is the thought! Ah! the thought bewilders me, but Heaven, I hope, is propitious. I do not wish to be the first in proposing any plan for the consummation of an object which I conceive is as sincerely wished after by you as myself; but the thought of your departure is intolerable, and accelerates the draught already in the cup.'

"For some minutes a silence ensued. The silver beams of the moon fell on everything around, rendering his tall, dark form very conspicuous. He evidently was deeply absorbed in some thought, for, standing erect, and affecting an animated address, he said,

"'To act with precipitation in a matter so vastly important to our happiness should be avoided, not only to afford ourselves substantial enjoyment, and that our dignity may not be blighted, but to consolidate our own with our parents' happiness. Let it be till morning to decide, and may Heaven direct us to whatever may be for our mutual advantage. If Heaven desires it we must submit. To leave thee—no! rather endure ten thousand pangs than cause thee one hour's disquietude.'

"'Enough,' she exclaimed, assuming a more lively attitude; 'I am convinced of your constancy; but the time is at hand when honour calls upon us to separate; not, however, without the prospect of meeting again. It is now approximating midnight rapidly, and as thou art imperatively called on to attend to the bugles of the *reveille* in the morning, I fear that I am intruding in keeping you from your repose. The intervening hours will be scarcely sufficient for the refection of your body; your time is precious, therefore, however painful separation may be, do not be prodigal of it on my account. Only thou art a soldier we should be happy; what an insuperable barrier to our happiness is this!'

"Here she caught his hand, and pressed it to her bosom with an air of unaffected tenderness, saying,

"'I don't know why I should wish to be a soldier, but I would that I were going with thee.'

"'Ah! cruel fate, that would thus interpose a barrier to our

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happiness. Julia, I could never endure that heart-rending sound, 'farewell:' rather than give it utterance I would plunge this sword into my breast. Although our time is short we must be united; as thou pleasest let it be done, and the first opportunity I may have afterwards, I shall apply for leave of absence to spend some months with thee in London.'

"A silence followed this for a short time, and when she replied, an irrepressible emotion choked her utterance, so that I could scarcely distinguish what she said. The word 'hotel' alone caught my ear, and perceiving that they were walking somewhat in a lively manner, I concluded that he was about to engage post-horses to have her conveyed to some place; nor have I any reason to suppose such was not his intention, for after half an hour's smart walk they entered a house, over the door of which a brilliant lamp was placed, and which I afterwards ascertained to be the Enniskillen Hotel.

"I now wended my way towards home, which with no little difficulty I arrived at precisely at half-past twelve. The impression which these two lovers had made on my mind affected me very much, and every two or three minutes my imagination would represent them, either embracing one another tenderly, or communicating their love in the most affecting pathos.

"I sat down for some minutes, cogitating on the party whose love disclosures I, alas! had overheard. What a thing is love! how it operates on the soul of its victim; and what is that man capable of who is not susceptible of its impressions? The tones of her sweet voice yet vibrated on my ear, and left an indelible impression on my mind. Would that I had never heard them speak; that curiosity had never induced me to follow them, for then I should not be agitated with sensations like these which now pervade my frame. How easily young hearts become charmed when they hear the whisperings of love; it overwhelms them at once with its influence, and like a torrent, with irresistible impetuosity, it sweeps away every other concern.

"'Oh! what a thing is love!' said I, rising from my seat to prepare for bed. But I could not banish the thought which preyed upon my mind, or obliterate the scene from my remembrance. I endeavoured to think of the castle, the theatre, and other matters, but the thought of her whom I had seen, and who was about to elope with the Hussar officer, preponderated over every other. The subject, I am afraid, is too melancholy to be proceeded with, and as I am not one who delighteth in melancholy scenes and relations, I shall forbear continuing it.

"In a few hours I was asleep in a good feather bed, with three good blankets enveloping my precious body; so that, although it was a cold frosty night, in bed there was not the slightest possibility of my freezing.

"Being in the news-room a few days after, and perusing one of

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the papers which presented itself to my attention, the following paragraph, which will tend to throw some light upon the affair, was conspicuously observable in its columns.

"'Elopement.—On the morning of the —th inst., a gallant son of Mars, holding a commission in the —th Hussars, Frederic ——, Esquire, eloped with Miss Julia ——, only daughter of Sir James ——, and heiress of property to a considerable amount.'

"No doubt, of course, was entertained by me as to the individuals thus brought before the public notice.

"'So they have done it at last,' I exclaimed, throwing down the paper on the table, after which I repaired to the Bilton Hotel, to drown my cares in a few glasses of the best Cognac the house could produce."

THE MINNESANGER'S DREAM.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

It was a dream, a pleasant dream,
But fleeting as 'twas sweet.
Methought I stood by Drave's wild stream,
My childhood's lov'd retreat;
The ancient cross, the saintly cell,
The eagle's mountain* steep,
The silver chime of vesper bell,
Came back to me in sleep.

It was a dream, a soothing dream—
I saw my *mother's* face
With all its holy sweetness beam;
I heard the *words of grace*
She taught me, as I stood beside
Her knee in days of joy,
Ere launch'd upon the world's dark tide,
A happy, sinless boy.

It was a dream where brightest things
Were bodied forth to sight,
And music stole from hidden strings,
And youthful forms, and bright,
Long dead, but living in my mind
As when I saw them last,
Their *sister* arms around me twined,
And then like shadows pass'd.

* A mountain of the Tyrol.

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It was a dream—oh! such a dream
As made it grief to wake,
And view the pale moon's cheerless beam,
And watch the morning break;
The sunless night and slumber deep
Were sweeter far to me
When I once more, though but in sleep,
Those buried forms could see.

'Twas but a dream, yet would that I
Could thus dream life away,
And, through the soul's bright agency,
Return to childhood's day;
By saintly cell and holy fane,
Still list the vesper chime,
And view those buried forms again
That bless'd life's early prime.

'Twas but a dream—'tis gone—'tis past!
Home of my dream farewell—
My boyhood's home—that to the last
I love, God knows how well!
Back to the world I haste again,
To scenes of heartless joy,
To mingle with the proud and vain,
Though still in heart a boy.

NOTE.

The Minnesangers (or Minne-singers) were a description of poets in Germany who flourished chiefly in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. Their productions had some affinity to those of the troubadours, but were more simple and natural. Like the rest of the bardic tribe in those early days, the Minnesangers were held in high estimation and had many honours paid them. Henry Frauenlob, who died at Mentz in the year 1318, was carried to the grave by females. He was one of the first twelve masters and poets of Germany who recited their compositions at Pavia before the Emperor Otho the First and Pope Leo the Eighth, with great applause, and were honoured by those potentates with a charter and a golden crown, authorizing them to sing and diffuse their art throughout the whole Roman empire of the German nation. The compositions of the Minnesanger Dietman Von Aste are beautifully simple and touching, and surprisingly refined when we consider that he flourished in the thirteenth century. One of his songs was the last which the celebrated Sir John Stevenson ever set. The opening stanza is very sweet.

"There sat upon the linden tree
A bird, and sang its strain,
So sweet it sang that, as I heard,
My heart went back again;
It went to one beloved spot,
It saw the rose-trees grow,
And thought again the thoughts of love
There cherished long ago."

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LEAVING OFF BUSINESS.

Most of the good things of this life are unquestionably distributed with uneven hand, and perhaps none more so than the time supposed to fly on smooth untroubled wing, called leisure.

Reader, if you have too much we pity you; if you have too little we warn you to beware how you hold up your hands to invoke the gods for a larger supply. Let us hear first wherefore you desire it, and what you would do with it. It is an acknowledged axiom that fewer know how to spend a fortune than to obtain one; that is, to spend it gracefully, pleasurably, usefully; and the gourmand, the vulgar parvenue, and the miser, are no more unworthy of wealth than the indolent and the ignorant of leisure; in both cases it seems almost retributive justice when their abuse and waste bring suffering and ruin.

Moreover, we believe there are many (and by wise ordering of Providence it is that to these leisure in its largest sense is seldom allotted) are no more to be trusted with it than monkeys with firearms, or children with scissors—they will use it mischievously, harmfully. Look, for example, on the other side of the water; well does the modern Ulysses know the danger of allowing the subjects over whom he watches with such paternal vigilance too much leisure; happy is he when le jeune France will occupy himself with any of the schools of art or design which political expediency has fostered to amuse and divert his mind while cultivating his moustache, from the too intense contemplation of the contrast of the greatness to which he deems himself born, with the individual nothingness wherewith, in these times of peace, he is forced to rest content.

So far as mischief is concerned, young England has hitherto been managed better. What between home discipline and early apprenticeships, and more than all, the determination of Englishwomen neither to turn sole shop-venders or field drudges, while their liege lords strut with their hands in their pockets, he is pretty well kept from harmful thoughts and ways long past the hey-dey of youth and life. Tied to the counter or the desk, he is thoroughly reined in through the only years when he would be likely to run wild; all his thoughts, feelings, and intelligence are merged in some useful avocation; to get on demands the devotion of his whole faculties; they are given stringently, strenuously, unreservedly; success follows, he flourishes and is happy.

The only relaxation he knows during that period is taken on

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Sundays, when he snuffs it in with the country air some little way out of town, in a retired friend's garden, at whose domicile he and his better half have been to dine; and when he has sat for a couple of hours consecutively without having a summons to the counter, or any other interruption to call him on his feet; delightful to him then seems that brief interval of repose; it is not leisure, but a foretaste of it, of what in all its largeness he thinks he shall one day enjoy. He feels like the Irishman who, after admiring the flavour which one quince imparted to an apple-pie, wished for a pie made of all quinces. With renewed energy he opens his shop on the Monday morning, and experiences double pleasure in pursuing his business in the prospect of leaving it off.

This then, is, after all, the end for which he strives, and pants, and toils; this is to be the purchase of his frugality and the crown of his industry; for this he labours to make himself honoured in his avocation; it matters not what it is; a man, if he is only weighing out plums and sugar, looks respectable, for he is dispensing comforts and necessaries to his fellow-creatures; he feels it and is happy.

Talk of the dignity of human nature—they are maintaining it best whose occupations are the most useful; it is only the needless that is contemptible, and that fears being regarded as such. It would be difficult to convince a butcher that he is an object of ridicule among people who want meat, or a baker with those who want bread, or a shoe-maker with those who want shoes. He knows that none dream of deriding his useful toils; there is a self-complacency in the consciousness of their service, and of the sorry figure the world would cut without them. And with this assurance of his importance to communities blue devils are banished from his firmament, and he leads a life to be envied by all the discontented on the face of the earth.

But the evil has been begun within him; he may not rest here; he progresses to a time to which he looks forward with as reasonable a delight as the child to the end of the rainbow, where he expects to find silver spoons, and by and by leaves off business—leaves the source of his importance, his gains, his interests, and his pleasures, and retires. A house is chosen, taken, painted, papered; accounts are closed, furniture is removed, all is bustle, confusion, and anticipation—visions of snugness, and competence, and repose.

At length the change is completed; the sensation of novelty wears off. The neighbours are content to leave him to the quiet he sought, and he stands alone to contemplate the effects of his new position. Fancy our man of bustle and business now. Milton makes pleasure to rhyme with leisure, most sweetly, and soothly too; but if our shopkeeper had been told by any that they would as certainly agree in his experience, he could not have been more deluded in

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the exchange. He looks round him to find that as the place of the dead is filled up, so is his; he has superannuated himself too soon; he is sole spectator of his own nothingness. His former consideration, and importance, and respectability, where are they? He is lost, and not missed; he has nothing to do, and if he has anything to say, has no one to say it to. The customers who once made his shop like a levee, and him the centre of jests and repartee, and odds and ends of talk of all kind, have deserted him for his successor—wherefore should they come to him? he has nothing to serve or to dispense—his occupation's gone.

But he has leisure—yes, truly, to find that too much of a good thing is perhaps worse than too little; he has more than Galileo when he invented the cycloid, or Newton when he perfected his theory of lights and colours; but he feels what they never felt—crushed by its superabundance; its load is oppressive; he groans beneath it, is stifled, stunned, bewildered; and ten to one in the course of the day if he knows whether he is on his head or on his legs.

This lasts while he is a neophyte; by and by he sees the necessity of making some effort to rid himself of his loads of time, and more than all to rescue himself from utter nonentity, that men may not pass by him as if they were walking over his grave. He can no longer endure the weight of the worst of wearinesses—that of having nothing to do; he feels that leisure cannot, like gold, be kept in money bags—on something it must be spent. Yet in abjuring everything to which habit and circumstance have for so many years confined his intelligence, he has wofully diminished his resources of employment. We will suppose him of too harmless a nature to busy himself in being an oppositionist at vestry meetings and other parish affairs, so on gardening he will almost invariably decide. The slip before and behind his house his wife freely allots to him, and these particular spots of earth are given over to a series of experiments, torturings, and forcings—the results of the combined intelligence of the cultivators of the soil for fifty miles round. There, then, is the place for the sight of giant cabbages, trees grafted to bear all sorts of fruit on one stem, cucumbers kept to be admired till too tough for the table, and vegetable marrows and pumpkins of grotesque shape and enormous size. It is worthy of note how much our friend regards rarity and fame in his collection; how he descants on this flower of an uncommon sort, or another with an unpronounceable name, and how every gooseberry and currant slip can boast of an ancestry from kinds which gained prizes at some neighbouring show.

These curiosities of horticulture answer the double purpose of occupying his leisure and alluring his neighbours to gossip over their attractions. Should they fail of serving both these desideratums, our ex-shopkeeper, if a man of any invention or persever-

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ance, will make some more decided attempt. Then the organ of eccentricity, albeit it slumbered behind the counter, will have full scope for development.

We have seen in one good old worthy's garden, vanes constructed of tin sportsmen, with awful-looking guns and dogs, sufficient to have been distributed over twenty parishes for the instruction of their inhabitants in the way the wind lay. In another, a stupid figure dressed in as complete a suit of its exulting owner's as the ghost Hamlet saw was in the armour of his Majesty of Denmark. Marvellous have been the pains taken to give the life touches to this man of straw, and if allowed to remain above ground after its maker, is quite likely to be taken by his heirs for his veritable self revisiting his potato ground. We pass over the monstrosities of grottos, and arbours, and pagodas, and poles with stuffed monkeys on the top for frightening birds. These last may seem to have an ostensible use, but the first and chiefest is the interest they have for all the strangers in the village. A proud and happy man is our friend, if while standing at his garden gate of an evening, a neighbour walks up with a request to see one of his wonders, or even accepts the oft-proffered invitation so to do. While exhibiting them his eye glistens at the praise of a child, and his ear drinks in every expression of admiration and astonishment; he hears himself extolled as a genius, and believes it, too, as firmly and fully as the greatest that ever breathed.

Yet these are but transient distinctions, and despite them he is not altogether right. There are still so many hours in the morning, in which he is the victim of leisure; he is tempted to prolong his time of sitting at breakfast, and to take lengthy naps after dinner; he grows dyspeptic, feels a fulness in his head, and a dimness in his eyes, and an increasing disinclination for exertion. He complains of being obliged to take more doctor's stuff in one month than he used once to swallow in twenty years. He is afraid of drafts, nails list to his doors, and lays sand bags at the window-frames, although once when ice was forming everywhere, he could brave the blast coming in at the ever-opening door, and stand, glowing with exercise, rapidly and merrily dispensing the creature comforts of merry Christmas. Now throughout the day he complains; towards evening he rallies, for then perhaps some neighbour, released from his engagements, drops in and talks over old times. The next morning he feels the same oppression; people are busy round him; they have no time to make calls, or spend an hour or two discoursing. Vacant leisure becomes a burden he cannot support; he is as totally unacquainted with his malady as unable to remedy it, and drops into the grave some ten years sooner than he would have done, borne down by maladies engendered by Leaving off Business.

M. R.

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IS THERE NO MEMORY IN THE GRAVE?

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

On some fond breast the panting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

Gray.

THE sorrow'd dead in the sepulchre sleep!
Oh! are they, then, unconscious of the tears
Grieving survivors o'er their mem'ry weep,
While hope no more with flatt'ring promise cheers?
The body slumbers—yea, but sleeps the spirit?
Sure through the grave's dark aperture doth stream
The light eternal which it MUST inherit?
The God enkindled ray to 'lume their dream?
Mysterious questions! waiting for reply;
Perplexing thoughts, which puzzle still the brain,
But to be solved in heaven. Philosophy,
Them to unravel, tasks itself in vain.
The tomb is God's dread secret, which he keeps
Inviolate, to be reveal'd alone
When He arouses everything that sleeps
By the last trump's reverberating tone.
Then whether of our anguish conscious are
Departed friends, or unacquainted they,
Let their remembrance be the eastern star
To guide us where, benign, a Saviour lay—
Not in a manger, but Jerusalem,
The New Jerusalem, for Him design'd,
Crown'd by his Father with THAT diadem
That signals Christ, Redeemer of mankind.
Let us so live as if each act of ours
Could pain or joy to buried friends impart;
Let conscience exercise restraining powers,
Whisp'ring, "Each crime committed wrings their heart!"
Let, too, the tomb propound its solemn sere,
"Repent while thou art spar'd, and pardon crave
For thy misdeeds, repent in TIME, lest fear
Of Heaven's vengeance follows to the grave
Where no repentance is, where as the tree
Is fell'd it lieth mould'ring to decay,
Until the storm-blast of eternity
Sweepeth it terribly in wrath away."
Then weep the dead; oh! with the dead commune,
Familiar grow with churchyards—homes for all—
Ay, e'en the homeless. Ah! how opportune
Must come to shelter them, death's friendly pall!
Look on the narrow crypt, how small the space!
How dark, how dismal, for lost souls to grope!
Yet radiant with the beams of heavenly grace
For those who sleep, to wake with Christ in hope!
The glorious waking of the GOOD and JUST!
The aspiration piety inspires.
Oh! be it mine, and yours, who in the dust
Feel still thine ashes keep religious fires!

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ODDITIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

No I.

UNDER this title we propose to present the readers of the METROPOLITAN with specimens of the drolleries of the American press. The daily journals of our own country have long made the English public familiar with those smart sayings which are known by the name of "Jonathanisms;" but with the oddities of American periodical literature the English public are comparatively unacquainted. In our present number we shall give three specimens. The first is entitled

FLOGGING AN EDITOR.

"Some years ago, a populous town, located towards the interior of Mississippi, was infested by a gang of black-legs, who amused themselves, at times when they could find nobody else to pluck, by preying upon each other. A new importation of these sporting gentry excited some alarm among the inhabitants lest they should be overrun. They determined, therefore, upon their expulsion. A poor country editor, who was expected by virtue of his vocation to take upon himself all the responsibilities from which others might choose to shrink, was peremptorily called upon by his 'patrons'—that is, those who paid him two dollars a year for his paper, and, therefore, presumed they owned him, soul and body—to make an effort towards the extermination of the enemy. The unfortunate editor said at once that he would indite a 'crusher,' one that would undoubtedly drive the obnoxious vermin into some more hospitable region. And when his paper appeared it was a 'crusher,' sure enough. In the course of his observations he gave the initials of several of the fraternity, whom he advised to leave the town as speedily as possible if they had the slightest desire to save their bacon.

"The next morning, when the poor scribe was comfortably seated in his office, listlessly fumbling over a meagre parcel of exchanges, he heard footsteps on the stairs, and presently an individual, having accomplished the ascent, made his appearance. His first salutation was slightly abrupt.

"'Where's the editor of this dirty, lying paper?'

"Now, aside from the rudeness of this opening interrogatory, there were other considerations that induced the editor to believe there was trouble on foot. The personage who addressed him bore a cowhide in his hand, and, moreover, seemed to be exceed-

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ingly enraged. This was not all, he recognised in him a distinguished leader of the sporting fraternity, with whose cognomen he had taken very irreverent liberties. It was without the slightest hesitation, therefore, that he replied to the introductory query,

"'I don't know.'

"'Do you belong to the concern?'

"'No, indeed, but I presume the editor will soon be in.'

"'Well,' said the visitor, 'I will wait for him,' and, suiting the action to the word, he composedly took a chair, picked up a paper, and commenced reading.

"'If I meet him,' said the frightened knight of the scissors and quill, 'I will tell him there is a gentleman here who wishes to see him.'

"As he reached the foot of the stairs in his hasty retreat, he was accosted by another person, who thus made himself known.

"'Can you tell me where I can find the sneaking rascal who has charge of this villainous sheet?' producing the last number of 'Freedom's Echo and the Battle Axe of Liberty.'

"'Yes,' replied the editor, 'he is up there in the office now, reading, with his back to the door.'

"'Thank you,' exclaimed the stranger, as he bounced up stairs.

"'I've got you, have I?' he ejaculated, as he made a grasp at his brother in iniquity, and they came crashing to the floor together.

"As the combatants, notwithstanding the similarity of their vocation, happened to be unacquainted with each other, 'a very pretty quarrel' ensued. First one was at the top, then the other; blow followed blow, kick followed kick, and oath followed oath, until bruised, exhausted, and bloody, with features resembling a couple of pugilists after two hours' encounter, there was, by mutual consent, a cessation of hostilities. As the warriors sat on the floor contemplating each other, the first comer found breath enough to ask,

"'Who are you? what did you attack me for?'

"'You abused me in your paper, you scoundrel!'

"'Me! I am not the editor, I came here to flog him myself!'

"Mutual explanations and apologies ensued, and the two mistaken gentlemen retired 'to bind up their wounds.' As the story comes to us, the distinguished individual whose vocation it was to enlighten the world by the aid of the great engine, the public press, ultimately escaped scot free."

Improbable as such an incident as that which has just been related may seem, it is not of unfrequent occurrence in America. Our next specimen is of a different kind. Its title is,

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THE OLD CLOCK; OR, "HERE SHE GOES, THERE SHE GOES!"

"Not long since, two stylish-looking persons put up for the night at an hotel in Albany. On the morrow, after ordering their bill, they sent for the landlord, who was not long in waiting on his dashing guests.

"'I wish to purchase that old clock up stairs, will you sell it?' asked the elder, whilst the younger lighted a cigar, and cast his eyes over the columns of a newspaper which lay upon the table. The landlord, who had set no value upon the clock, except as an heirloom, began to suspect that it might contain the virtues of Martin Heywood's chair, and be filled with coin; and, almost involuntarily, the three ascended to the room which contained the precious article.

"'The fact is,' said the elder, 'I once won twenty pounds with a clock like that.'

"'Twenty pounds!' ejaculated the landlord.

"'Yes. You see there was one like it in a room down in Essex, and a fellow bet me he could keep his fore-finger swinging with the pendulum for an hour, only saying, 'Here she goes, there she goes.' He couldn't do it. I walked the money out of him in no time.'

"'You did! You couldn't walk it out of me. I'll bet you ten pounds I can do it on the spot.'

"'Done!' cried the knowing one.

"The clock struck eight, and, with his back to the table and the door, the landlord popped into a chair.

"'Here she goes, there she goes!' and his finger waved in curve, his eye fully fixed on the pendulum. The fellows behind interrupted,

"'Where is the money. Plank the money.'

"The landlord was not to lose in that way. His fore-finger slowly and surely went with the pendulum, and his left hand disengaged his purse from his pocket, which he threw behind him on the table. All was silent, the dapper man at length exclaimed,

"'Shall I deposit the money in the hands of the waiter?'

"'Here she goes, there she goes!' was the only answer.

"One of the wags left the room; the landlord heard him go down stairs, but he was not to be disturbed by that trick.

"Presently the waiter entered, and, touching him upon the shoulder, asked,

"'Mr. B——, are you crazy? What are you doing?'

"'Here she goes, there she goes!' he responded, his hand waving the fore-finger as before.

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"The waiter rushed down stairs; he called one of the neighbours and asked him to go up. They ascended, and the neighbour, seizing him gently by the collar, in an imploring voice, said,

"'Mr. B——, do not sit here. Come, come down stairs; what can possess you to sit here?'

"'Here she goes, there she goes!' was the sole reply, and the solemn face and the slowly moving finger settled the matter. He was *mad.*

"'He *is* mad!' whispered the friend in a low voice; 'we must go for a doctor.'

"The landlord was not to be duped; he was not to be deceived although the whole town came to interrupt him.

"'You had better call up his wife,' added his friend.

"'Here she goes, there she goes!' repeated the landlord, and his hands still moved on.

"In a minute his wife entered, full af agony of soul.

"'My dear,' she kindly said, 'look on me; it is your wife who speaks.'

"'Here she goes, there she goes!' and his hand still continued to go, but his wife wouldn't go; she would stay, and he thought she was determined to conspire against him and make him lose the wager. She wept and she continued,

"'What cause have you for this? Why do you do so? Has your wife . . . .'

"'Here she goes, there she goes!' and his finger seemed to be tracing her airy progress, for anything she could ascertain to the contrary.

"The physician entered; he stood by the side of the busy man; he looked at him in silence and shook his head.

"'A consultation, I think, will be necessary,' said the physician, 'will you run for Dr. A——?'

"In a few minutes Dr. A——, with another medical gentleman, entered.

"'This is a sorry sight,' said he to the doctor with him.

"'Indeed it is, sir,' was the reply; 'it is a sudden attack, one of the . . . .'

"'Here she goes, there she goes!' was the sole reply.

"The physicians stepped into a corner and consulted together.

"'Will you be good enough to run for a barber? We must have his head shaved and blistered,' said Dr. A——.

"'Ah, poor dear husband,' said the lady, 'I fear he never will know his miserable wife.'

"The barber arrived; he was naturally a talkative man, and when the doctor made some casual remark upon the quality of the instrument he was about to use, he replied,

"'Ah, ah! monsieur, you say very bad to razor—tres beautiful—eh?—look—look—very fine, isn't she?'

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"'Here she goes, there she goes!' screamed the landlord, his hand on—on, his face gathering a smile, and his whole frame in readiness to be convulsed with joy.

"The barber was amazed.

"'Here she goes, there she goes!' he responded, in the best English he could. 'Vare? vare shall I begin? Vat is dat he say?'

"'Shave his head at once!' interrupted the doctor, while the lady sank into a chair.

"'Here she goes, there she goes!' for the last time, cried the landlord, *as the clock struck the hour of nine*, and he sprang from his seat in an ecstacy of delight, screaming at the top of his voice, as he skipped about the room, 'I've won it—I've won it.'

"'What?' said the waiter.

"'What?' echoed the doctors.

"'What?' re-echoed the wife.

"'Why the wager of ten pounds.' But casting his eyes around the room, and missing the young men who induced him to watch the clock, he asked, 'Where are those young men who supped here last night, eh? quick—where are they?'

"'They went away in their phaeton nearly an hour ago, sir!' was the reply of the waiter.

"The truth flashed like a thunderbolt through his mind. They had taken his pocket-book with twenty-one pounds therein, and decamped—a couple of swindling sharpers with wit to back them!"

Our third and last specimen is perhaps the drollest of either. It is rather long, but no reader, we are sure, will commence reading it without going on to read it. Its designation is,

A WELL-TOLD TALE—A SHARK STORY.

"Well, gentlemen, I'll go ahead if you say. Here's the story. It is true, upon my honour; from beginning to end—every word of it. I once crossed over to Faulkner's Island, to fish for *tautaugs*, as the north-side people call black fish, on the reefs hard by, in the Long Sound. Tim Titus (who died of the dropsy down at Shinnecock point, last Spring) lived there then. Tim was a right good fellow, only he drank rather too much.

"It was during the latter part of July; the sharks and the dog-fish had just begun to spoil sport. When Tim told me about the sharks, I resolved to go prepared to entertain those aquatic savages with all becoming attention and regard, if there should chance to be any interloping about our fishing ground. So we rigged out a set of extra large hooks, and shipped some rope yarn and a steel chain, an axe, a couple of clubs, and an old harpoon,

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in addition to our ordinary equipments, and off we started. We threw out our anchor at half ebb-tide, and took some thumping large fish; two of them weighed thirteen pounds—so you may judge. The reef where we lay was about half a mile from the island, and perhaps a mile from the Connecticut shore. We floated there very quietly, throwing out and hauling in until the breaking of my line, with a sudden and severe jerk, informed me that the sea attornies were in waiting down stairs, and we accordingly prepared to give them a retainer. A salt pork cloak upon one of our magnum hooks, forthwith engaged one of the gentlemen in our service. We got him alongside, and by dint of piercing and thrusting, and banging, we accomplished a most exciting and merry murder. We had business enough of the kind to keep us employed until near low water.

"By this time the sharks had cleared out, and the black-fish were biting again; the rock began to make its appearance above the water, and in a little time its hard bald head was entirely dry. Tim now proposed to set me out upon the rock, while he rowed ashore to get the jug, which, strange to say, we had left at the house. I assented to the proposition—first, because I began to feel the effects of the sun upon my tongue, and needed something to take by the way of medicine; and secondly, because the rock was a favourite spot for a rod and reel, and famous for luck; so I took my traps and a box of bait, and jumped upon my new station. Tim made for the island.

"Not many men would willingly have been left upon a little barren reef, that was covered by every flow of the tide, in the midst of a waste of waters, at such a distance from the shore, even with an assurance from a companion more to be depended upon than mine, to return immediately and lie by to take him off. But, somehow or other, the excitement of my sport was so high, and the romance of the situation was so delightful, that I thought of nothing else but the prospect of my fun and the contemplation of the novelty and beauty of the scene. It was a mild, pleasant afternoon, in harvest time. The sky was clear and pure. The deep blue sound, heaving all around me, was studded with craft of all descriptions and dimensions, from the dipping sail boat to the rolling merchantman, sinking and rising like sea birds sporting with their white wings in the surge.

"The grain and grass on the neighbouring farms were gold and green, and gracefully they bent obeisance to a gentle breathing southwester. Farther off, the high upland and the distant coast gave a dim relief to the prominent features of the landscape, and seemed the rich but dusky frame of a brilliant fairy picture. Then, how still it was! not a sound could be heard, except the occasional rustling of my own motion, and the water beating against the sides or gurgling in the fissures of the rock, or except now and then the

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cry of a solitary saucy gull, who would come out of his way in the firmament to see what I was doing without a boat, all alone, in the middle of the sound, and who would hover, and cry, and chatter, and make two or three circling swoops and dashes at me, and then, after having satisfied his curiosity, glide away in search of some other fool to scream at.

"I soon became half indolent, and quite indifferent about fishing; so I stretched myself out at full length upon the rock, and gave myself up to the luxury of looking and thinking. The divine exercise soon put me fast asleep. I dreamed away a couple of hours, and longer might have dreamed, but for a tired fish-hawk who chose to make my head his resting place, and who waked and started me to my feet.

"'Where is Tim Titus?' I muttered to myself, as I strained my eyes over the now darkened water. But none was near me to answer that interesting question, and nothing was to be seen of either Tim or his boat. 'He should have been here long ere this,' thought I, 'and he promised faithfully not to stay long—could he have forgotten? or has he paid too much devotion to the jug?'

"I began to feel uneasy, for the tide was rising fast, and would soon cover the top of the rock, and high water mark was at least a foot above my head. I buttoned up my coat, for either the coming coolness of the evening, or else my growing apprehensions, had set me trembling and chattering most painfully. I braced my nerves, and set my teeth, and tried to hum 'Begone dull care,' keeping time with my fists upon my thighs. But what music! what melancholy merriment! I started and shuddered at the doleful sound of my own voice.

"I am not naturally a coward, but I should like to know the man who would not in such a situation be alarmed. It is a cruel death to die, to be merely drowned, and to go through the ordinary common places of suffocation; but to see your death gradually before your eyes, to feel the water rising, inch by inch, upon your shivering sides, and to anticipate the certainly coming, choking struggle for your last breath, when, with the gurgling sound of an overflowing brook taking a new direction, the cold brine pours into mouth, ears, and nostrils, usurping the seat and avenues of health and life, and gradually flow, stifling—smothering—suffocating! It were better to die a thousand deaths.

"This is one of the many instances in which, it must be admitted, salt water is not a pleasant subject of contemplation. However, the rock was not yet covered, and hope, blessed hope, stuck faithfully to me.

"To beguile, if possible, the weary time, I put on a bait and threw out for fish. I was sooner successful than I could have wished to be, for hardly had my line struck the water before my hook was swallowed, and my rod bent with the dead hard pull of a

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twelve foot shark. I run him about fifty yards, and then reeled up. He appeared not at all alarmed, and I could scarcely feel him bear upon my fine hair line. He followed the pull gently and unresisting, came up to the rock, laid his nose upon its side, and looked up into my face, not as if utterly unconcerned, but in a sort of quizzical impudence, as though he perfectly understood my situation. The conduct of the captive renewed and increased my alarm; and well it might, for the tide was now running over a corner of the rock behind me, and a small stream rushed through the cleft, or fissure, by my side, and formed a puddle at my very feet. I broke my hook out of the monster's mouth, and leaned upon my rod for support.

"'Where is Tim Titus?' I cried aloud. 'Curse on the drunken vagabond! will he never come?'

"My ejaculation did no good. No Timothy appeared. It became evident that I must prepare for drowning, or action. The reef was completely covered, and the water was above the soles of my feet. I was not much of a swimmer, and as to ever reaching the island, I could not even hope for that. However, there was no alternative, and I tried to encourage myself by reflecting that necessity was the mother of invention, and that desperation will sometimes insure success. Besides, too, I considered and took comfort from the thought, that I could wait for Tim so long as I had a foot-hold, and then commit myself to the uncertain strength of my arms and legs for salvation. So I turned my bait-box upside down, and mounting upon that, endeavoured to comfort my spirits, and to be courageous, but submissive to my fate. I thought of death, and what it might bring with it, and I tried to repent of the multiplied iniquities of my almost wasted life; but I found that that was no place for a sinner to settle his accounts. Wretched soul! pray I could not.

"The water had now got above my ancles, when to my inexpressible joy, I saw a sloop bearing down towards me, with the evident intention of picking me up. No man can imagine what were the sensations of gratitude which filled my bosom at that moment.

"When she got within a hundred yards of me, I sung out to the man at the helm to luff up and lie by, and lower the boat; but to my amazement, I could get no reply, nor notice of my request. I entreated them, for the love of heaven to take me off; and I promised, I know not what rewards, that were entirely beyond my power of bestowal. But the brutal wretch of a captain, muttering something to the effect of 'that he hadn't time to stop,' and giving me the kind and sensible advice to pull of my coat and swim ashore, put the helm hard down, and away bore the sloop on the other tack.

"'Heartless villain!' I shouted out, in the torture of my dis-

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appointment, 'may God reward your inhumanity.' The crew answered my prayer with a hoarse, loud laugh; and the cook asked through a speaking trumpet, 'If I wasn't afraid of catching cold,' —the black rascal!

"It was now time to strip, for my knees felt the cool tide, and the wind dying away, left a heavy swell that swayed and shook the box upon which I was mounted, so that I had occasionally to stoop and paddle with my hands against the water, in order to preserve my perpendicular. The setting sun sent his almost horizontal streams of fire across the dark waters, making them gloomy and terrific, by the contrast of his amber and purple glories.

"Something glided by me in the water, and then made a sudden halt. I looked upon the black mass, and as my eye ran along its dark outline, I saw, with horror, that it was a shark—the identical monster out of whose mouth I had just broken my hook. He was fishing now for me, and was evidently only waiting for the tide to rise high enough above the rock, to glut at once his hunger and revenge.

"As the water continued to mount above my knees, he seemed to grow more hungry and familiar. At last he made a desperate dash, and approaching within an inch of my legs, turned upon his back, and opened his huge jaws for an attack. With desperate strength I thrust the end of my rod violently into his mouth, and the brass head, ringing against his teeth, threw him back into the deep current, and I lost sight of him entirely. This, however, was but a momentary repulse, for in the next minute he was close behind my back, and pulling at the skirts of my fustian coat, which hung, dripping, into the water. I leaned forward hastily, and endeavoured to extricate myself from the dangerous grasp; but the monster's teeth were too firmly set, and his immense strength drew me nearly over. So down flew my rod, and off went my jacket—devoted peace offering to my voracious visitor.

"In an instant the waves all around me were lashed into froth and foam. No sooner was my poor old sporting friend drawn under the surface, than it was fought for by at least a dozen enormous combatants. The battle raged upon every side. High black fins rushed now here, now there, and long strong tails scattered sleet and froth, and the brine was thrown up in jets, and eddied, and curled, and fell, and swelled like a whirlpool in Hell-gate.

"Of no long duration, however, was this fishy journey. It seemed soon to be discovered that the prize contended for contained nothing edible but cheese and crackers, and no flesh; and as its mutilated fragments rose to the surface, the waves subsided into their former smooth condition. Not till then did I experience the real terrors of my situation. As I looked around me to see what became of the robbers, I counted one, two, three—yes, up to

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twelve, successively, of the largest sharks I ever saw, floating in a circle around me like divergent rays, all mathematically equidistant from the rock, and from each other; each perfectly motionless, and with their gloating, fiery eye, fixed full and fierce upon me. Basilisks and rattle-snakes! how the fire of their steady eyes entered into my heart! I was the centre of a circle whose radii were sharks! I was the unsprung, or rather, unchewed game, at which a pack of hunting sea-dogs were making a dead point!

"There was one old fellow that kept within the circumference of the circle. He seemed to be a sort of captain, or leader of the band, or rather, he acted as the coroner for the other twelve of the inquisition, that were summoned to sit on, and eat up my body. He glided around and about, and now and then would stop and touch his nose against some of his comrades, and seem to consult, or give instructions as to the time and mode of operation. Occasionally he would skull himself up towards me, and examine the condition of my flesh, and then again glide back and rejoin the troop, and flap his tail, and have another confabulation. The old rascal had no doubt been out in the highways and by-ways and collected this company of his friends and kin-fish, and invited them to supper.

"I must confess that, horribly as I felt, I could not help but think of a tea-party of demure old maids sitting in a solemn circle, with their skinny hands in their laps, licking their expecting lips, while their hostess bustles about in the important functions of her preparations. With what an eye have I seen such appurtenances of humanity survey the location and adjustment of some especial condiment, which is about to be submitted to criticism and consumption.

"My sensations began to be, now, most exquisite indeed; but I will not attempt to describe them. I was neither hot nor cold, frightened nor composed; but I had a combination of all kinds of feelings and emotions. The past, present, future, heaven, earth, my father and mother, a little girl I knew once, and the sharks, were all confusedly mixed up together, and swelled my crazy brain almost to bursting. I cried, and laughed, and spouted, and screamed for Tim Titus. In a fit of most wise madness I opened my broad-bladed fishing knife, and waved it round my head with an air of defiance.

"As the tide continued to rise my extravagance of madness mounted. At one time I became persuaded that my tide-waiters were reasonable beings, who might be talked into mercy and humanity if a body could only hit upon the right text; so I bowed, and gesticulated, and threw out my hands, and talked to them as friends, and brothers, members of my family, cousins, uncles, aunts, people waiting to have their bills paid—I scolded them as my

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servants; I abused them as duns; I implored them as jurymen sitting on the question of my life; I congratulated, and flattered them as my comrades, upon some glorious enterprise; I sung and ranted to them, now as an actor in a play-house, and now as an elder at a camp-meeting.

"What said I?—what did I not say? Prose and poetry, scripture and drama, romance and ratiocination—out it came.

"'*Quamdiu, Catilina, nostra patientia abutere?*' I sang out to the old captain to begin with. 'My brave associates, partners of my toil'—so ran the strain. 'On which side soever I turn my eyes'—'Gentlemen of the jury'—'I came here not to steal away your hearts'—'You are not wood, you are not stones, but'——'Hah'—'Begin ye tormentors, your tortures are vain'—'Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up to any sudden flood'—'The angry flood that lashed her groaning sides'—'Ladies and gentlemen'—'My very noble and approved good masters'—'Avaunt and quit my sight; let the earth hide ye'—'Lie lightly on his head, O earth'—'O! heaven and earth, that it should come to this'—'The torrent roared, and we did buffet it with lusty sinews, stemming it aside and oaring it with hearts of controversy'—'Give me some drink, Titinus'—'Drink, boys, drink, and drown dull sorrow'—'Romans, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear'—'Fellow-citizens, assembled as we are upon this interesting occasion, oppressed with the truth and beauty'—'Isle of beauty, fare thee well'—'The quality of mercy is not strained'—'Magna veritas, et prevalebit'—'Truth is potent, and'—'Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors—

> "'O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
> The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
> Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
> Our Cæsar's vesture wounded?'

"Ha! ha! ha!—and I broke out into a fit of most horrible laughter as I thought of the mince-meat particles of my lacerated jacket.

"In the meantime the water had got well up towards my shoulders, and while I was shaking and vibrating on my uncertain foothold, I felt the cold nose of the captain of the band snubbing against my side. Desperately and without a definite object, I struck my hand at one of his eyes, and by some singular fortune cut it out clean from the socket. The shark darted back and halted. In an instant hope and reason came to my relief, and it occurred to me that if I could only blind the monster, I might yet escape. Accordingly, I stood ready for the next attack. The loss of an eye did not seem to affect him much, for after shaking his head once or twice he came up to me again, and when he was about half an inch off, turned upon his back.

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"This was the critical moment. With a most unaccountable presence of mind I laid hold of his nose with my right hand—I scooped out his remaining organ of vision. He opened his big mouth, and champed his long teeth at me in despair; but it was all over with him. I raised my right foot and gave him a hard shove, and he glided off into deep water and went to the bottom.

"Well, gentlemen, I suppose you think it a hard story, but it is none the less a fact, that I served every remaining one of those twelve sharks in the same fashion. They all came up to me, one by one, regularly and in order, and I scooped their eyes out, and gave them a shove, and they went off into deep water, just like so many lambs. By the time I had scooped out and blinded a couple of dozen of them, they began to seem so scarce that I thought I would swim for the island, and fight the rest, for fun, on the way; but just then Tim Titus hove in sight, and it had got to be almost dark, and I concluded to get on board and rest myself."

CLASSIC HAUNTS AND RUINS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

No. II.

THE CAPITOL AT ROME.

As thrills the exile's spirit when he hears
Some song of glory loved in other years;
Scenes, forms, and memories, from oblivion start,
Fill fancy's eye, and warm his musing heart:
As quails the ear when winds at midnight sweep
O'er charnel vaults, where coffined thousands sleep:
As starts the battle-steed when, loud and shrill,
The long-mute trumpet peals o'er vale and hill;
So at thy name, proud Rome! our bosoms swell,
While dormant memory wakes, and weaves her spell;
Thy name which, like the thunder yet sweet lyre,
Awes while it melts, and fills the soul with fire.

City! whose steps of power were necks of kings—
Europe, the world, beneath thine eagle's wings!
Mocking at time, as ne'er to be o'erthrown,
Thy columns rose, thy gilded temples shone:
High o'er thy site the goddess, Victory, flew,
And Pomp sat throned, and Fame her trumpet blew.
What art thou now?—a widow with bowed head,
Thy glory vanished, and thy heroes dead:
Weeping thou sitt'st, a dark and dying thing,
While desolation o'er thee spreads her wing.

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What art thou now ?—a dream of wonder past,
A tombless skeleton—dark, lone, and vast,
Whose heart of fire hath long, long ceased to burn,
Whose ribs of marble e'en to dust return ;
Thy shade alone, the ghost of ancient power,
Walking in gloom o'er shrine and crumbling tower,
Pointing, with shadowy hand, at Cæsar's hall,
Sighing 'neath arches tottering to their fall,
And gliding down old Tiber's rushing waves,
That seem to wail through all their hoary caves.

The Capitol, where Jove's proud temple blazed ;
The boast of Rome, to which all eyes were raised,
Slowly I climb ; weeds, brambles, clothe the wall,
Down which brave Manlius hurled th' invading Gaul ;
Column, and roof of gold, and marble bust,
Have left no trace commingled with the dust.
But there, for clashing shield and trumpet's sound,
The whirring bat doth trace her airy round,
And aged monks, at morn and twilight dim,
Glide in black stoles, or chant their feeble hymn.*
Hither the conqueror came, his warfare done,
To thank th' immortal gods for victory won.
Here Scipio trod, when set proud Carthage' star,
And laurel'd Pompey drove his ivory car :
To Jove's fam'd shrine great Tully raised his eye,
And Manlius stretched his arms when doomed to die.†
But darker scenes this glorious mount hath shown ;
From yon high rock were death-doomed culprits thrown,‡
While in the towers which Servius reared below,
Fell many a tear, rose many a plaint of woe.
E'en now those crumbling dungeons meet the gaze,
But closed the eyes that wept in other days ;
Culprit and judge oblivion's wave sweeps o'er,
And the crushed hearts that bled can break no more.

Away these thoughts ! though ages' cloud and storm
Have launched their lightnings o'er Rome's prostrate form,
Glory, like some sweet rainbow, glitters still
Above each crumbling arch and ruined hill ;

* The great temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, raised on a hundred steps, supported by a thousand pillars, and containing "the plunder of the universe," has not left a single relic of its ancient magnificence ; its site is occupied by the church and convent of Ara Cœli.

† Cicero, more particularly in his orations against Catiline, was accustomed to raise his hands and eyes to the Capitol, to increase the effect of his declamation ; and the Romans were unable to pass sentence on Manlius while that brave but ambitious man continued to point at the Capitol, which his valour had saved.

‡ The famous Tarpeian rock. The Mamertine and Tullian prisons, built or enlarged by Servius Tullius, 500 years before the Christian era, stood near the base of the hill ; and some of the walls and vaults remain to this day.

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Memory's bright sunshine fills each storied spot,
From Hadrian's tomb to dim Egeria's grot.*
More grandeur lights her lone and fallen hour
Than other cities boast in pride of power.
While gazing round, it is not grief we feel—
Emotions, high, ennobling, o'er us steal.
What though the Forum's arches prostrate lie,
And evening winds through Jove's grey columns sigh;†
Though Nero's house that blazed o'er hill and plain,
Where pomp and luxury held their golden reign,
Boasts but a vault, a few dark shattered walls,
On which the long grass waves, the lizard crawls:‡
Though Titus' baths are hid by gadding vines,
And Trajan's form of bronze no longer shines:
Though in the halls where music breathed her spell,
The raven croaks, and owls and foxes dwell,§
Fancy, with plastic skill, can quick repair
Each perished form, and light a glory there;
People the lonely mount, and rear the shrine,
And make yon city once again divine.
Then, too, Rome's very ruins charm the gaze,
Bidding us scarcely mourn her mightier days.
When sinks the garish sun, and, calm and high,
The moon's pale planet climbs the dark blue sky,
How grandly solemn spreads the scene beneath!
Bright as a vision, still and fair as death.
Trajan's high column peering through the gloom,
The lonely Cælian, crowned with fane and tomb;
The myrtle bowers that clothe the Pincian hill,¶
Where statues, founts, and odours linger still;
The tall Pantheon with its walls of white,
As built by gods to grace Olympus' height;
Vespasian's mighty dome,** where scythe-armed Time,
Counting his shadowy ages, sits sublime—
All catch the silvery beams that shower below,
Smile as they sleep, and soften as they glow;
All prompt to thought, and charm the gazer's glance,
Till, spell-bound there, he bends in rapture's trance,
And half forgets that ruin rolls her wave,
And death keeps watch above an empire's grave!

* Hadrian's tomb, over which now rises the castle of St. Angelo, is situated north of the ancient city. The chamber and fount of Egeria are on the Via Latina, beyond the southern walls.

† The three solitary but beautiful columns that stand between the Capitol and the Forum belonged to the temple of Jupiter Tonans, built by Augustus.

‡ The *Aurea Domus*, or golden house of Nero, covered the Palatine, and occupied the small valleys between that Mount, the Cælian, and the Esquiline.

§ In the baths of Caracalla on the Aventine, there was an *odeum* for music; these *thermæ* present ruins of a vast extent.

¶ The *Collis hortulorum*, or hill of gardens, the favourite retreat of Pompey and Sallust, and, at this day, adorned with villas and planted with trees and flowers.

** The Colosseum, built by the Emperors Vespasian and Titus.

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THE COLD WATER CURE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"AMONG all the newly sprung-up manias that daily greet you on your return to England, is there any one that is so thoroughly absurd and overpowering as the cold water system?"

Such was the observation of an old school-friend to Mr. Turville, a rich West India proprietor, who had been residing for the last twenty years in Jamaica.

"I acknowledge," replied his companion, "that I am completely tired of the subject; and although I cannot flatter myself with bearing much likeness to the beautiful Ophelia, I closely resemble her in the calamity of having 'too much water.' It is in vain for me to expect any sympathy for my whitened locks and embrowned complexion, people tell me to try the cold water cure and all will be right. Hope ought now to be represented as leaning on a water-butt instead of an anchor; the expressions of 'throwing cold water' or 'a wet blanket' on a scheme must be banished from our vocabulary, or understood to mean precisely the reverse of their usual acceptation; showers of rain will be considered as beneficial to men as to ducks, and pumping upon a pick-pocket will be indulging him in a delightful and salutary luxury."

"Exactly so," said Dyson; "I feel no doubt that the mania will increase; no regiment will be so popular as the Cold Stream; water-colours will supersede oil-painting, and Anacreontic strains will be converted into praises of the bubbling spring and adapted to the tune of 'Water Parted.'"

"Pray, Dyson, do not talk of an increase to the mania; I am afraid that the sources of my patience will be dried up long before those of the springs of England will be; and if my native land really becomes one vast cold bath, I think I shall emigrate to Adelaide, which, I am told, possesses the rare recommendation of a scarcity of water."

"Nay, do not be too much alarmed at my prediction, Turville; though the generality of people may be disposed to believe in the old adage that 'truth lies at the bottom of a well,' and to go down into the well to make her acquaintance, yet there will always be a certain number who, like the merry old Don in the 'Duenna,' will say,

> 'Let the water-drinkers tell
> There it always lay for me.'

"Yes, but they will be in a terrible minority," said Turville, "and the Undines of existence will cast very chilling glances

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upon them. Rely upon it, we never shall keep our heads above water till we attain the habit of perpetually diving them below it; the Chancellor of the Exchequer ought to look to it."

"Why, what can he possibly have to do with the matter?"

"A writer on the subject says that the people will live for two hundred years under the cold water system, therefore the rates for life annuities ought to be revised. Only imagine the horror of having granted twenty-three per cent., to a venerable great-grandfather of eighty, and finding him come to receive his income for a hundred and twenty years!"

"Do you really think," said Dyson, "that the system prolongs life?"

"I have no doubt it would have prolonged the life of many people had they not unfortunately happened to die just as they got into the way of it. But you should not ask my opinion; you know I have only recently returned to England, and the cold water cure was very little known and talked about when I bid 'my native land good night.'"

"Very little! not at all, I should suppose."

"Pardon me, I myself experienced the benefits of it, therefore I have perhaps been rather ungrateful in jesting on the subject."

"I am quite surprised, pray what was your ailment?"

"A complaint of the heart."

"Indeed! that may be very serious if neglected; what were your symptoms?"

"Violent palpitations, nervous fears, restless nights, indistinctness of vision, failure of memory, confusion of ideas."

"Dear me, a very sad case indeed."

"A very sad case indeed, and I was completely restored to my former self by the influence of cold water."

"Surprising! and did any physician prescribe it to you?"

"No, I was led to try it from accidental circumstances."

"Is there any secret in these circumstances?"

"None whatever; the recital of them will be much at your service, only I warn you that the tale will occupy some time."

"The longer the better; I am all attention; I could never have believed that a cold water cure had been effected twenty years ago."

"I was an only child," said Turville, "and born to the expectation of considerable property; but my mother died when I was twenty-three years old, and my father married again to a lady many years his junior, who had a son ten months after her wedding day, and a daughter before another year had elapsed. The estate was not entailed, nor indeed was it a large one, my father's property principally consisting of money in the funds. I saw, therefore, every probability that the paternal fortune would be divided into many portions, and I regretted that I had been

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brought up in idleness. My stepmother, although a worldly woman, was, to do her justice, neither ill-tempered nor undermining. She certainly did not wish my father to do much for me, but she wished everybody else to do a great deal, and built two airy castles at once in my favour, either of which, had it stood firmly, would have exonerated her from all future anxiety respecting my permanent well-doing—she determined that I should marry an heiress, and inherit the property of a rich uncle! The localities of the characters in the drama were admirably arranged; the heiress lived half-a-mile from us, and the rich relation was actually on a visit at our house. Mr. Digby had lately returned from the West Indies, where he possessed large estates; he was the uncle of my late mother, therefore, Mrs. Turville could have no hopes of success in canvassing his good will for her own progeny; he had no relative but myself, 'who then,' as she emphatically asked, 'could be so naturally pointed out as his heir?' The old gentleman was, however, rude and cynical, and seemed disposed to baffle all her schemes; he was a bear who could not be taught 'to dance to the genteelest of tunes;' it was evident that he absolutely disliked me, and certainly I participated in his sentiments, and returned him his dislike in full and generous measure.

"The plot of the heiress seemed much more feasible. Mr. Chetwynd was a rich retired merchant; Almeria an only child. He avowed his intention to give her thirty thousand pounds, and she appeared to favour me beyond all her admirers. In fact I deserved to be favoured, for my love for her was ardent, true, and tender; had I become raised to the highest wealth, and had Almeria been portionless, she would still have been the object of my choice. If you ask what were her chief attractions, you will pity my folly and infatuation when I tell you that she had only one—she possessed beauty. I have never before or since beheld so lovely a creature, and her personal charms blinded me to all the defects of her mind and temper. She was superficial in knowledge, insipid in conversation, tyrannical to her servants, and scornful and imperious to a poor relation, Grace Bertie, who resided with her; but I found an excuse for all her failings. Certainly she made sad geographical and historical blunders, but I detested learned ladies; she had neither repartee nor strong sense, but I could not endure wits and philosophers; she had discharged half-a-dozen servants in the last year, but servants could never bear to be told of their faults; and although her behaviour to Grace Bertie was rather haughty and imperious, yet Grace Bertie was such an inveterably plain, sallow little creature, and was so very dull and stupid, that really I could not sympathize deeply in her troubles; she had a home and maintenance, and no doubt thought her lot in life a very fortunate one. My most formidable rival was

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the Honourable Mr. Needham, but although fashionable and highly connected, he was neither handsome nor rich, and I still maintained the post of chief favourite with the father and with the daughter.

"'No doubt,' Mrs. Turville would say to the former, 'our dear Leonard will be the heir of Mr. Digby; no one can judge what a feeling, kind heart that excellent old gentleman conceals beneath a rough exterior. He actually idolizes Leonard; you have no idea how he speaks of him in private to me; but he is quite of the old school, and does not like to flatter young people before their faces.'

"To the daughter she spoke differently, entertaining her with long accounts of my sleepless nights, my overheard soliloquies, my fits of absence, my passionate veneration for an old kid glove, a withered bouquet, or a broken fan-stick, and generally wound up her communication by producing some scraps of poetry which she had surreptitiously abstracted from my waistcoat pocket. These reports were substantially true, although perhaps a little exaggerated, and they evidently advanced me very much in the good graces of the fair Almeria.

"Mr. Digby was not so pleasant a subject to work upon, and a friend who was passing a few days with me amused me very much by detailing the following conversation which took place in his presence between my stepmother and my uncle.

"'I never saw a single man with so few oddities as you, Mr. Digby,' began the lady (although celibacy never sent forth a greater bundle of oddities than the gentleman she addressed).

"'Single life is best, madam, after all,' he rejoined; 'the more I see of the married state the more joyful I feel that I never entered into it.'

"This observation was not the most courteous that could have been uttered in the house of a married lady; but Mrs. Turville, instead of contradicting it, continued with assumed playfulness,

"'Only I really pity you for the lack of an heir to whom to bequeath your fine fortune.'

"'That is a lack that may be easily supplied,' retorted the old gentleman.

"'By a late marriage, perhaps,' said Mrs. Turville. 'My dear sir, be cautious, women are so designing and artful.'

"'I am perfectly aware of that fact,' he replied. 'Indeed, when I receive particular civility from a lady, I generally fee assured that she has some sinister motive for offering it.'

"'O! Mr. Digby, how can you say so?' was the only line of defence that suggested itself to the genius of my stepmother.

"'Whatever women may say to the contrary,' pursued the old gentleman, 'they have time out of mind had an antipathy to old bachelors. I remember, in the days of my classical studies, read-

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ing that there were certain festivals celebrated at Lacedæmon, where it was customary for the women to drag all the old bachelors round the altars, violently striking and beating them, that the shame and ignominy to which they were exposed might induce them to marry.'

"'Shocking! but the ladies of the present day are very different!'

"'Yes, they do their work by sapping, not by storming the citadel.'

"A pause ensued, and my stepmother probably thought that she had been sapping long enough, and that she would come at once to the point of attack; her next speech, therefore, was—

"'I do not think, Mr. Digby, that you are quite alive to the good qualities of our dear Leonard.'

"'Perhaps not, madam,' with a short counterfeit cough.

"'He is so different from the generality of young men; so prudent, so economical, so self-denying.'

"'If so, I wonder what business he has to keep horses and dogs of his own; till I had made my fortune by honest exertions, I never kept any four-footed animal but a cat.'

"'Oh! I assure you the expense of his horses and dogs is nothing to speak about.'

"'That is very likely, but it may be a good deal to keep silence about!'

"'Then he is so free from the rust of learning; there is nothing of the pedant about him!'

"'Certainly not, unless, as Miss Edgeworth says, A coxcomb be a sort of pedant!'

"'At all events, you must allow him to have an excellent disposition. I assure you he pays me quite the duty of a son.'

"'He ought to pay you everything you exact from him, for the bard of Warren's blacking did not excel you in the science of puffing, and was far inferior to you in style; you are more poetical in your prose than he was in his poetry!'

"Mrs. Turville, biting her lip, remarked,

"'You are too good!' to which the old gentleman, with equal truth and politeness, responded,

"'Not at all.'

"'What a charming girl Miss Chetwynd is,' the lady resumed; 'she has a great number of admirers.'

"'So I should think; human admirers have seldom the rationality of the fox in the fable, who, after eulogising a beautiful head, said, It is a pity it has no brains.'

"'How uncharitable you are, Mr. Digby; it is the worst accusation that can be brought against a young lady, to say that she has no brains.'

"'No, madam, it is very far from being the worst accusation

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that can be brought against a young lady. Miss Chetwynd has faults of much more consequence than her deficiency of brains, which, after all, is not her fault, but her misfortune; she is a domestic tormentor, a fire-side tyrant! she loves nothing but herself.'

"'Nay, there you are wrong; she shows a decided and certainly disinterested preference for your nephew, Leonard.'

"'Because Leonard plies her with constant flatteries. Dryden says with great truth,

> "'Nothing so monstrous can be said or feigned,
> But with belief and joy is entertained,
> When to her face a giddy girl is praised,
> By ill-judged flattery to an angel raised.'

"'But then, Mr. Digby, her father will give her thirty thousand pounds, and that is not a portion to be despised.'

"'Undoubtedly not, if it could be severed from the lady; but her good-tempered, excellent little cousin, Grace Bertie, would be a more valuable wife with no portion but her half-dozen half-worn suits of clothes, than the heiress would be with all her wealth, beauty, and jewellery; there is real sound sense and kind feeling about that deserving little girl, and if I were a young man, I do not think I could resist the temptation of snatching her from the state of unworthy dependance to which she is subjected.'

"'I really cannot agree with you in the homage you bestow on your dowdy divinity; but I have a more interesting matter of conversation. The truth is, that poor Leonard is passionately attached to Miss Chetwynd, and yet cannot summon resolution to propose to her, thinking that he shall be refused because he has no private fortune.'

"'I thought you said just now that Miss Chetwynd was perfectly disinterested in her attachment to Leonard.'

"'So she is, but her father is an old man, and very cautious and long-sighted; now if you, my dear sir, would only come forward and enable Leonard to make something of a suitable settlement on Miss Chetwynd——'

"'Spare your eloquence, Mrs. Turville; you are abundantly generous with the property of other people, but Mr. Chetwynd is not the only old man who is cautious and long-sighted. Your stepson is no favourite of mine, and it is not my intention to give him money for any purpose, and most assuredly not for the purpose of promoting his union with Miss Chetwynd; for, though I do not like him, I bear him no ill will, and do not wish to doom his future life to the troubles of a perpetual association with a silly, shrewish helpmate.'

"Mr. Digby here walked out of the room, and my stepmother had scarcely time to observe to my friend, that 'the old man

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seemed quite in his dotage, and that she supposed he would wind up his follies by leaving his fortune to that little cunning hypocrite, Grace Bertie,' when Mr. Chetwynd entered, and she immediately told him that 'Mr. Digby had been talking to her for an hour, and that he spoke in such raptures of dear Almeria, that if he were thirty years younger, she thought he would be rather disposed to seek her for his own bride than that of his nephew.'

"The day after this conversation I called at Mr. Chetwynd's house. Almeria was in the garden; I followed her thither. I told my tale of love; she received the declaration favourably, and looked so beautiful when she gave me permission to apply to her father that I could descry neither folly nor insipidity in her manner. She seemed to realize to me the vision of Coleridge's Genevieve, and in one point the resemblance was undoubted.

"'She forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.'

"Personal loveliness she knew to be her stronghold of dominion, and she was always magnanimously resigned to be stared at! St. Evremont, who says that 'affectation is a greater enemy to beauty than the small-pox,' might possibly have escaped her fascinations, but there are few St. Evremonts in the world, and certainly I by no means acquiesced in his sentiments.

"Before I had half exhausted my expressions of gratitude and protestations of constancy, we descried the Honourable Mr. Needham advancing down the garden to join us. He was visiting at the house of a friend at a short distance, and was glad to take frequent opportunities of cultivating an acquaintance with Mr. Chetwynd, or rather with his daughter. Although vexed at his interruption, I received him with tolerable complacency; I felt that he was now an innoxious rival to me. We walked to the bottom of the grounds; they were skirted by a river, and Mr. Chetwynd had a pleasure-boat moored just by; two of his menservants were excellent rowers, and his family frequently partook of the amusement of little water excursions.

"'I wish I could summon a rower here,' said Almeria; 'but by the time one could be procured from the house my inclination to go on the water would have subsided.'

"'Behold your wish realized,' said her honourable admirer, with gallantry; 'I understand a little of rowing, and shall be delighted to officiate as your boatman.'

"Almeria immediately accepted his offer, and I followed her into the boat. I soon perceived that the Honourable Mr. Needham had spoken truly when he had said he understood a little of rowing; he understood very little indeed. His attitudes, however, were decidedly elegant, and he had gained great applause at a private theatre, where he rowed through artificial waves, rising tremen-

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dously high, while a shower of hail-stones was violently descending upon him, and the thunder (which was admirably worked by a call boy from one of the national theatres) was roaring tremendously over his head!

"I offered to take his place, or to assist him, but he refused my proposal with disdain, and Almeria graciously whispered to me her desire that I should continue to sit by her side.

"We reached the middle of the river. Mr. Needham evidently began to feel tired with his exertions.

"'Is not that a black cloud in the distance?' he suddenly exclaimed, rising up in the boat.

"There was no black cloud, and if there had been, there was not the smallest necessity that he should rise to point it out; but such were the words, and such was the attitude with which he had smitten half-a-dozen aristocratic fair ones in the afterpiece of 'Love in a Storm.'

"After clasping his hands, and looking at the sky, which continued provokingly bright and blue, he sat down again, but one of the oars slipped out of his hand as he attempted to resume his hold of it; he bent over the edge of the boat to recover it, overbalanced the boat, and in a moment we were all precipitated into the water. When I had struggled to the surface, the first object that I beheld was the Honourable Mr. Needham swimming to shore in single blessedness.

"Oh! how he disgraced his private theatrical reputation! The boat had *then* been overturned, and he had performed prodigies of valour—saved the heroine, an old servant, and a little girl, and was on the point of falling a sacrifice to his maganimity had it not been for the good offices of an exemplary Newfoundland dog which leaped forth from a side scene and brought him to the shore.

"Eagerly I looked for Almeria. I found her; I sustained her in my arms; I determined to preserve her, or to die with her, but I was by no means a skilful swimmer, neither was Almeria an Ariel in figure. My eyes became dim; my limbs trembled; I might have saved myself, but I preferred to suffer death with Almeria.

"Suddenly she looked up in my face; she was no longer insensible; she uttered a few broken, murmured words of mingled hope and fear. I seemed to become endowed with more than mortal strength; I exerted myself to the utmost, and succeeded in gaining the shore with my precious burden.

"Mr. Needham had considerately given the alarm at the house, and in a few minutes we were surrounded by a group of eager and terrified servants. Alas! how nearly had they been too late! how probable was it that they would have been called upon, instead of congratulating the living, to perform the mournful duty of lamenting over the dead!

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"Just as we gained the house Mr. Chetwynd returned to it from his usual morning ride. How happy was it that he knew not of the danger of his child till he likewise heard of her safety.

"Grace Bertie instantly accompanied Almeria to her chamber, and assisted in preparing for her the comforts of a warm bed and composing potion; but she returned as soon as possible to the drawing-room, where I was standing, like young Norval, rehearsing my gallant deeds to Mr. Chetwynd, a gentleman who had ridden home with him, several of the upper servants, and 'last not least,' Mr. Needham, who had deemed it incumbent on him to come in person as soon as he had changed his dress, to inquire whether sea (or rather river) nymphs were 'ringing the knell' of his rival and the lady of his affections.

"Grace Bertie approached and touched my arm in a hurried manner, just as I was describing, in very enthusiastic language, the effect produced on me by the few broken words of Almeria.

"'Pardon me, pray pardon me,' she said, 'but you are very imprudent. Providence has mercifully rescued you from one danger, do not wantonly invite another; you ought long before this time to have been in the enjoyment of warmth and quiet.'

"'Just let Leonard finish his story, Grace,' said Mr. Chetwynd, impatiently, 'and we will then, if he does not rebel against it, consign him to all the inflictions of hot flannel and treacle possets.'

"I finished my story, told it over again to some newly arrived inquirers, accepted Mr. Chetwynd's invitation to stay dinner, and endeavoured to counteract the effect of my wet clothes by quaffing exhilarating draughts of Champagne to the speedy recovery of the beautiful Almeria; nor did I lack a more valuable source of exhilaration.

"Mr. Chetwynd, when we were summoned by Grace Bertie to the drawing-room, took the opportunity to draw near me, whispered that 'none but the brave deserve the fair,' and kindly and encouragingly drew forth from me the confession of my attachment to Almeria, and her acknowledgment that very morning of reciprocal feelings.

"'Come to me,' he said, 'at one o'clock to-morrow; I shall certainly not give you the worse reception for your courage in saving my child from death to-day.'

"I warmly thanked him, but my cup of happiness was destined to be still fuller ere the close of the evening, for the lovely Almeria, hanging on the arm of Grace Bertie, entered the room. Her hair, which, had it been like the hair of other ladies, would have been effectually uncurled by her cold bath, flowed in crisper and more beautiful natural ringlets than ever, and her exquisite form was wrapped in a drapery of snowy muslin, which, to my taste at least, was far more becoming and attractive than the profusely-trimmed and ornamented silk dresses in which I was accustomed to behold her.

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"She declared that she had arisen, quite contrary to Grace Bertie's wishes, because she could not be easy without expressing her heartfelt gratitude to me. She added that she would only stay half an hour, but the tender conversation in which we speedily engaged was so delightful that the half hour was imperceptibly extended to a whole one; nor should we even then have separated had not Grace Bertie, whom I regarded quite as an evil fairy, although in reality she was much more like a good one, interfered very decidedly in the matter, borne Almeria to her chamber, and exacted fron me a promise that I would immediately go home. I was perfectly resigned to go home when the drawing-room was denuded of my idol, and I was also impatient to tell the good news of the day to my family. They had not yet retired to rest. They listened with much interest to my story, and my stepmother repeatedly observed 'how very lucky it was that Mr. Needham was so careless a boatman!'

"'That remains to be proved,' said Mr. Digby, who had hitherto only noticed the various points in my narrative by groaning or coughing whenever I made a pause! 'immersion in the water, madam, has often been known to lead to the grave, although that grave may not have been immediately found at the bottom of the river.'

"'Dear me, Mr. Digby,' said Mrs. Turville, 'who but yourself would talk about graves to a young man who will be contracted to-morrow to a blooming, beautiful girl with a portion of thirty thousand pounds?'

"'You are very far-sighted, madam, I know,' returned the old gentleman, 'but you must possess powers of sight far beyond those of ordinary mortals if you can affirm what will be done to-morrow.'

"'Do not depress the poor lad,' said my father; 'he has acted quite like a hero, and a good night's rest will, I trust, do away with all the ill effects of his cold bath.'

"'I much doubt that his night's rest *will* be a good one,' said the incorrigible Mr. Digby.

"Nobody replied to this observation, but Mrs. Turville asked me if Almeria's beauty was at all impaired by her alarm and immersion, and I gave her a minute and rapturous answer, feeling my cheeks glow and my eyes sparkle as I spoke. In the midst of my speech Mr. Digby arose and quitted the room.

"'How very rude and unfeeling!' said my father, 'not even to wish poor Leonard good night when he has been exposed to such imminent danger.'

"'I must own,' I said, 'that I never saw such thorough want of sympathy and kindness; but the man who is insensible to the perfections of my charming Almeria must be insensible to everything else.'

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"'I dislike the old cynic more and more every day,' said Mrs. Turville. 'It is really my belief, Leonard, that he would have been rejoiced to hear that you had been drowned.'

"At this moment the object of our strictures entered the room, accompanied by the medical man of the village, who, fortunately, lived very near, and whom he had gone expressly to summon.

"'It is my firm conviction, Mr. Turville,' said the old gentleman, 'that your son is in a high fever; I felt that it would be of little use to express this opinion in the strongest terms to you, to him, or to Mrs. Turville, and therefore I have brought with me a gentleman who is a better judge of such matters than any of us.'

"The doctor felt my pulse, shook his head, and recommended instant bleeding. An alarm was spread through the house, and I began to be somewhat in a panic about myself, and very willingly sought my pillow, from which it was many weeks before I arose. A violent fever took place, and my life was for a long time despaired of. When I recovered to consciousness, everybody earnestly besought me not to speak, and as a means of enforcing their request assured me that they would not answer any question I might ask. I was able, however, notwithstanding the darkened chamber, to make some use of my eyes, and I perceived frequently, flitting about the room, a female form, which I deemed would be no other than Almeria. The person in question was certainly shorter, and more slender, but I imagined that my eyes had not yet regained all their power of acute vision; and who but Almeria could this white-robed phantom be? It was not Mrs. Turville, whom I had recognised and addressed at other times. I spoke to the 'white lady;' I entreated my beloved Almeria to listen to the expression of my gratitude for her affectionate devotion in thus seeking and solacing her affianced lover.

"'You owe me no gratitude,' said a soft voice; 'I have only obeyed the call of duty, and have felt much satisfaction in doing it.'

"I started, I hid my face in the pillow, and heavily sighed—it was the voice of Grace Bertie!

"'I entreat you, Miss Bertie,' I said, after a pause, 'to allow me to speak to Almeria; I cannot doubt that she has shared your kind and benevolent cares; I am quite well enough to see her; I promise not to agitate myself.'

"Grace was silent for a moment.

"'Almeria is not here,' she said.

"'Oh!' I exclaimed, I guess too surely the reason; 'she is ill, perhaps even dying; tell me the worst at once, anything is preferable to suspense.'

"'Almeria is in perfect health,' Grace replied.

"'And has my illness affected her gentle spirit too severely?' I asked.

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"'Mr. Chetwynd sends to inquire after you every day,' was the somewhat evasive reply of the lady.

"'I do not ask after Mr. Chetwynd,' I said, rather peevishly. 'There is a mystery concerning Almeria; I implore you, Miss Bertie, to unravel it.'

"But Miss Bertie had glided away with noiseless steps. She was succeeded by my stepmother, who positively refused to enter into any conversation with me till I had renovated myself by sleep, and then left me. Her place was supplied by the nurse engaged to attend me, who, although exceedingly communicative and garrulous on every other subject, contrived to be attacked with sudden deafness whenever I made any inquiry relative to Miss Chetwynd.

"The next day I received permission to arise, and sit for a couple of hours in my dressing-room. Mrs. Turville was there to congratulate me.

"'How is it?' I asked, perceiving Grace in the garden, 'that Miss Bertie is domesticated here?'

"'She is, to do her justice, very kind and attentive to everybody in trouble,' returned the lady, 'and knowing that I am excessively nervous, and have a great deal too much sensibility to be of any use in a sick room, she offered to stay with me during your illness.'

"'Almeria, of course, prompted this kind proposal?' said I.

"Mrs. Turville was seized, like the nurse, with temporary deafness. I repeated the observation in a louder tone of voice, and she immediately recollected some affairs that demanded her attention at another part of the house—rather a novel reminiscence, by the way, for my stepmother did not at all resemble Desdemona in domesticity, and seldom allowed the 'house affairs to draw her thence' when she was engaged in listening or talking.

"Next came my father. I asked him concerning Almeria, and he told me that I had better forget her—a piece of counsel frequently given by old men to young ones, and which has been so beautifully answered by the author of 'Oh, no! we never mention her,' that it is quite unnecessary in me to dwell further on the subject.

"I asked why I ought to forget her, but my father caught sight of the gardener pruning the shrubs, and declared that he had some particular directions to give him on that very subject, which could not be delayed a moment.

"I was left alone. In a few moments the door slowly opened—was it Almeria? No; it was not even Grace Bertie; it was a little girl, the daughter of a neighbouring cottager, who had brought a bouquet of moss roses for me, and obtained permission from the servants to be the bearer of her own present. A sudden thought struck me. Almeria had frequently taken kind notice of this child.

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"'Bessie,' I said, 'do you often see Miss Chetwynd?'

"'Not lately,' said the child; 'she has had so little time to spare.'

"'What has occupied her time so exclusively?' I asked.

"Bessie was silent; not because she affected deafness, but because she did not understand the terms of my question.

"'Has she been ill?' I inquired.

"'I suppose not,' said the child; 'because till last week she went out every day with Mr. Needham, in his curricle.'

"'Then,' I exclaimed, forgetting, in my fears for her health, my indignation that she should have condescended to be driven out in Mr. Needham's curricle, 'she has doubtless been ill since last week.'

"'That cannot be,' returned the child, innocently, 'because she was married last Tuesday.'

"Married! Oh! what a torrent of maddening thoughts rushed in upon me. Had Almeria, my beloved, my plighted bride—had she indeed united herself to another, when he who had perilled his life to save hers was suffering sickness and pain for her sake? I could not support the conviction of her perfidy; I hid my face in my hands and sobbed aloud. The child, alarmed at the result of her communication, ran down stairs, and summoned the first person she met to my assistance; this happened to be Mr. Digby. He immediately came to me, and the once morose, blunt cynic could scarcely have been recognised in the kind and sympathising friend who told me to take comfort, and poured upon me sentences of consolation; not very original, perhaps, but not the less well meant and sensible.

"'And how can you account for this base perfidy?' I inquired.

"'My opinion of Miss Chetwynd,' he replied, 'was, as you are aware, never a good one, and Grace Bertie, although not willing to speak unfavourably of her cousin, has partly acknowledged to me that she was about equally prepossessed in favour of Mr. Needham and yourself, and was resolved to accept the first who proposed to her. You would have been (strange perversion of terms!) the happy man, but when your recovery was pronounced scarcely probable, and Mr. Needham earnestly urged his suit, the present lover triumphed over the absent one, and she accepted his proposals.'

"'Ungrateful, heartless woman!' I ejaculated; 'and did her father countenance her in this unfeeling inconstancy?'

"'Mr. Chetwynd's conduct perplexes me greatly,' replied Mr. Digby, 'and as Grace Bertie has been absent from his house some weeks I have had no clue to guide my conjectures respecting it. He was, till lately, a fond and devoted father, and appeared properly and naturally anxious to investigate most carefully the pretensions of any suitor striving to obtain the hand of his daughter;

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but the offer of Mr. Needham was eagerly accepted, and he seemed only too happy to think that Almeria would no longer be an inmate of his house. He gave away his daughter, and she departed with her husband on a honeymoon excursion. Yesterday Grace Bertie received a doleful letter from her. It appeared that Mr. Needham had made no inquiries respecting her fortune, fearing, doubtless, lest a settlement should be demanded from him, and feeling sure that Mr. Chetwynd would fulfil his often-avowed intention of giving Almeria thirty thousand pounds on her marriage. Immediately after the ceremony he received a present of five hundred pounds from his father-in-law, and an intimation that he intended from time to time to assist him, but did not propose to bind himself to allow his daughter any particular income. Mr. Needham, who had only kept his creditors at bay by repeated assurances that he was on the point of marrying an heiress, was much alarmed by this notification, and immediately made interest with a clerk in the Bank to ascertain whether the large sum in the three per cents. possessed by Mr. Chetwynd was still in its accustomed place. The reply was perfectly satisfactory; the money had not been sold out, and the disappointed son-in-law could only impute the old gentleman's sudden niggardliness to the love of power and sway. Most happy do I feel, my dear Leonard, that you have no cause to speculate on the matter; for had Miss Chetwynd been able to realize the burlesque description of an heiress in the "Rivals," and "to feed her parrot with small pearls, and make her thread-papers of bank notes," I should still have felt truly sorry to have seen her your wife."

"After the first shock had passed over I did not suffer so severely from Almeria's inconstancy as might have been expected. Mr. Digby appeared in the unwonted character of a kind and benevolent friend, and Grace Bertie—but how shall I describe her?—her companionable qualities, her music, her singing, her literary acquirements, and more than these, the sparkling good humour which imparted a charm to all that she said and did? Everybody seemed quite pleased and happy except my stepmother.

"'I wish,' she said one morning when she was alone with me, 'that Miss Bertie would bring her visit to an end.'

"'That is rather ungrateful of you,' I replied, 'for you confessed to me that she was a very welcome guest when she offered to come to you.'

"'True,' she said, 'but I am convinced that she had sinister motives in her offer; I am sure that she has designs on Mr. Digby, and that she is likely to succeed.'

"'A design to be his heiress?' I asked.

"'Rather to be his richly jointured widow,' replied Mrs. Turville. 'I should never have pressed her, as I did some days ago, to prolong her stay, had not Mr. Digby entreated me to do so,

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and at the same time slipped this pretty ruby ring on my finger; but I wish now that I had refused his request. I happened accidentally yesterday to overhear a few words between them [most likely my stepmother had been listening at the door!], and he was talking to her about marriage and a settlement.'

"'Impossible!' I exclaimed; 'Grace Bertie could never contemplate such a sacrifice; she will never add to the list of those with whom it is said that

"Mammon wins his way, though seraphs might despair."'

"'What "seraphs" may be particularly interested in Miss Bertie's flirtations I am yet to learn,' said my stepmother, directing a very keen and scrutinizing glance at me; 'but if any such there be, I think they are very likely to be reduced to despair; she has acted an extremely insidious part; I am sure I shall never think well of anybody again.'

"This speech conveyed some intelligence to me, for I was not till then aware that Mrs. Turville *had* ever thought well of Grace Bertie; the whole of the conversation, indeed, had conveyed to me important intelligence, for I felt that I loved Grace Bertie, and that I could not endure the thought of her marriage with another. I immediately sought Mr. Digby, and as I knew him to be an admirer of plain dealing, I told him at once the conjectures of Mrs. Turville, and begged to be informed whether there was any truth in them.

"He was on the point of replying to me, when Grace Bertie entered. I instantly changed the subject, but Mr. Digby, to my great horror and amazement, recapitulated the whole of my communication to the blushing and embarrassed Grace.

"'I have wooed and won Grace Bertie, Leonard,' he said to me, 'but it has been in the style of a royal proxy; I have courted her for another person, who I thought would fear to do it for himself; I trust soon to see her united to a young man who I feel certain is sincerely attached to her, although he has never taken me into his confidence.'

"'Do I know him, sir?' I asked, in mingled hope and fear.

"'I believe you know him tolerably well now,' he replied, 'but you never knew him at all while he was paying his addresses to Miss Chetwynd. And now, having given you this clue to his identity, I will leave you with Grace Bertie, who, I doubt not, will be willing to enlighten you still further on the subject.'

"Oh! what a happy evening did we pass, and how much was said in it! My father was contented, my stepmother triumphant, and Mr. Digby lavish of his kindness both by words and deeds. He insisted on making a handsome settlement on Grace, besides promising to bequeath me the whole of his property; and unfeigned was his satisfaction when we both cheerfully agreed to

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accompany him in a visit which he deemed it necessary to make to the West Indies to inspect the management of his estates.

"Our wedding-day soon arrived, and, just as we were quitting the church, another bridal party were entering it. We looked on them in surprise; the bridegroom we knew well, the bride by sight—the former was no other than Mr. Chetwynd, the latter, a blooming, buxom girl of nineteen, the niece of his housekeeper, who had been for three months on a visit to her aunt, and whose sudden conquest of his heart furnished a sufficient reason why he should have felt anxious to see his daughter married to anybody, and why he should have felt unwilling to bind himself to give her a large marriage portion, when it appeared so extremely likely that he might present her with a bevy of little brothers and sisters to share in her claims.

"We went over to the West Indies, the climate agreed with us, and we resolved to fix our residence there. My marriage was one of perfect happiness, and the sweet temper and varied talents of my Grace contrived to work a most delightful reformation in Mr. Digby; he ceased to be suspicious and cynical, and during the remaining ten years of his life contributed to our domestic comfort as much as, I trust, we did to his. My wife and myself returned lately to England, and Grace was eager to inquire the fate of the Honourable Mrs. Needham, who had never answered several letters that she had addressed to her. We found her living in a style half-shabby, half-showy; she had lost every trace of beauty, and her innate shrewishness had come out in strongly-marked colours. Indeed, when a husband is never out of debt, and always out of humour, more amiable spirits than that of Almeria Chetwynd may find it difficult to sustain the trial with equanimity.

"Mr. Chetwynd is still alive, and the father of eleven fine boys and girls; he doles out to his son-in-law an occasional reluctant pittance, and most happy am I that I do not stand in that degree of relationship to him, and that I have escaped the troubles of a narrow income and a shrewish wife, and gained the blessing of affluence and domestic peace through the recovery of my lost senses by means of the salutary influence of a cold water cure."

LEAVES OF LIFE.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

No. I.—SOLOMON.

THE moon was up; a full and mellow light
Fell on thy palace tops, Jerusalem!
And from thy glittering halls the voice of mirth
And harmony, together mingled, broke

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With most unholy rapture on the calm
Of the night's breathing solitude. Within,
Whate'er of pomp, of splendour, or delight,
To ravish sight or sense the earth could give,
Were congregated in one radiant throng;
Dark eyes were flashing, from whose liquid fire
Glances fell round like starlight, and from lips
Richer than poet-dreams, harmonious sounds
Breath'd forth the soul of melody. Robes that hung
Bow'd by their jewell'd gorgeousness, were lost
On forms that dimm'd the lustrous gauds of pomp
With beauty yet more rare. From arched roofs,
Fretted with burnish'd gold, ten thousand lamps
Threw odoriferous rays, that back recoil'd,
Lost in the mingled blaze of life and light,
Flashing beneath, as though the night of time
Should never close it in. From these retired,
One solitary man had woo'd the breath
Of the pure starlit heaven; and now he stood
Upon a marbl'd terrace, to whose height
The sounds of revelry came vaguely up,
Mellow'd and dream-like. Not as one enwreath'd
By thoughts luxurious was that listless man;
For the heart's weariness was written deep
Upon the aching brow that to the heavens
Bared its pale front, as though the silent dew
That played so coldly round each feverish pulse
Brought peace to their wild throbbings. He was bent,
Not with the weight of years, but with the sense
Of years in folly spent, of talents bowed
To vilest purposes by self-abasement,
By coward vices, to whose earthly thrall
He in his wisdom's strength had blindly knelt,
And vainly yearn'd to vanquish. Once he cast—
But once—a wild, appealing glance to heaven,
As though he wish'd to pass his soul away,
So weary was it; but the thought that lit
His eye with a brief glory fell and died.
Again the same dark, listless gloom enwrapp'd
His brow as with a shadow; earth once more
Enter'd his heart—earth with her sated train
Of hopes, and fears, and wild imaginings,
That long to him had been a broken dream.
And now, for one brief moment, as he lay
His languid head upon that moonlit stone,
The sickness of the soul, satiety,
The what he had been, was, and should have been,
Came o'er him all, one flood of bitter thought,
Bowing him to the dust; till, fast from eyes
Unused to such a mood, hot tears gush'd forth—
He wept!

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THE ENTRANCE INTO LIFE OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY A. R. R.

I was about entering my twenty-first year, when my mother, coming into my chamber one morning, embraced me with tears, and said,

"My dear, I have just sold all we possessed in order to pay our debts."

"Well, my mother!"

"Well, my poor child, our debts paid there remain two hundred and fifty-three francs."

"Per annum?"

My mother smiled sadly.

"For all our means?" continued I.

"For all."

"Very well, mother; I will this evening take the fifty-three francs and set out for Paris."

"What will you do there, my poor boy?"

"I will see the friends of my father—Sebastiani and the Duke of Belluna, the Minister of War. My father, who was an older general than them all, and who commanded four armies, has seen them nearly all under his orders. We have a letter from Belluna, in which he says that it is to my father he owes his favour with Buonaparte; a letter from Sebastiani, in which he thanks him for having permission for his joining the army of Egypt; letters of Jourdan, Bernadotte also. Very well; I will go even to Sweden, if necessary, and having found the king, will appeal to his souvenir as a soldier."

"And what shall I do during that time?"

"You are right—but be easy; I shall have no need to go further than Paris. I set out this evening."

"Do what you will," said my mother, embracing me a second time; "it is perhaps an inspiration of God," and she left me.

I leaped out of bed, more proud than saddened by the news I had just heard, for I was about to be good for something, and to return to my mother—not the cares she had lavished on me, for that was impossible, but to spare her those daily torments which narrow means always drag after them, and to support her aged years by my labour. I was now a man; because the existence of a woman was about to depend on me. A thousand projects, a

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thousand hopes, passed through my mind; besides, it was impossible that I should not obtain all I asked for when I said to those men on whom my future hung, "That which I demand is for my mother; for the widow of your old companion in arms; for my mother—my good mother."

Born at Villers Coterets, a little town of about two thousand inhabitants, it may be easily guessed that it did not possess any great resources for education. A good and worthy abbé, loved and respected by everybody, had given me lessons in Latin for five or six years; as for arithmetic, three schoolmasters in succession had given up all hope of driving the first four rules of arithmetic into my head. Instead of this I possessed a rustic education—that is to say, I rode every horse that came in my way, would go thirty miles to a ball, fenced pretty well, played tennis like Saint George, and rarely missed a hare or partridge at thirty paces. All my preparations made—an affair of no great length—I went to all my acquaintance, to announce my departure to Paris.

In the café adjoining the diligence office there was an old friend of my father, and he had besides this friendship some gratitude to our family; for when he was wounded one day out shooting, he caused himself to be carried to our house, and the attentions he had received from my mother and sister remained on his memory. Of great influence from his fortune and probity, he had carried by assault the election of General Foy, his schoolfellow. He offered me a letter for the honourable deputy. I accepted it, embraced him, and went to say adieu to the worthy abbé, who approved of my design, embraced me, with tears in his eyes, and when I asked him for advice he opened the Bible, and pointed with his finger to these words—"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

That evening I left and arrived in Paris, where I put up in a modest hotel in the Rue Saint Germain Auxerrois. Convinced that society was calumniated, that the world was a garden of golden flowers, of which all the gates were about to open before me, and that I had only, like Ali Baba, to pronounce the word sesame to cleave rocks, that same evening I wrote to the Minister of War, asking for an audience, and detailing my right to this favour in the name of my father, through delicacy passing over in silence the service that had been rendered, but which a letter of the marshal, that I had at all hazards brought with me, incontestibly proved. I then went to bed, and dreamt dreams of the thousand and one nights. The next morning I bought an almanac containing twenty-five thousand addresses, and then I set out on my travels.

My first visit was to Marshal Jourdan. He had very vague remembrances that there ever had existed a General Alexander Dumas, but he had never heard that he had a son. In spite of all

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I could say I left him at the end of ten minutes, appearing very little persuaded of my existence.

I next went to General Sebastiani. He was in his office: four or five secretaries were writing to his dictation. Each of them had on his desk, besides his pen, paper, and penknives, a gold snuff-box, which he presented, open, to the general when he stopped before him. The general delicately introduced his fore finger and thumb, voluptuously tasted the Spanish snuff, and recommenced walking about the room, now lengthways, now across. My visit was short, for whatever respect I might have for the general, I felt little inclination to become a snuff-box holder.

I returned to my hotel a little disappointed—my golden dreams were tarnished. I took up my almanac, and was turning over the leaves at hazard, when I saw a name I had so often heard pronounced by my mother with so much praise that I trembled with joy; it was that of General Verdier, who had served in Egypt under my father. I drove to the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, No. 4—it was there he lived.

"General Verdier," I asked at the lodge.

"The fourth story; the little door on the left."

I made the porter repeat it—yes, I had heard properly. "Parblieu!" said I to myself, while I was mounting the stairs; "this, at all events, does not resemble the footmen of Marshal Jourdan, or the Swiss of the Hotel Sebastiani. General Verdier; the fourth floor; the door on the left. This man ought to remember my father."

I reached the top of the stairs. A modest green cord hung by the door. I rang—waiting this third proof in order to know how much I might depend upon mankind. The door opened; a man of about sixty appeared. He had on a cap bordered with fur, an old-fashioned waistcoat and trousers falling about his shoes; in one hand he held a palette charged with colours, and in the other a brush. I thought I had made a mistake, and looked at the other doors.

"What do you want, sir?" said he.

"To present my respects to General Verdier; but perhaps I am mistaken."

"No, no, you are not mistaken, it is here."

I entered into an atelier.

"With your permission, sir?" said the man in the cap to me, setting to work at a battle piece, in the painting of which I had interrupted him.

"Certainly, if you will have the kindness to tell me where I shall find the general."

The painter turned round.

"What! parblieu; 'tis I," said he.

"You?"

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I fixed my eyes upon him with a look so full of astonishment that he began to laugh.

"General," said I to him, "I am the son of your old comrade in arms in Egypt—of Alexander Dumas."

He looked steadily at me, and after a moment's silence, said,

"'Tis true; you are the picture of him."

Two tears started into his eyes, and throwing down his brush he extended a hand, which I had a greater desire to kiss than to grasp.

"What brings you to Paris, my poor boy?" said he; "for if I recollect rightly, you are living with your mother in I don't know what village."

"True, general; but my mother is growing old, and we are poor."

"Two songs of which I know the air," murmured he.

"I am therefore come to Paris in the hope of obtaining some small situation in order to support her in my turn, as she has supported me until now."

"Very proper; but a place is a thing not easily got now-a-days."

"But, general, I have reckoned on your protection."

"Hum!"

I repeated.

"My protection!" He smiled bitterly. "My poor child, if you wish to take lessons in painting, my protection can go so far as to give you some, and yet you'll be no great painter if you do not excel your master. My protection! there is not anybody in the world besides yourself who would think of asking me for it."

"And why?"

"Is it not because those rascals have cashiered me under the pretext of I know not what conspiracy? so that, as you perceive, I paint pictures; do you wish to do so too?"

"Thank you, general, I do not know how to draw a stroke, and the apprenticeship would be too long."

"What do you wish, my friend; this is all I can offer you. Ah! there's the half of my purse; I didn't remember it, for it is hardly worth the trouble."

He opened the drawer of a small cabinet, in which there were, I well recollect, two pieces of gold, and about forty francs in silver.

"I thank you, general, I am almost as rich as yourself." Tears were in my eyes. "I thank you, but you will give me some advice as to the proceedings I ought to take."

"Oh! as much of that as you like."

"Let us see what are your designs; what have you done?"

"I have written to Marshal the Duke of Belluna."

The general, while painting a Cossack's face, made a grimace

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which might be translated into, "If you have nothing else to depend upon, my poor fellow."

"I have also," added I, replying to his thought, "an introduction to General Foy, the deputy of our department."

"Ah, ah, this is another affair; very well, my child, don't wait for the answer of the minister, carry your letter to the general and be easy, for he will receive you well. Now then, will you dine with me? and we will chat about your father."

"With much pleasure, general."

"Come back at six o'clock."

I took leave of General Verdier.

On the morrow I presented myself at the honourable deputy's. He turned round, hearing the door of his sanctuary open, and, with his natural vivacity, fixed his piercing eyes on me.

"M. Alexander Dumas?" said he.

"Yes, general."

"Are you the son of him who commanded the army of the Alps?"

"Yes, general."

"He was a brave man. Can I be of any assistance to you? I shall be most happy to do all in my power."

"I thank you for the interest you take. I have to give you a letter from M. Danré."

"Let us see what my good friend says."

He began to read.

"He recommends you to me most particularly; he loves you, then, well."

"As a son."

"Very well, let us see what we can make of you."

"Whatever you like, general."

"But I must first know what you are fit for."

"Oh, nothing very great."

"Let us see what you know—a little mathematics?"

"No, general."

"You have at least some idea of algebra—of geometry—of physics?"

He paused between each word, and at each word I felt the perspiration rolling off my forehead.

"No, general," said I, stammering.

He perceived my embarrassment.

"You have studied the law?"

"No, general."

"You know Latin and Greek?"

"A little."

"Do you speak any living language?"

"Italian pretty well, German pretty badly."

"I will then place you in Laffitte's office. You understand accounts?"

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"Not the least in the world. Oh! general," said I, "my education has been neglected; but I will make it up, I give you my word of honour."

"But in the meantime, my friend, have you anything to support you?"

"Oh! I have nothing," answered I, overwhelmed by the feeling of my incapacity.

"Give me your address," said he, "I will reflect upon what I can do for you."

I wrote.

"We are saved, you have an excellent hand."

Yes, indeed, I had that certificate of incapacity—a good hand—a good hand. I let my head fall between my two hands. General Foy continued, without perceiving what passed through my mind,

"Listen! I dine to-day with the Duke of Orleans; I will speak to him about you. Write out a petition."

I obeyed. He folded it up, after having written a few lines on the margin, put it in his pocket, and, extending his hand in token of friendship, asked me to breakfast with him on the following morning.

When I returned to my hotel I found a letter from the minister, who, not having time to receive me personally, asked me to explain by writing the subject of my demand. I replied that the audience I had asked for had no other object than to give him the original of a letter of thanks he had written to my father—his general; but that, not being able to see him, I contented myself with sending him the copy of it.

The next day I went to the house of General Foy, my only hope.

"Well," said he, with a smiling face, "you are to enter the secretary's office of the Duke of Orleans as supernumerary, with a salary of 1200 francs; it is no great matter, but it is for you to work."

"It's a fortune, and when shall I be installed?"

"To-day, if you wish."

"Do you permit me to announce this good news to my mother?"

"Yes, place yourself there."

I wrote to her to sell all that she had to come to join me. When I had finished I turned toward the general; he was looking at me with an expression of inexpressible kindness, that reminded me that I had not even thanked him. I leaped on his neck and kissed him. He began to laugh.

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DIALOGUES OF THE STATUES.

No. I.

BY PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON.

The Statue of Charles the First, at Charing Cross, to a large block of marble in Wyatt's Yard, at Paddington.

It does not always follow, that because people are silent they have nothing to say—and this may be the case with statues. We often hear the expressions of "dying to say so-and-so," or, "bursting to speak;" and, hence, if we are right in saying that, because people may be silent, it does not follow that they have nothing to say, and that this may also be the same with statues; why, statues, consequently, may be bursting to speak as well as people. Thus we think it scarcely possible that Charles the First could have stood nearly two hundred years at Charing Cross, an eye-witness to the great events, political, mercantile, municipal, and vaporous—to wit, of steam (to say nothing of wood and India-rubber pavement)—which have passed around him, without having had a strong desire to mutter something aloud. We can all endure for a time, and then we can hold no longer. Nearly two centuries of taciturnity is a moderate amount of self-control.

No one, therefore, need be surprised that a dialogue should recently have been overheard between the statue of Charles the First, at Charing Cross, and a voice issuing from the centre of a large block of Carara marble, lying in Wyatt's Yard, at Paddington.

"What is that distant and sepulchral voice," said Charles, inquiringly, "that laments as one shut up in a prison, and seems to call upon my name?"

"Alas! it is I," returned the voice; "dost thou not recognise me?"

"I? who? No. Who art thou, and where?"

"I am the statue of Oliver Cromwell; but I would be set free, for I am grievously and closely shut up here."

"Oliver Cromwell! I thought I recalled some remembrancy of thine utterance; for notwithstanding it is nearly two hundred years since I was greeted by thee, yet have I not forgotten the sound. But where art thou, Oliver? I see thee not, and I was not aware that any statue had ever been erected to thy memory—thy memory in this country not being of the sweetest."

"Neither has there. I am in the midst of this great block of white marble, and I wish I could get out. Some learned philosopher of Greece, or Italy, I believe once said, that in every block

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of marble there lay a hidden statue, and that it needed only the skill of the sculptor to clear away the rubbish and discover it to view. I wot not who he was; for as I was only brought up a brewer, my reading in Greek and Latin is but small."

"It matters not," said the king. "I fear me, Master Cromwell, that if they were to commence and clear away the rubbish they must needs clear away the whole block in which thou liest."

"May the Lord, in his mercy, look down upon the sinful——"

"Peace, peace, I say! One Master William Shakspeare, that lived about ten years before my father came to England, said, 'The devil can quote Scripture for his purpose;' and, of a truth, I do think that thou hast divers times been hypocrite enough to do that same after his ensample. It was not piously done, to quote Scripture and sing psalms one day, and then cut off my head with an axe, at Whitehall, upon another. And thou wilt speak to me now—away with thy cant, for I will none of it."

"Be it so. But I would I were taken out of this mass of marble, and set up in the new Houses of Parliament."

"In the new Houses of Parliament!" exclaimed the bronze, whilst the voice of surprise which it uttered rang like the metallic sound of a bell.

"Ay," rejoined the other, "even in the new Houses of Parliament—and why not? I was ruler over this realm—and you were ruler too."

"You quite forget the fact, then, of your being, first a murderer, and then a usurper? Do murder and usurpation constitute a right to the honour of a statue? If so, methinks this is rather a dangerous premium to the turbulent and rebellious in any age or country. It would be an incitement to any wretch to rise and dethrone the sovereign, that he might himself become ruler, and then claim the honour of a statue!"

"Well, I only know that the idea of giving me a niche has recently been started—and I thought the idea a good one."

"Doubtless you did. And if any modern republican, or traitor (for nothing short of republicanism or treason could have suggested it) were to vote similar distinction to Perkin Warbeck, Jack Cade, or Jack Ketch, I adventure to say that the proposition would be approved of by any three blocks of stone in which these three redoubtable personages might fancy themselves enclosed. Even Jack Ketch is not a murderer, for he takes lives justly; but what were you when you needlessly struck off my head in front of that window in Whitehall Palace, which I see from this spot whereon my pedestal stands?"

"It was not me solely—it was the voice of the people."

"Tush! And who put such a voice in the people's mouths? Why you and your Rump Parliament. It was not they that suggested it to you."

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"It is all very well to talk thus; but you are running away from the topic, Master Charles."

"Master Charles! What mean you by addressing the legitimate King of England by 'Master Charles?'"

"You ceased to be King of England. The sovereign people put you away."

"Meseemeth," said the equestrian figure, with dignity, "that the son of a king, the father of a king, and one who rightfully swayed the sceptre of this country for upwards of twenty years, can never be unkinged, neither by thee, nor by any other earthly power. Wherefore, unless ye learn to address yourself in more fitting tones, I forbid ye henceforth to speak again."

"As ye will, sir. For this once I will humour your weakness."

"It is no weakness in a king to demand the respect due to a king. The pride of Charles, therefore, again forbids you to speak. Ye shall either deferentially address me as your sovereign, or else I say, away! begone! Speak no more."

"It matters little, and I will yield to your majesty's desire. I was going to observe, sir, that you were running away from the topic concerning my statue in the House; and I confess I take the topic somewhat to heart. There has been a fierce controversy about this in the public journals recently, some champions advocating my cause, and others cruelly denouncing it. One of my friends contends that I ought to be placed there because I was the absolute ruler, and that the tribute is intended to England's sovereigns—no matter whether they were good or bad."

"What is that you say?" inquired the monarch. "Did I hear aright? No matter whether good or bad! Is it possible that any one can argue on the pernicious ground, that you deserve to be revered, no matter whether you were good or bad? Your bare occupation of a throne, then, claims for you—does it? the honour of all posterity? And all posterity must be so debased as to forget your insurrection; your canting intrigues, carried on under the hypocritical cloak of your external religion; your usurpation, and your murders? Oh, preposterous!"

"I allow I committed many errors. I have had two centuries to sit here and brood over them. I confess I was oftentimes wrong; but at the same time, I did not kill your majesty without provocation. You were guilty of an infinitude of abuses and oppressions. You extended the inquisitionary power of the Star Chamber and the Council Table; and where the existing statutes were defective to answer your tyrannical purposes you raked up obsolete laws to supply these gaps. The catalogue of your crimes I will call up and cast upon you overwhelmingly. You revived the long-forgotten forest regulations for the means of extorting money, after exhausting the Exchequer by presents to your favourites—you levied the cruel taxes of tonnage, poundage, and ship-money—you cramped trade and mercantile enterprise by your unjust

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measures—you unconstitutionally dispensed with the use of a parliament during one half of your long reign, because the parliament was obstinate, and did not please you—you raised a 'royal loan,' as it was called, without consent of your ministers; and when certain gentlemen resisted the payment you imprisoned them. When you went to Scotland to be crowned, you even then sowed the seed of discontent in that country, by trying to introduce the Litany, and eschewing the Covenanters. You were deaf to the petitions and remonstrances of your people; and though even your enemies must concede that you were a scholar, a brave man, a gentleman in bearing, full of regal and princely deportment, grave, dignified, majestic in mien, you were, nevertheless, imperious, haughty, headstrong, narrow minded, ignorant of the temper of your subjects, and unobservant of the critical signs of the times."

"Are ye not well-nigh out of breath, Master Noll?" drily inquired Charles.

"My lungs are hard," answered the block of marble in Wyatt's Yard.

"They need be so," returned the bronze, "and thy heart too—both as hard as stone. Certes, ye have detailed a sad list of crimes, and in more fluent language than ye were wont in your lifetime to use; ye were a sad bungler with your tongue. Howbeit, I will not deny but there is some truth in what ye say. The great mistake in the principle of my government was, resistance to public opinion. I was too sensitive to my prerogative, too jealous of my divine right, and too tenacious of the divinity which doth hedge about a king. But at the same time that I had my faults I was not without my virtues; and as there is none to speak for me now but I myself, I must, of force, justify my deeds in some sort. Ye wot well that when my father died, in 1625, I found the country, as my Lord of Clarendon testifieth, plunged into the midst of a war with Spain, without money to carry it on. Both the parliament and the nation were eager for this war, as twenty-two years' peace had begun to pall on the sense. Blame me not, then, that the people should cry out against the expense of a war which they themselves had sanctioned. Was this my fault? Nay. Ye know I sold some of the crown lands honestly to raise money, and I made some new peers to do the same. And as to the dispensing with the services of my parliament, why, in the first place, the parliament rendered itself worse than useless by its opposition; and, secondly, when I issued my declaration, intimating that the members need not again assemble until I convoked them, it was wrongly interpreted into the alleged fact, that I never meant to call a parliament again! The offending passage in that declaration ran thus:—'Since, for several ill ends, the calling again of a parliament was divulged, however his majesty had showed by his frequent meeting with his people, his love to the use of parlia-

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ments, yet the late abuse having, *for the present*, driven his majesty *unwillingly* out of that course, he shall account it presumption for any to prescribe any time to his majesty for parliaments.' On this foundation divers evil-disposed persons went up and down the land and said that the king would never call another parliament again, and that none should speak of them! This wronged me grievously. I not only had the misadventure to succeed, on the death of my father, to an impoverished treasury, but also to the same council, the same favourite, and the same ministers—none of whom, however, do I seek to blame now. On the contrary, what words from a bronze statue can ever sufficiently extol the loyalty and liberality of my courtiers, when I remind you that, at the time my perverse parliament refused me supplies, they nobly cast their riches at my feet, so that in the brief space of a few days only they subscribed for the nation's wants a no less sum than £200,000! That was admirably done."

"They were very generous, certainly," said the stone.

"They were so. And let me ask you, Master Oliver, how much out of all this did you, with your profession of piety and boasts of patriotism, contribute? Not much I fear."

"Peradventure at that time I was looking to the brewery; or I may have been looking after the pigs on my farm. I was poor—I could make no hand of farming; besides, not being near your majesty's person, I might not know of your majesty's requirements."

"Vain excuse! It was not your interest to be near my person then; but you could approach my person afterwards, when it could be done for the sake of cutting my head off, and then walking into my palace."

"I prithee forbear. I will not say I was right in everything I did. I would not have confessed this whilst I lived, as it would have wounded my pride (though the pious are always meek and confessing); but I will acknowledge it now, as rocks from the quarries of Carara are not very sensitive. I would have glozed it over with a quotation from Scripture. I will not repel the charge that I was a little selfish in some of my dealings. Your majesty may think it selfish in this stone to crave to be made into a statue, and to stand next yours in the new House, at Westminster?"

"Undoubtedly. Pray what are your claims to so great an honour? Let me tell you, that the slaughtering of a rightful king, and then hunting his son out of the country with sword and bullet, give no title to a throne thus made desolate. It is not he who gets the rule of a kingdom, considered by itself, that merits the praise, but only he who gets it honourably. If bare notoriety deserves respect, the country had better go and erect statues to Perkin Warbeck and Jack Cade. They were great men in their way, and had their admirers. If you had been the

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disinterested patriot you pretended to be, you would have suffered me to abdicate in favour of my son, as you knew was my wish. If you were displeased with me individually, why visit the sins of the father upon the child? If you thought me either unfit to reign or incapable of governing, if you considered my temperament unfortunate, why say my boy was incapable? What had my innocent and unoffending son done? No, Master Cromwell, despite your preaching and psalm-singing you could commit the heinous crime of sweeping away both myself and my family, because you perceived that then there would be divers vacant palaces open to you. Hence you cruelly chased me through my kingdom, fighting me now at one place, now at another, until you gave my boy the 'crowning mercy' at Worcester; so that my Lord of Clarendon truly said, 'I was hunted as a partridge on the mountains,' and knew not which way to turn for safety. Were these the ennobling deeds that should render you worthy of a statue? Alas! no, Oliver."

"Your majesty is very severe against me," groaned the block of marble from its interior.

"I would I were telling thee lies," returned Charles, "as much as I abhor falsehood. Heretofore, in Greece and Rome, those classic grounds of statues, it was not only the great that were thus distinguished, but the good especially. The path to power and elevation must be just as well as brilliant; if it be not so what good man can approve it? You can well recall, that scarcely had you slaughtered me and got into my place (though you dare not touch my crown or my title, in spite of your pious longings after them) than your very nearest friends began to see through the hollownes of you sincerity; they began to perceive that Oliver Cromwell's patriotism touched himself much more nearly than it touched the nation. What then can posterity, when it recurs to these things, think of your cant and your hypocrisy? It is amusing to see some men drop upon their knees of a morning and preach contempt of honour and riches to their assembled families, then go forth and grasp all day long at the worldly possessions of their neighbours. Consistent, verily. Hume, the historian, has some amusing illustrations of the insane fanaticism of your day. In one place he writes—'Overton, Governor of Hull, had declared his resolution to keep possession of that fortress till the coming of King Jesus; but when Alured produced the authority of parliament for his delivering the place to Colonel Fairfax he thought proper to comply.' In another—'Though the English nation be naturally candid and sincere, hypocrisy prevailed amongst them beyond any example in ancient or modern times.' Then of the Quakers—'Some Quakers attempted to fast forty days, in imitation of Christ [which methinks, Oliver, was an act of great presumption], and one of them bravely perished in the experiment.

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A female Quaker came naked into the church where the protector sat, being moved by the spirit, as she said, to appear as a sign to the people.' Didst thou not laugh, Master Cromwell, at this pious and innocent exhibition? Elsewhere, in speaking of you yourself, and of your hypocrisies, he writes—'He [that is you] sighed, he wept, he canted, he prayed.' He declares that you had always protested against the government of a single person, until you got the government into your own hands; and that it was a rule of tyranny, for he adds—'In the army was laid the sole basis of the protector's power.' Again—'By fraud and violence he soon rendered himself the first in the state.' And, alluding to your sway, he calls it—'His usurped authority, derived from no law, and founded only on the sword.' Now, this is the age—is it? we are called upon to revere, and you are the personage whom some would stick up in effigy at Westminster? Let it be in effigy an it be done at all."

"I never was so spoken to before," sulkily muttered the voice. "When I was on earth I was addressed as 'Your Highness.'"

"Then now," rejoined the bronze, "let it be 'Your Lowness,' for you can never stand up again. Let me read you an extract from a pamphlet, headed '*Mercurius Pragmaticus*,' which reveals somewhat the opinion men had of your proceedings, and which was published about the time we lived. It purposes to give a report of what passed in the 'New Bedlam,' alias, the Parliament House.'"

"'Several votes,' it says, 'passed this day, among which were these:—

"'Voted—That churches be made no more stables, &c.

"'Voted—That tedious Terms be put down, there being of late a speedier course found out for the decision of controversies—viz., the sword. Let gowns give place to guns.

"'Voted—That this present parliament sit as long as it can, since 'tis thought they will not sit as long as they would.

"'Voted—That ambition be reckoned among the cardinal virtues, since 'tis that sole thing that makes no Jack-of-all-trades kings, or—which is somewhat worse forsooth—devils.' What think ye of this?"

"I think it is turning me and my parliament into sore derision," was the answer. "We did many brave things in the House."

"You did. But let me quote you a passage from a little book yclept "*A New Conference between the Ghosts of King Charles and Oliver Cromwell. Faithfully communicated by Adam Wood.* 1659."—

"'King—How now! Who's that that disturbeth my dust, at rest now some years?

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"'Oliver—I am one that gave thee no rest when we lived together upon earth.

"'What? Is it Oliver Cromwell, that grand enemy of mine?

"'Cromwell—The same.

"'King—What? Hast thou left thy station upon earth? and dost thou here also own thyself my enemy?

"'Oliver—What is it that I ever wanted impudence to do?

"'King—'Tis true. Neither didst thou ever want a base, hypocritical temper, to colour thy most absurd actions.

"'Oh, sir! I did no more than imitate most of our rank, which, according to our creed—viz., Nicholas Machiavell's Prince, who saith, a prince or tyrant ought never to want good pretences to colour the worst of actions with.

"'King—What! Dost thou rank thyself amongst princes? Didst thou usurp the kingly office after thou didst me that ill office?'

"'Oliver—I made a shift to gain the supremacy; and, because the nation was under age, I made myself their protector, and would have made myself king, but that I durst not accept of the title, because I had a hand in your death, the which the people all knew; therefore I could not find a colourable pretence. For, besides that, I often imprecated and protested against the government of a single person.'

"'King—Would that parliament that took the crown from my head put it upon thine, and not upon one of my children's heads?'

"'Oliver—Alas, sir! that parliament I turned out of doors.'

* * * * * * *

"'King—Then you were made protector. Who made you protector, I pray?'

"'Oliver—Why, it was my scullion, and grooms, and butler, and some other nobles and great men; besides, Sir Thomas Viner, then Lord Mayor of London.'

"'King—Sir Thomas Viner! Who made him a knight?'

"'Who? I did, with many more doughty ones.

"'Then hast thou played a mad game. It is strange that a halter never catched thee. Didst thou not come out of the world by the rope or the ax, or by the hand of some Felton or other?'*

"'Oliver—No; but I came by the immediate hand of God, who never suffered that worm of conscience to die within me; but it still lay gnawing and tormenting me, brought on unusual fever upon me, and dried up all my blood, that at my departure not one drop almost was left within me.'

"There now," added the figure at Charing Cross, as it ended the extract, "I think Master Thomas Wood must have a statue before thou dost."

* It was one Felton that assassinated the Duke of Buckingham, the king's favourite.

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The mass of marble, though so far off as Paddington, was heard to groan inwardly, but uttered not a syllable.

"Hast thou nothing to say in thy defence?" inquired the king.

"Ay, marry, I have," faltered the stone at last. "Do not say that my protectorship was useless to the country. Ye wot well how my fleet scoured the seas—how I beat the Dutch—and how many great victories I gained."

"Your fleet!" exclaimed Charles; "why, it was the very fleet that I built, and on which you seized. What says the historian? 'All these successes of the English,' he writes, 'were chiefly owing to the superior size of their vessels, an advantage which all the skill and bravery of the Dutch admirals could not compensate. By means of ship-money, an imposition which had been so much complained of, and in some respects with reason, the late king had put the navy into a situation which it had never attained in any former reign; and he ventured to build ships of a size which was then unusual.' Usurp not, then, to yourself the credit of the navy, as you usurped everything else. Neither boast your exploits in the Mediterranean, though you battered Tunis with my ships: for the chronicler again writes—'The English were not so successful in the Mediterranean.' When you were wrongfully plundering the West India settlements of the Spaniards, you took Jamaica to wipe out a former disgrace; and so dissatisfied were you with your commanders, Pen and Venables, in these seas, that you sent them both to the Tower on their return. Setting aside these failures, your very entering upon these foreign wars was an act of injustice. It was done to satisfy private pique, and for the sake of rapacity. Where, then, is your glory? Are these deeds worthy a statue? Let none either claim credit to you for your distant undertakings. Hume says that your foreign enterprises were 'pernicious to national interest:' and yet you were such a boasted patriot, and professed to have the good of the nation and the people at heart. I have been looking around, both at home and abroad, to discover where your honour grew; but though I have scoured the hill, the dale, the land, and the ocean, I cannot find the field wherein that plant ever put forth its blossoms. You must lie where you are, Oliver, in the middle of that block of marble, for you possess not a merit that can ever call you forth. Who is the sculptor that would waste his pains in finding you? Go to! Lie still and be forgotten."

"Is my vanity and are my wishes come to this?" sighed the stone.

"Even so," was the reply; "and it is not only right that this vanity in thee should be dissipated, but also that those who, now-a-days, unthinkingly come forward and advocate your cause, should be enlightened as to your true character, and as to the

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usefulness of your usurpation to the country you ruled. Those who cannot justify your murder of me, or your occupation of my throne, still try to laud your foreign exploits and expeditions; but I have quoted the page of the historian to show that, first, your foreign wars were unjust, and consequently your victories could yield no one glory; and, secondly, that these enterprises 'were pernicious to national interest.' You culled no statue abroad—you culled no statue at home. You were *notorious*—you were not *famous*. Statues are erected to the honourable and the illustrious, and not barely the notorious. The forgetting this is the only reason why you have had any apologists. Notoriety is not fame. Some of your blind advocates have argued, that if a statue is denied to you, like distinctions must also be denied to William the Conqueror and Richard the Third. Historians, however, record—and who shall deny the historian?—that Edward the Confessor made William his heir to this kingdom: and as to Richard, why though he was a usurper and a murderer, still remember he was not of base and mean blood, having only small beer flowing in his veins, but the son of a king. As a prince royal he may look for a statue, to say nothing of anything else. This your advocate further says, that neither your Admiral Blake nor your Secretary Milton deserve honours if you do not. In saying this, he quite overlooks the fact that Blake, by his elevation, deposed no one, since there are many admirals in England, all enjoying equal power and renown, but only one monarch. He further overlooked the fact that Milton belonged to 'the republic of letters,' and hence Milton rose to a high pitch of fame without injury to his neighbours. I hope these remarks fully answer his thoughtless and unsound assertions, for logical arguments there are not."

"Alas!" wept the mass of marble, "have I no friends?"

"Your cause is a bad one," said Charles. "After a consideration of these things, who could endure to see the effigies of one who murdered a king standing beside the statue of that very king himself; and on the other side of it the statue of that king's innocent son whom you also tried to murder; and these erected too beneath the roof of one of the most splendid buildings that has ever been raised on the earth? Would they suffer it to stand amid so brilliant an assemblage, commencing with the earliest dawn of our history, and coming down to the reign of Her Gracious Majesty Victoria, by the grace of God Queen of these realms—amid those in whose veins flowed and flow the commingled blood of Caractacus, Llewellyn, and Tudor—Alfred, the revered of every Englishman—of Edward of Poictiers, and Henry of Agincourt—and, in short, of an imperial multitude of Britons, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, ranging through a period of nearly two thousand years."

This harangue touched even a heart of stone. The senseless

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block felt it to the very core, and seemed to shrink within itself.

"Presumption," resumed the sovereign, finding that the marble had become speechless, "is ever the attribute of ignorance. You were endowed with great natural parts—animal courage, effrontery, unscrupulous ambition, perseverance, and cunning; but you were at the same time destitute of book-learning, ignorant of history, either as regarded your own country or as regarded the classic lands of antiquity; and you were without refinement of mind, polish, delicacy, or the manners of a gentleman. Pardon me for giving you these home thrusts. I mean only to open your eyes to your error and your vanity, which have grown upon you by reason of the false elevation which you had wrongfully obtained. You are now stone blind. Take the advice of a friend—a friend to whom you were none. You erroneously imagined that because you occupied a king's throne that you must receive the honour due only to a king, quite overlooking the course you took to get there. It is not the bare occupation of a throne that gives the honour, which truth seems to have escaped you. You must not forget the *when*, the *wherefore*, the *why*, and the *how* you got there. These things are not so easily answered. Furthermore, you cannot sue for our respect on the score of your immaculate purity in morals. In your youth you neglected your studies; and it has been noted down in the archives of history, that you threw yourself into a dissolute and disorderly course of life; and consumed, in gaming, drinking, debauchery, and country riots, the more early years of your youth, and dissipated part of your patrimony. All at once, however, you turned round, and entered the Puritanical party, and verified the old saying of 'the greater the sinner the greater the saint.' Further again: are we to revere you for your great literary attainments? for I am anxious to give you every chance, and assiduously to try and discover where your 'true merit lies.' Let me quote your Scotch reviewer, not Jeffrey, but David Hume:—'The collection,' he says, in speaking of your varied productions, 'the collection of all his speeches, letters, sermons (for he also wrote sermons), would make a great curiosity, and, with few exceptions, might justly pass for one of the most nonsensical books in the world.' O Oliver! there is a touch of the Jeffrey in this. Elsewhere he calls them, 'Cromwell's wretched compositions.' If such a critique had appeared in a modern magazine, your literary reputation would have been utterly damned. No bookseller would have published for you a second time, not even 'on your own account.' I cannot see, then, that you have culled a statue either out of the spheres of morality or literature, any more than out of the numerous other spheres into which I have so industriously looked.

"I have but one more observation to make. Ye wot well, or if not, you should, that in the Book of Common Prayer of the

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Church of England, compiled before your time, and ratified after, there are two forms of prayer which cannot be passed over. The one is, 'A form of prayer, with fasting, to be used yearly, on the thirtieth of January, being the day of the martyrdom of the blessed King Charles the First, to implore the mercy of God that neither the guilt of that sacred and innocent blood, nor those other sins, by which God was provoked to deliver up both us and our king into the hands of cruel and unreasonable men, may at any time hereafter be visited upon us or our posterity.' The other was compiled to celebrate the joyful return of my son to these realms after your death. It is entitled, 'A form of prayer, with thanksgiving to Almighty God, for having put an end to the great rebellion by the restitution of the king and royal family, and the restoration of the government after many years' interruption; which unspeakable mercies were wonderfully completed upon the twenty-ninth of May, in the year 1660: and, in memory thereof, that day in every year is, by Act of Parliament, appointed to be kept holy.'

"Now, Master Cromwell, if your statue were to be set up amongst all the kings and queens of Great Britian, and especially between mine and that of my son, these forms of prayer and thanksgiving must be struck out of the Prayer Book. It would not only be an absurdity, but likewise a palpable contradiction, that such prayers should exist, and you receive the honour of a niche. As, however, I think the prayers to be perfectly safe, and not likely to give place to a regicide, I hold your question to be settled. But, beside this, I never had any fear that the commissioners who might have to take this question of yours into consideration at Whitehall, would ever countenance your preposterous views. Therefore, as I said before, you must lie where you are, Oliver, in the middle of that block of marble; for you possess not a single merit that can ever call you forth. Lie still, and be forgotten."

SOLITUDE.

THERE are who say that solitude is found
In woods and glens, away from human sound,
Where the lone misanthrope may seek for rest,
Or feed the sorrows of his mourning breast.
Not so, the heart in melancholy gloom
Will speak of that which beckons from the tomb;
For this, alas! shall tell a different tale,
While woods shall echo to the gloomy wail;
Kind Heaven as well shall listen to the moan,
While zephyrs sighing in a softer tone

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Shall soothe the heart in sadness, all its own,
And nature, while her face is smiling fair,
Shall scatter such vain solitude in air;
And thus, while waters' murm'ring rill shall break,
The tongue, sad echo of the heart, shall speak.
Seek'st thou for solitude?—unhappy wight!
The very shadow would thy soul affright;
But change thy course and shun the woodland scene,
Nor bend thy step across the valley green,
For this is nature's much beloved ground,
Where zephyrs breathe their soft and hallowed sound;
While summer, smiling, shows luxuriant sky,
To glad the heart and please the human eye.
It is not solitude, for here we can
Converse with nature, though apart from man;
And this, to me, is dearer far than all
The pomp and splendour of the princely hall,
For here I can gaze round me, and behold
The varied beauties that she may unfold;
And who is there in this could trace no joy,
The sufferings of the bosom to destroy?
In ev'ry flower along the spangled grove,
Is there no language that the heart can love?
O'er wood, or vale, or wide extended field,
Nature doth still her varied beauties yield;
There the pale primrose, delicately fair,
Sends forth its fragrance to the gentle air;
There the blue violet lifts its trembling head
In heavenly beauty from the earthly bed;
There the daisy, there the blue-bell grows,
And here again behold the wild white rose.
Is there a heart no language here can trace,
To gild the beauties of fair nature's face?
See how she smiles, till summer pass'd away,
Bids her fair flowers wither and decay.
And hark the little songsters of the sky,
How blithe they sing in hallowed symphony!
How sweet is every song unto the ear!
And where's the lonely heart which could not cheer,
When these gay songsters such sweet music sing,
And fan the heavens with their playful wing?
Lo! here the lark, the harbinger of morn,
Pours forth her welcome at the early dawn,
And with Aurora treads the blazing sky,
To charm the goddess with her melody;
And so she runs the smiling day along,
While every gale is pregnant with her song;
So thousand others beautify the scene,
Or fan the sky, or charm the valley green.
And when the sun is falling in the west,
Each little songster wanders to its nest;

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Then all is still and silent, not a sound
Breaks the dread silence of the gloom profound;
And now the moon, and many a twinkling star,
Gilds the fair landscape from the heav'ns afar,
And all is beautiful unto the eye.
Scenes brightly smile that never, never die,
Save in the name, for mem'ry holds them still,
When winter's blast steals on with angry chill,
And nought appears to damp the heart with woe,
To bid the tear in silent sadness flow,
Save the dead leaves, which meet untimely doom,
Which fills the bosom with a sudden gloom,
To see them wither'd ne'er to rally more,
With heav'n's pale dew so sadly sprinkled o'er;
For then we say, "Thus is the human race
Snatch'd in young childhood from fair nature's face;
Thus, in the prime of life, and pride of years,
Is manhood snatch'd, bedew'd with parents' tears."
But listen now, the tuneful nightingale
Sings to the silv'ry moon her plaintive tale.
Oh! how her music sinks into my soul,
As every note upon my ear doth roll.
And is this solitude? Ah! say not so,
Since all is fair with nature's varied glow;
Such is not traced where she doth hold her seat,
And scatter fragrance at her lovely feet;
Nor in the midst of ocean's mighty roar,
Where anxious eye may vainly seek the shore,
But only trace, beneath, the foaming wave,
Which onward rolls o'er many a gloomy grave,
Above the vast expanse of heav'n unbound,
Far as the wand'ring eye may trace around;
Nor in the midst of Arab's trackless sand
Do we so wretched, so deserted stand;
For though she cheers us not upon our road,
Kind nature leads us to her glorious God.
And when we bend beneath his awful throne,
Oh! is the heart in solitude—alone?
Never, oh! never, for the bosom still
Is bless'd to bend to great Jehovah's will.
Then haste away unto the busy world,
Where may the ban of sorrow be unfurl'd;
There mingle with the gay voluptuous throng,
And seem to listen to each passing song,
Seem to partake in pleasures o'er the bowl,
But hide the mournings of the madd'ning soul;
And when the roars of laughter spread around,
Till thy sad ear is deafen'd with the sound,
Seem then to smile and join the festive crew,
While all is dreary to thy pensive view,

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And thy sad soul takes a far deeper tone,
To feel, in all its wretchedness, alone.
This, this is solitude, in all its grief,
To feel no friend is nigh to give relief;
To seek a kindred heart amidst the throng—
The eye in vacancy to gaze along
Their ranks unnumber'd, and alone to trace
The smile of reckless pleasure in each face;
To look upon the mirror of the mind,
One gloomy void within the heart to find;
To feel thy blood run cold across thy breast,
In the dark chill of sorrow ne'er to rest,
And feel, in all thy wretchedness, alone—
No kindred heart to listen to thy moan;
Not one to whom thy sorrows thou canst tell—
The veriest wretch that on this earth may dwell,
And still to feel the pleasures of the bowl
Sink like a bustling dream upon the soul,
And when thou wakest still to feel the weight
Of sadness in thy bosom desolate.
This, this is solitude, and this alone
Can weigh the heart down with so deep a moan;
There is none other on the desert plain,
In woods, or wilds, or on the wat'ry main.
Fly from the world, and thou shalt never find
The dreary solitude that is left behind.

C. S. M.

THE GRAVE OF L. E. L.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

Not where spread thine own blue skies,
Where thy native wild flowers grew,
Not where treasured memories
At each step around thee drew
Haunting records of the past
Hast thou won true rest at last.

Winds that wither as the breath
Of the peace-opposing world,
O'er thy lonely couch of death
Have their baleful wings unfurl'd;
And the solemn stranger sea
Sweepeth round it mournfully.

There thou sleepest with the dream
Might not from thy soul depart;
With thy fancy's gorgeous stream,
With thy trusting woman's heart;
With the wild but garnish'd strife
That made up thy sum of life.

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Think they of thee—they that here
  Bask'd in all thy spirit's light?
Hold they one remembrance dear
  Link'd with thee, thou meteor bright?
Poor return if so it be,
These alone should think of thee!

Think of thee but with the charm
  That thy playful fancy threw
Over all things rich and warm,
  Pure as nature, and as true!
Yet, oh! yet, in sadder mood
Who hath shared thy solitude?

Who has seen thy heart's hot tears,
  Freely pour'd as summer rain,
On those rank weeds, doubts and fears,
  Growths that none sought to restrain?
Who 'mid those that lov'd thee best
  Labour'd for thy spirit's rest?

All thy lavish treasures paid
  Of deep feeling coldly met,
Little understood, betrayed,
  By life's hope to its regret,
In a world whose heart is stone,
  Thou wert left—alone! alone!

Fame! cold cheat of woman still,
  Dearly sought for, hardly won.
Latent cause of many an ill,
  Little worth when all is done;
Sad for her thy dower must be,
  Won, yet winning only thee!

For, amid thy fever dreams,
  Holier, deeper thoughts will come,
Thirsting for the quiet streams
  Of some heart-encircled home;
Yearnings for the shrine of love,
All thy proudest heights above.

Ne'er to thee, lone child of song,
  Was decreed that happier rest,
And the homage of the throng
  Left its deep void in thy breast;
And stern knowledge of a lot
Seeking peace where peace was not.

But though no love-hallow'd hearth
  Lost its light when thou wert gone,
Thy heart's true and gentle worth
  Shall be felt round many a one;
And thousand clinging thoughts of thee
Shall wander to that stranger sea!

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OUR ISRAELITISH ORIGIN.*

We cannot doubt that shortly the attention of the European nations must be powerfully drawn to the consideration of the permanent occupation of the Holy Land and Syria by a Christian people. It has been well observed, by an eminent American missionary residing at Constantinople, that the obstacles to this most desirable event which existed formerly, are, one after another, giving way; and that whereas, at the time of the crusades, the power of what was called Christendom could not overcome the resistance of Mahomedism to a Christian possession of that land, now the great powers of Europe combined cannot uphold its existing influence there, nor stay the rapid decay of that spiritual and temporal domination beneath which the inhabitants of Syria and the Holy Land have for centuries been groaning.

The punishment of death to converts from Mahomedism to Christianity has been abolished, and free toleration to proselitize will hardly be long delayed. The exactions which have oppressed the people of that country must soon cease, for England is pledged to procure their extinction, having so engaged when she displaced Mohammed Ali and delivered up Syria to the rule of the Turk. It is true, our ambassador at Constantinople, Sir Stratford Canning, has not been hitherto successful in his efforts with the porte to obtain their removal, yet the Syrian people look up to this country to fulfil its engagements; and strongly disposed as they are to the English coming amongst them, it may be they will invite them to become their protectors and rulers rather than remain under the present oppressive masters. The Druses, some few years ago, desired this; and certain it is, the power that shall possess that country will be one "that despiseth the gain of oppression, and shaketh the hand from holding bribes"—a description most unsuitable to either Egyptian or Turkish rulers.

"If we are mistaken," says Mr. Wilson, "in our anticipations of the speedy accomplishments of these objects, we are so in common with those whose judgment must influence greatly all who reflect on the matter. Mr. Farren, late consul for Syria, expresses his hope of the early fulfilment of that prediction, 'There shall be a highway from Egypt to Assyria [connecting Egypt, the Holy Land, and Assyria] so that the Egyptian shall come into Assyria, and the Assyrian into Egypt;" and, 'Israel, Egypt, and Assyria, shall be a blessing in the midst of the earth.'"

* "Lectures on the Ancient Israel, and the Israelitish Origin of the Modern Nations of Europe." By J. Wilson.

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The sister of our consul at Alexandria, Mr. Lane (whom we suppose participates in the expectation), "hopes the day is not far off when all nations shall rejoice with Jerusalem."—*Vide Englishwoman in Egypt*, p. 186. And when we consider that the overland route to India by way of Egypt cannot become a permanent one because of the grasping monopoly of Mohammed Ali, we may expect this highway (or railway) from Egypt through Syria to Assyria will be adopted as the regular high road to India, continuing from Assyria down the Persian Gulph, and connecting with the extensive railway lines now on the eve of formation in India.

But the most important point, according to Mr. Wilson, remains—viz. the gathering to that land such a people as are fitted to make "Jerusalem a name and a praise in the earth." Now it does appear to us that the Almighty in his providence is preparing for this also; for at this time, when the state of that land and its affairs betoken an immediate and most important change, we find there is published throughout these kingdoms, and soon, probably, will be spread far and wide, the doctrine of the Israelitish origin of the English and other north-western nations of Europe, recognising their destinies with regard to that country. The author of these views, Mr. Wilson, has, in the last of these lectures, given a recapitulation of his volume, which will afford our readers a better idea of its contents than our partial extracts could; we therefore give it nearly entire.

"We have now, in some measure, seen the unity of the works, and word, and ways of Jehovah. We have seen that, from the very beginning, he indicated his gracious purpose with regard to a Peculiar People; and that when he laid the foundations of the earth, he had a particular respect to that portion of our globe which has since been called the Land of Israel;—the most centrally placed, with regard to all lands, and the different races of men, and well fitted for becoming the meeting-place of all nations, and the throne of universal empire. And, as it was probably the site of Eden—that abode of blessedness which Adam lost by his fall into sin—so is it certainly to be the peculiar habitation of holiness, and peace, and glory, and joy, during that age which is approaching; when there shall be the 'redemption of the purchased possession.' We saw that prophecy anticipates important changes there, calculated to render it that happy land which is promised. We have seen that what was dimly intimated at first, was more fully unfolded to the fathers—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—in whose very names the three great Birthright Blessings were written. These promises, we saw, respected the Land and the Seed. The seed promised unto the fathers respected, as we saw, a double seed;—the One Seed, Christ, to whom the land was absolutely promised, and the multitudinous seed, to be blessed in him, and made a blessing unto all the earth. This multitudinous seed was, as we saw, distinguished from a merely adopted posterity, and also from the posterity of Ishmael and of Esau. Of the sons of Jacob, Joseph was chosen, and of his sons, Ephraim, to be the

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father of this chosen seed—this multitude of nations. He was as truly to be the father of a fulness or multitude of nations, as Judah was to be, according to the flesh, the father of the One Seed, Christ.

"God avowed, from the beginning, his purpose of making this numerous seed a blessing to the nations. They were to constitute a kind of measuring line, by which one portion after another would be taken into the Lord's inheritance. For this they required a peculiar training, that they might be fitted for all places and all stations; for acquiring and communicating all knowledge to all the families of mankind, and especially the knowledge of God, as presented in his word. This training, we saw, they were given progressively, and continuously, in the fathers; and after they became a nation, until the very eve of their departure from the land..

"We saw that the purpose of God, with regard to Israel, as avowed from the beginning, was not accomplished during their sojourn in the land. And we might have more fully seen, that when they were being taken away, as well as continually afterwards, God, by the prophets, recognised the promises he had made, and declares they shall yet be fulfilled. We saw that the captivity was complete, except as to those that escaped out of the land; and that those that were taken away captive were removed into the north country, into the same quarter as that to which history traces the Saxon race.

"We have adverted to the case of the other house of Israel, which were left in the land, and which have generally borne the name of Jews, and who are supposed to have remained distinct from all other people. We saw that the best portion of this house must have become mingled among the Gentiles; and the worst of the Gentiles—the children emphatically of the curse, the Edomites and the Canaanites—have become one with them;—that they have become guilty of the sin of both, and have been enduring the curse of both;—and that they have nothing in the flesh whereof to boast, and cannot obtain possession of the land by their own covenant, but only as being viewed in the One Seed, Christ, and joined to the multitudinous seed to come of the other house of Israel, that of Ephraim.

"We then went forth in search of this lost house of Israel; and, reasoning from analogy, as to the distribution of the three families of Abraham among the three grand races of mankind, we were led to look northward, among the children of Japhet. We saw, moreover, that the word of God expressly points northward, as to the place into which Ephraim had gone, and out of which they are chiefly to be brought. In that direction are we also pointed by the great prophetic line of empires, and by the progress of Israel's punishment. And thither, also, tended, almost invariably, the feet of all those who were divinely appointed to administer the word, which was specially promised to light upon Israel, and of which he was to be the great administrator to the nations. The preaching of Christ and his apostles, and the epistles, and Apocalypse,—all afford the clearest proof of the peculiar and intense interest felt by the great Shepherd of Israel in the north and north-west.

"Having thus ascertained our course, we then proceeded north-west of the places to which Israel had been carried, and we immediately met

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with the 'high heaps,' which Israel raised in the way as they went; and, upon examination, we found them to contain tombs, having every indication of being Israelitish. They are, moreover, said to be those of the ancestors of the Khazares or Comani, the ancestors of the Cossacks, of the same race with the Anglo-Saxons. We saw that the names of rivers between the Don and the Danube give also clear indications of Israel's sojourn there; and even the country south of the Danube, Mœsia, the ancient inheritance of the Getæ, or Goths, with all else, seemed to tell that here were the disciples of Moses. We saw that many a time were Israel there afflicted;—by the Persians, the Macedonians, the Romans, successively were they attacked; and, more and more, subjected to slaughter, and ultimately, by the Barbarians, were they driven in upon the Roman empire, and obliged to occupy their present important position.

"We then took a glance at the most ancient poem which these nations are said to possess, containing their traditional prophecies; and we saw that it bears full evidence to their being the children of the prophets, who had both foretold these calamities, and also the future blessedness of the 'sons of the two brothers,' in the house of their father.

"We then saw that the word of prophecy, by Isaiah, clearly foretels Israel's being brought out into these maritime parts, whilst the nations, their enemies, would pass away from before them, and they be given place here, in which to renew their strength. And we saw that the great Whirlwind, described by Jeremiah, as being raised up from the ends of the earth, and sweeping once, and again, and a third time around Jerusalem, ultimately spends its fury in the north, and describes that dreadful confusion which took place there, at the time the Roman empire was broken up. And we saw that the dreadful incursions upon the Germans, and the subsequent breaking forth of the Gothic nations, are described correspondently in history. And we saw that the changes then produced in Europe, of all kinds, bore ample testimony to the truth, that the new nations that were then given these countries in possession, were the nations that were to come of Jacob.

"We then chose a sample in which more particularly to exemplify the truth of our proposition. We showed that the Anglo-Saxons came from the east of Europe, and are even traced back into Asia, to the very quarter unto which Israel had been taken captive, and that they possessed all the marks, physical, moral, and intellectual, which were given to Israel, as qualifying them for their important position among the nations; the very position which had been promised to Israel, and for which they had been all along in training. We saw, further, that the arrangements of their society, in their domestic, and also in their civil relations, were most minutely correspondent, and that all the peculiar excellencies of the English constitution they have received, through a Saxon medium, from their Israelitish forefathers, We also saw that their skill in the arts, useful and ornamental,—and particularly those connected with religious worship,—equally bore evidence to the truth that this was the very race which had been trained under Moses. Their religion itself, with all its predicted corruptions, was, we saw, equally full of the same decisive evidence. And the marvel came rather to be, that so much had been left to this people, to bear such ample and un-

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deniable evidence to the truth of their origin. And we saw that God's dealings with them since their embrace of Christianity is exactly correspondent to the idea, that the English nation are, indeed, the chosen people of God, the lot of the Lord's inheritance.

"We then took a glance at 'the escaped of Israel,' with regard to whom, although not so much is promised, much might also be expected; and we saw that there was every reason to believe they occupied the place of a measuring line to the Lord's inheritance in the first ages of Christianity, as those who have sprung from the remnant led captive are now appointed to be, unto the ends of the earth."

Mr. Wilson having proceeded thus far in recapitulating his arguments in favour of his views, makes some further observations which will be read with interest by those who have turned their minds to the subject. He says,

"We have yet to consider the abundant information which the Scriptures afford on the different subjects treated of in these Lectures; but we are already, I trust, more and more convinced that the historical and prophetical parts of the Old Testament, and, indeed, the whole of these sacred writings, are worthy of a much more careful perusal than yet has been given to them; and especially as comparing one part with another, as all being parts of one whole, given forth by the one Spirit. Let us never forget that first rule, that 'no prophecy of the Scripture is of private interpretation.' Let it not be confined to the supposed private thoughts, or feelings, or circumstances of the individual who penned it, for it is not his word; 'Holy men of old spake, not of themselves;' they spake 'as moved by the Spirit of God.' It is the Divine Mind, therefore, and not the mind of the private individual, which is to be sought for in Scripture. God is a God of truth; just and right is he; and he will yet fully vindicate both his word and his ways. I trust that to this will be seen to conduce the view which we have been taking of Israel, whom the word of God very much concerns from the time that the promises were so surely given to the fathers, and throughout both history and prophecy, until they have issued in the promised multitude of nations, who have, even already, so far supplanted their enemies, and been made a joy unto all the earth.

"I cannot but acknowledge the very great obligations under which I am to the new Science of Mind, which Infidelity has been latterly trying to make its own; and which many Christians have too weakly conceded to the enemies of the truth. As far as my experience goes, all true knowledge tends to confirm the word of God; but no branch of science, with which I am acquainted, has this tendency more than phrenology, when rightly understood. Of this I have had many years' experience, and can truly say that by this consideration have I been chiefly influenced in the attention I have for several years been giving to this, certainly one of the most important branches of human knowledge. The beautiful and minute adaptation of the word of God to the mind of man—the value of that mental training which God has been giving to his chosen people—the distinction of races so constantly made in Scripture—and that great law of nature and of Providence, whereby the child

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is viewed in the parent, and the parent is, as it were, dealt with in the child,—could not have been so well understood without the true knowledge of man's mental constitution afforded by phrenology. It is a most important movement in divine Providence that this science is beginning to arrest the attention of those whose minds have been turned away from the word of God. I would very earnestly recommend the Christian and the phrenologist to take a closer and more impartial view of each other's labours. Suspicion is, perhaps, well in such a case, when it leads to a strict scrutiny, so that nothing may be received but what is truth; but when it turns away from the truth, its injury is incalculable. No true science has anything to fear from free and full investigation, but much from misrepresentation and neglect. And even granting that phrenology has been abused (and this has been the case with everything, however good, which has been hitherto given to man), still this should not prevent its legitimate use. Nay, we should be the more zealous in our endeavours to rescue it to the praise of our God, who is no less the Author of mind than he is of the Scriptures. If we have objections, let us honestly see whether they are founded in truth, or whether they truly belong to that which we reject, or are not rather taken from the perversions or misapprehensions of others. Some there are who even sport with falsehood, and delight in deceiving the ignorant, or in pandering to their foolish prejudices: the sooner they are left alone the better. Let the friends of truth, with charity to its adherents, look all truth honestly in the face; and they will find that they have from thence nothing to fear, but much to do them service.

"One great line of argument has been omitted in tracing the identification. It is that of language. It was found too expansive for the bounds I had prescribed myself, and may have more justice done to it in a separate publication. A knowledge of the Hebrew, and of the different languages spoken by the nations dwelling along the line by which Israel came into Europe, and a comparison therewith of the English and kindred dialects of the Gothic, will be found most interesting and useful by those who have leisure and opportunity to pursue the inquiry. This Sharon Turner has already partly accomplished.—See his 'History of the Anglo-Saxons,' fifth edit., vol. ii., pp. 447—90.

"And now, may we not more and more admire the truth and faithfulness of the God of Israel, seeing that the promises which he made unto our fathers, and confirmed by his oath—and upon which so much with regard to our faith, and especially our hope, is in the New Testament built—he hath fulfilled, or is fulfilling, all exactly as was declared from the beginning of time? We see that these promises were more than mere words, and that the use which is made of them in the reasoning of the apostles is more legitimate and conclusive than the whisperings of our unbelief would allow. Yea, saith divine Wisdom,

> 'All the words of my mouth are righteousness,
> Nothing froward or perverse in them:
> They are all plain to him that understandeth,
> And right to them that find knowledge.'

"The seed of the promise having been sown in the fathers, there was first 'the blade,' when Israel were brought out of Egypt and were given

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possession of the land. This was an earnest of what was to come when there should be the greater redemption and more permanent possession. Then, after that, was 'the ear,' when, under David, the proper kingly type was given to the scattered form of the Israelitish commonwealth; and when the ark was lodged in the glorious temple built by Solomon. This was the form of the fruit, but not the very fruit itself. At length this was given when the one Seed, Christ, appeared among men. He was 'the full corn in the ear.' Then was given the very substance of the promise, and it has ripened unto the harvest, when the multitudinous seed shall be made one with Christ; when he is in them the hope of glory; when Ephraim shall be found, the Lord's firstborn in Christ, who is the one Son, the heir of all things, and he by whom the many sons shall be led into glory. Such is the glorious end at which we are to aim—the glory of God in the salvation of Israel, that they may be for vessels of glory unto all the ends of the earth. Let us sow the seed; it will certainly prosper in that whereunto the Lord hath sent it. Let us prize the word—let us prize every word; God hath not given therein a stone in place of bread to his children. If we think otherwise—if we feel as if it were otherwise, it is because we have not seen the word of God aright. Let us know that word for ourselves, and make it known to others. Such is the work to which we may best address ourselves. Christ, who hath fulfilled the covenant, is alone the rightful heir of the earthly possession as well as of the heavenly inheritance. True, his people are heirs with him, and shall inherit all things; but he hath promised himself to come and give them possession. And when he comes we shall live together with him, and stand in his presence, and be constituted kings and priests unto God, if now, patiently continuing in well-doing, we seek through him for glory, and honour, and immortality!

"Now we may see how it is that the north and west have been so peculiarly favoured; why it was that the journeys of the apostles, and their epistles, all proceeded in this direction, although the east and south were vastly more populous; and how it is, that many great empires are passed over; and those that run, as it were, in a line north-westward, are particularly noticed in prophecy; and how it is so much is said about the *isles*, in connection with the subject of Israel; and how all the peculiar blessings of God, as the God of Providence, as well as of Redemption, have hence arisen, or hither have been sent.

"Thus, also, may we account for the universal and continually improving genius of the race now inhabiting Europe; a race, evidently designed to spread abroad, and cover the globe; a race, in every respect, fitted for universality; and, especially, for being the teachers of the world. They are a people formed by God himself for the special design of showing forth his praise.

"Now, also, may we see wherefore it is, that all the varied instrumentality, for the acquiring and communicating blessings of all kinds to all parts of the earth, has been bestowed upon these nations; and wherefore such favourable positions, so widely scattered, and so variously placed, all over the globe, have been given to the British nation, in particular. The like hath not been done to any nation as to this; and

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the position which is occupied by England is that unto which Israel is called, and for which they were gifted; and 'the gifts and calling of God are without repentance.'

"And now behold the important position of these nations as being equally related to the Jew and the Gentile; the brethren of them both they are, that they should do good unto both, as God may give them opportunity; and this he is doing abundantly. They have the Jews among them, and they are among the Gentiles; and the God of Israel, the Master of the harvest, is looking on, and soon will appear to the joy of those who have given themselves to his service. Let us duly regard the claims our God has upon us for most loving and lively obedience. He hath, indeed, been unceasing in his care, and marvellous in his love to the house of Israel. He is indeed fulfilling his word,

> 'In the place where it was said unto them
> Ye are not my people;
> There it shall be said unto them,
> Ye are the Sons of the living God.'"

The book is one small volume, but the patient research necessary to its production must have been great. We heartily commend it to attentive perusal.

A DREAM.

Beside the clearest stream in heaven
A weary cherub lay,
'Mid rosy odours waving by
He breath'd his sleep away.

Down here we mortals take from sleep
Whatever boon he gives,
And ofttimes are they beautiful
Past all by light that lives.

But there they choose whate'er they will,
And, ere they yield to sleep,
They tell it to the hare-bell blue,
In sacred trust to keep.

And then a little golden bird
That waits bright leaves among,
Learns every word that uttered is
And turneth it to song.

And, certain moments fled away,
The sleeper's ear he fills
With notes more soft than rippling streams
Heard high on starlit hills.

'Twas thus with him of whom we sing,
And beauty would he see—
High beauty in what form soe'er
It best discern'd may be.

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Now chants the bird. The cherub sees
The streamy crystals part.
His vision comes! though slumbering,
More quickly beats his heart.

First locks of gold, and calm blue eyes
The pearly waves declare—
So fair the cherub well nigh would
Have stayed his vision there.

But lips for love, and faultless chin,
Small neck and bosom clear,
Arms rounded in smooth moulds of heaven
Above the stream appear.

Then slender waist—but how shall words
Of fallen man portray
The grace in every line that shone
On every limb that lay?

In silent thought I bid thee try
(For little here is given)
Dream what a cherub's dream would be
Of the fairest form in heaven.

And *that* was his, as o'er the wane
She, blushing, bowed her head,
And glassy drops slid bright adown
And soft limbs quivered.

But now the bird hath *ceas'd* to sing;
How sad was his surprise
To see his dream, not melt away,
But, vapour-borne, arise.

Then glided she above the stream,
Above the flowery bank,
Above the vale, above the hill,
And past his prospect sank!

Now wept he bitter waking tears,
For more than dream was this,
Its flight bespoke embodiment,
Oh! what a loss was his!

Weep not, fair cherub, by the path
Which leads from heaven to earth,
Thy vision floated down to us
When Clara had her birth.

E. B. H.

C. C. C., *Cambridge.*

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JOURNAL OF A LONDON SCHOOLMASTER.

CHAPTER I.

On the 25th March, 183—, I entered on the duties of a schoolmaster, with rather a heavy heart. I, who so recently passed my time in the solitude of forests, in the green fields, or by the side of rippling streams; I, who have for years past devoted ten hours a day to quiet meditation, find myself in a new and not very congenial element, surrounded as I am by thirty noisy boys, in a darksome room in the centre of the city's bustle and smoke. My school-room wears anything but a pleasing aspect. The white-washed walls are spotted all over with ink. Four nests of old, cumbersome deal desks are the principal articles of furniture, the tops of which have been cut and hacked with penknives. Here and there is a carving intended to represent a man's head, a dog, a ship, or a horse, interspersed with deep unmeaning gashes, all of which must have been the work of considerable time. The insides and bottoms of many of the desks are decorated with carved work, or ornamented with prints and highly coloured pictures. Eight forms, a desk on a high stand, a stool covered with black leather, with sundry pegs for hats, green bags, and slates, with a few old maps and worn-out specimens of penmanship comprise the furniture of the room. The apartment is lighted by means of two small windows and a skylight, the glass of which has been plastered and puttied together times innumerable.

I commenced my new duties without a cane or any other instrument of corporeal punishment in my possession, being determined to conduct my establishment on the divine principle of love.

I entered my school-room at a quarter before nine o'clock, and awaited in anxiety the arrival of my pupils, who presently began to make their appearance.

"Good morning, sir," "Good morning, sir," were salutations addressed to me in rapid succession, as the boys doffed their hats and caps and hurried up to their respective desks to take their seats. My pupils appear to be children of parents who are too proud to send their offspring to a "charity" school, and too poor to have them expensively educated.

By a quarter past nine twenty-five of my pupils had arrived. I then commenced the business of the school without any *system*. I addressed the boys as follows,—

"My lads," said I. Here all the boys were on their legs with the elasticity of youth, and most of them got out of their places

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and stood around me. "Keep your places, if you please; when you are quietly seated I wish to say a few words to you."

The boys betook themselves to their forms, wondering, as I could see by their countenances, what "master" could possibly have to say to them. They were, moreover, astonished at the manner in which I addressed them, for I heard them say to each other in a whisper, "Our new master talks to us in a very different tone to what old Hawkins did."

Some of the boys already, presuming on my supposed lenity, began to laugh and to show other symptoms peculiar to lads in their position.

"My boys," I again said; and now the attention of every one of the children was rivetted on me, excepting young Hardy, who appeared to be a sad mischievous lad. This boy, observing I had no cane, did, in the plenitude of mischief and in apparent security from punishment, prick the posteriors of his next-door neighbour (King), who, with a sudden bob from the form, exclaimed,

"If you please, sir, speak to Hardy; he's pricking me with a pin!"

"Master Hardy, come and stand beside me, and I'll speak to you by and by," said I, addressing the delinquent, whereupon Hardy reluctantly obeyed the summons with downcast expression of countenance, looking just like a criminal at the bar of justice waiting for sentence to be passed upon him, and already fancying he would be the first to "ketch it" at the hands of his new master. The rest of the boys seeing what they deemed the awkward position of Hardy kept silent.

"My boys," I repeated; and now universal attention was given to me for a short time, "I wish to inform you that the system of teaching I am about to adopt is entirely different to that which you have been used to. I hope to make you lads like school as much as you now love play."

Here the boys looked at each other very doubtingly, and young Smith, whispering to John Green, said,

"Oh! oh! I wish you may get it—like school as well as play too! that's a likely chance, indeed!"

"I perceive by your countenances," I continued, "that you suppose it is impossible to love learning as much as top, ball, and hoop; but when I tell you that I hope to make your lessons afford you pleasure instead of pain, I think you will like school as well as any other place."

The boys now began to listen with a little more confidence, although they could not yet understand the meaning of the words addressed to them, which was excusable, as this was probably the first *lecture* they had ever had an opportunity of hearing.

I resumed my address as follows:—

"I wish you, my boys, to view me as your friend in the hour

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of trouble." (The delinquent Hardy did not appear to comprehend the sentence.) "Remember, my fine little fellows, always to act kindly one towards another; and above all things do you big boys never tyrannize over or ill use the little ones, for it shows a noble disposition in the strong to protect the weak. We must have everything connected with the school business conducted in the most punctual manner, consequently you must all be here at the proper time; you must, too, be very particular in the observance of cleanliness."

At the termination of the last sentence those boys who had dirty hands popped them out of sight under the desks.

"You must always speak the truth, and be gentle and kind, and remember God is ever present, bestowing on us those blessings by which we are surrounded. Nicknames must be banished from among you, and tale-bearers must be tale-bearers no longer, for such will find no favour in my sight."

Some of the boys, I perceived, began to get listless; they were, however, one and all aroused by my next sentence.

"I intend to introduce music and singing into the school."

Here the boys rubbed their hands and laughed, expressive of their delight, and by this time I could see all thought "master a very nice man." Even Hardy, who kept his post at my elbow, forced a smile into his grave countenance.

"We shall take out-door exercise, too, in the play-ground."

The boys again looked at each other with the greatest expression of delight, and one said to the other in an under tone, "Won't that be prime?"

"And what think you, my lads?" resumed I; "I do not mean to have any cane in the school."

This announcement was received with sundry hearty cheers, after which such a scene of confusion ensued not easily to be described, in which even the delinquent Hardy joined. Some of the boys kicked the floor vehemently with the heels of their boots, others hammered the desks with their elbows; some again rattled the insides of their desks with rulers and slates, whilst a few, thinking they now had full licence to commit any excess with impunity, actually began to knock about the desks and forms with a view to their demolition, and slates and books were flying about in all directions. I certainly did not anticipate this outbreak, and repented making the pleasing disclosure so abruptly.

I scarcely knew whether I stood on my head or my heels; fortunate for me was it, however, that my wife, fearing something serious was the matter, entered the school-room when the riot was at its height. Had I been left alone I fear to think what might have been the result. The silence of death succeeded the previous tumult. I in a measure resumed my confidence.

"This little outbreak," said I, "will, I feel assured, be the

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last of the kind that will happen in my presence. I am not surprised, however, that you were so delighted with the announcement just made by me, for you all have been taught to believe that you are only to be properly managed by the fear of punishment. Now, my little fellows," I continued, "just answer me this question:—"Would you do most for the person you love, or the one you fear?"

"For the one we love, sir," reiterated all the boys.

"I thought so," said I. "And would you," I inquired, "knowingly do that which would cause pain to those you love?"

"No! no! no!" was the unanimous reply to my last query.

"Well, now I have something more to say to you, and although I mention it last it is by no means of the least importance; it is this—I must be obeyed, for without obedience on your part I shall not be able to do my duty towards you and your parents."

I terminated my opening address, and directed my attention to Master Hardy.

"You will for the future," said I to him, "please to remember that it is a breach of good breeding to play and show marks of inattention when any person is speaking to you; but I hope and trust that you and all your school-fellows will act better when you are taught better."

Hardy retired to his seat at my bidding, shortly after which I said to my pupils,

"The first lesson I shall give you will be to copy on to your slates the following lines, as I give them out.

'THE GOLDEN RULE.

'To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As every child should be.

I never need behave amiss,
Or feel uncertain long,
As I may always know by this
If things are right or wrong.

I know I should not steal or use,
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose
If it belonged to me.

And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow,
For I should never think it right
If others served me so.'"

After the boys who could write had copied the above lines on to their slates, I gave the piece to my pupils to learn by rote, and expressed a wish that the sentiments contained therein might ever

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be kept in view by them. When this part of the business was disposed of I exercised my pupils in reading, writing, and arithmetic, in order to ascertain their various capabilities; and at the appointed hour (twelve) the boys reluctantly quitted school, and hastened home to tell their parents what had that morning transpired, and express the partiality they felt for their new teacher.

March 26th to 31st.—I have been very busy forming my system of education. I am getting it into something like working order, but to perfect it will be the work of time and experience. What a change have I undergone! I scarcely know myself; and as I am perched on my high pedantic-looking stool, I am almost inclined to doubt my own identity. My good wife enters upon her new occupation in right good earnest. She declares she will do all she can to assist me, and I find she is already a great favourite with the pupils.

My evening school, I fear, will prove more troublesome to me than my duties by day. Oh! what a set of eternal talkers and gossips have I got to manage; fifteen girls from the age of ten to sixteen. All their secrets and adventures are here nightly related to each other. Oh, what a confusion of tongues! and how am I to help myself? My predecessor spoke the truth when he said—"You will not be able to do anything with them girls, sir; they do nothing but laugh and talk all the while they are here—improvement they never think of. I don't know what their parents send them to school for, unless it be to waste their money or something worse. I can," said he, "give the boys a thump of the head or a good caning if they don't behave themselves, but to tell you the truth, I can do nothing with the girls; they are my masters, and do just as they please, for they don't mind a word I say to them."

I have already seen enough of "evening tuition for young ladies" to convince me that it is desirable for parents to avoid, if possible, sending their children to night schools.

The proceedings of these girls on quitting school at a little after eight is such as would cause regret and displeasure to respectable and prudent parents.

My wife is in hopes she will be enabled to improve the behaviour of these "young ladies," but I fear she will not work any great reformation in their characters. "Young ladies" I am obliged to call them; for if I address them as "girls," they are highly offended at the cognomen.

Oh! what a contrast between wandering in the forest, in company with my own thoughts, and being pent up in the dingy room with noisy juveniles!

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LORENZO'S MOONLIGHT ADVENTURE.

BY MISS E. LYNN.

START THE FIRST.

Of what befel Lorenzo, the handsome sculptor of Naples, after La Marchesa's Masked Ball.

"AFTER all, gaiety's a monstrous bore!" yawned the young Lorenzo, as he stood in his black domino and mask on the broad flight of marble steps that led from the Palazzo Malatesta down to the sea shore.

The reason why he was in a black domino and mask was this: There was a splendid *bal masqué* that night at the palazzo. It was the tenth anniversary of the Marchesa Malatesta's nuptials with her grand, gloomy lord, with whom, for nine years and three hundred and sixty-four days, leaving the odd day as the sole casket of all the sweets of the honeymoon and all the bliss of matrimony, she had, according to the most approved fashion, lived in perpetual discord. Every year she gave a magnificent fête to celebrate her wedding-day, and thus to make the ignorant multitude believe that hatred was love, and disgust happiness. This is called *tact* in the world, and the sleepy-eyed, languid, sweet, do-nothing marchesa was a great proficient in this kind of tact.

Of course, Lorenzo, the handsome young sculptor, for whom all the ladies were dying—whose hair, had he clipped its redundant locks at the prayer of every lovely dama, would have been sheared close as any Cromwellian's, and whose hand, had he written his name for the precious treasure-boxes of every languishing donzelletta, would have withered away with very fatigue—of course, he was invited; and of course, being invited, he went.

Lorenzo was young, handsome, romantic, eccentric, and, we must add, vain. The pet, the darling, the "dear, talented creature," the lion *par excellence* in the boudoirs, the "conceited coxcomb," and "horrid puppy" in the clubs and cafés. Truth lies between, like Mahomet's coffin.

As we said, he went to the *bal masqué*—stayed a couple of hours—and then voted gaiety a bore on the marble steps, and voted, also, a moonlight ramble on the sea shore, with his ever-present, dear thoughts of "cara bella Francesca," more delightful—oh! a thousand times!—than whispering soft nothings into the ears of blasé shepherdesses, intriguing nuns, and faded flower-girls; parenthetically pressing flesh and blood fingers of substan-

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tial goddesses, and keeping up an eye-flirtation with half-a-score of coquetting Quakeresses.

The night was one of those glorious Italian nights when the heavens seem melting into earth; when earth seems a heaven; when every tree, and herb, and flower, ring out their low soft chimes in the still air, and the bright-eyed stars that look down upon them so tenderly, answer with their radiant smiles. When angels and spirits are about, and weave bright visions on our path, and people our way with shapes of beauty. A white mist, like a bridal veil, lay over all the earth, and seen through this mist all things showed softer and lovelier. The very weeds glowed as brightest flowers, and the stones and the sand seemed richer than gems and golden ores. The cries of the grasshoppers, the chirpings of the crickets, the wheeling hum of the startled moths and flies, the faint and sudden notes of the young birds, whose sleep some wanton fairy had broken—all were like so many words of the spirit of loveliness, whose shape was enshrined in each thing on which the moonbeams fell.

Lorenzo thought, as he walked slowly along the shore, how much more impressive and ennobling was this scene of repose and beauty than the tumult and the falseness which he had just left—the painted loveliness, the mock, flimsy virtue. And he looked at the moon, and—for our sculptor was, as times go, a pretty fair classic, and actually knew by heart the names of the Nine Old Maids, having worshipped each in turn, from Erato up to Urania—he thought, by a natural concatenation of ideas, of the beautiful Endymion, to whom he fancied that he possessed a strong family likeness, and of the fair sky queen's stolen visits to that high, solitary, Latmos hill. Ha! Madam Luna! though you do look so correct and modest, and turn your back so scornfully on the pretty, pouting, naughty Aphrodite, you are no better than your neighbours, only a trifle more prudent! And prudence, with the celestials, as with us, passed very well for virtue, and sometimes better.

With these musings on celestial loves, there came before the mind of the young Lorenzo some thoughts of a terrestrial *affaire;* and the thoughts were clothed in the garb of a dark-haired, dark-eyed, earthly Diana—the pretty Francesca. And he mused on his midnight serenades, when she emerged, moon-like, from her cloudy curtains, and though she did not, because she could not, reward him with kisses, like Artemis, yet she would fling down some ribbon which she had worn that day in her sleek tresses, or flower which had faded on her own white bosom as the guerdon of his song.

And so our handsome sculptor was in love! No wonder then that the masked ball was pronounced a bore, and the beautiful nuns and shepherdesses, and goddesses, and odaliques, with their taper, rosy fingers, all deemed so unsatisfactory!

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And the pretty Francesca was in love, too. Sly little puss! I wonder why she always attended mass every day so punctually. Of course it had nothing to do with it, the fact of her way thither leading directly past Lorenzo's windows, though she did always see a pair of blackest eyes looking out from them, and pouring upon her, as she demurely cast a glance that way—by mere chance, you know—a whole battery of the fire of love, no doubt to warm her devotions at the cold damp cathedral! And I wonder why she always went to bed so early Her chamber was in a remote tower, apart from all the rest of the household, and it must have been so lonely for such a young thing. But, then, she heard every night the tinkling of a guitar, and the repetition, every half-dozen words, of "O' mio ben! ch'io t'amo!" and that kept her company. Poor child! It was all highly improper, when she so softly opened the casement, and stole her little fairy hand through its grim bars, to fling down her simple offering, all for sweet gratitude, at the feet of the deft minstrel. Still, the very prudes could not blame her for loving Lorenzo, for they did that themselves; her only crime was, in being loved by him! Oh! he was so handsome that all the lovers of Naples were in the last agonies of despair and jealousy. See, here is his portrait!

Tall, of course; no one ever hears of a little hero, though Heaven only knows where all the "gigantic" and "majestic" men of novelists come from, for I am sure they are not creatures of every-day life, as a walk down Regent-street, even in the season, will show you. Slightly built, with none of your angular turns, or losses for joints, but graceful in each most careless motion, and elegant in each most trifling action, hair like a raven's wing, hanging over an arched forehead in thick long curls, that stole one by one down a finely-moulded throat, which, by the way, he took good care to show, breaking into perfect ringlets wherever it was thrown, like a sea-wave breaking into foam; a "hawking eye," like that which poor Helen loved, "not wisely, but too well," to draw in her heart's tablets—lips like the Apollo. O Venus! all the graces were pounded up in one mass, and remodelled into *him*. And this is the shortest and best description which I can give, for if I were to tell you all his excellencies, Messrs. Saunders and Otley would have a dearth of paper, and ink, and types. And now, confess, is he not a likely young man, and a proper?

Francesca thought so, and Bianca, and Lucrezia, and Caterina, and Beatrice, and Lucia, and Rosamunda, and a whole bevy more, whose names I cannot recollect, pretty poppets!

And as he stood there, by the singing wave, no wonder if all things, animate and inanimate too, had fallen in love with his fine eyes and raven hair.

"Cara, carissima! o' ch'io t'amo!" sighed the young sculptor, gazing fixedly on the stars.

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The stars twinkled, and danced, and curtsied, and looked at each other all in a quiver and a tremble, like silly little girls at their first ball, and seemed ready to fall there and then from the skies at his feet for very delight.

"Cara, carissima, o' ch'io t'amo!" he said again, looking full on the moon's broad face.

The fat, round, good-natured moon! She smiled so placidly, like a good old soul as she is, took the compliment with a broad stare, and an unequivocal wink, and, putting a fleece-cloud fan before her face, simpered, as if she was blushing:—

"Why the very moon and stars are falling in love, Lorenzo, with that black hair of thine, which the night wind is creeping amongst; playing at hide-and-seek with the scents from yonder jessamine tree!"

"It really is a great bore to be so very handsome. You know that positively we cannot love all who love us, we youths of the Apollo school, and it really grieves us to put the pretty souls to pain."

Lorenzo turned his eyes—his fine eyes! earthward again.

It is dangerous to flirt with even stars sometimes—at least in Italy, where love is law, fashion, necessity, and a crime punished with the stiletto, all at once. He looked at the green velvet-like grass, and he thought that if all the queens of the east, north, west, and south, and if all the planets of the sky were collectively and individually to fall on their knees—those who had them—and beseech him, as the vizier's daughter besought the Arabian glass-seller, for but one smallest grain of that mountain of love which was in his heart, he would spurn them from him. Yes! he would trample the poor little souls, horrid man! in the dust like animalcula; and he would keep true and constant to the dear young maid who gave him the soiled hair ribbons and the withered flowers. He was sure he would! He only wished that he might, some day, be tried. Oh! how he would like to show to the base fickle world an example of, till his time, never-heard-of constancy!

"Cara, carissima, o'ch'io t'amo!" he whispered to the idea of his love.

His words were repeated by a soft, soft, tiny little voice, like the ghost of a nightingale singing the ghost of a fairy song. But he paid no attention to the spiritual bird, or its spiritual lay; he was far too much in love for that. He had now wandered far, and he was tired, so he laid himself down on the fresh dewy grass, and, as he looked on the sea, that seemed almost laughing in his face, and as he looked on the gentle flowers, and the glancing pebbles, wet with the salt and spray, he yawned. The young sculptor was sleepy! But sleeping, even in sunny Italia, on a heap of moss and sea-weed by the ocean-shore, with mist for your only blanket, and clouds for your only bed-curtains, is not strictly

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prudent; and, as our Lorenzo still wished for future invitations to these same wearisome gaieties, and for white hands to fling their customary roses and posies by moonlight, and as he did *not* wish to be "the unfortunate young man with the rheumatism," he shook off the poppy-crown which old Somnus had bound round his brows, and started up for another ramble.

"Cara carissima, o ch'io t'amo!" he sang, making his fingers imitate guitar strings.

"Cara carissima, o' ch'io t'amo!" warbled the ghostly nightingale again.

"Per Bacco! what is that?" Nothing to be seen! He looked forward—nothing. Over the mossy bank—nothing. Behind him, into the mist—nothing. It was not likely. In the air—nothing. Less likely still to find anything there but clouds and railway shares. Towards the sea—what? A bright, beautiful maiden, sitting on a rock, near to the shore!

"Per Bacco! an adventure!"

START THE SECOND.

The Consequences of Universal Benevolence and Fraternal Affection.

And a vastly prettily embodied adventure it was too?

She was a young thing, this maiden of the rock, with hair like threads of gold, falling over her neck and shoulders down into the dancing waters, and her polished rosy limbs gleamed out from the golden soil, like pink-hued marble. Her eyes were the colour of the sky on a hot sultry day; deeply, darkly blue. You looked in,—in,—in,—till, at last, you saw the fair young soul lying at the farthest depths, looking quietly out—a fair young soul, filled with innocent love. And over those blue eyes, arched brows, which put to shame all the painters' embodiments and poets' imaginings, from Noah's time downwards. And, then, the red swelling, pouting, dewy lips, like two rose-buds springing up in a field of snow; they would have tempted an anchorite bee, those rose-bud lips? And there she was sitting, more than half in the water, combing her long dazzling locks with a comb of whitest pearl, all studded with precious gems, and the handle of it, wreathed round with ocean flowers. And her slender rosy fingers kept parting this hair, and opening a way for her blue eyes to look abroad; and her blue eyes looked straight before her, and they rested on Lorenzo. She sighed once more, as gently as a young babe awakening, and repeated, as if she had heard some sweet melody, and was endeavouring to learn it by heart, "Caro, carissimo, o' ch'io t'amo!"

Now on such a night, and in such a place as this, lonely, lovely,

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with a beautiful maiden looking full at you, with her heaven-coloured eyes, from amongst a mass of golden hair, sighing, with her rose-bud lips, "O' ch'io t'amo" so near, that the warm breath, which had first kissed them, came heavy laden with their sweets, flattering and fluttering round your own, what mortal man could possibly be expected to think of his serenades to another, or of his flowers, or his ribbons, or the diligent mass-goings, or the hot eye-battery, and coldly turn away? Not Lorenzo, in good faith. She was not one of the crowned queens, nor yet a star fallen from the sky, kneeling to and worshipping him, but simply a living, warm, white-armed maiden, sitting, at dead of night, on a rock in the midst of the sea, combing her hair, looking at him, and sighing, "O' ch'io t'amo!" Bad metaphysicians, mathematicians, logicians, and philosophers are ye, if ye cannot define the difference!

What splashed in the water, close to the maid? Oh! it must have been a large fish with a large tail.

Lorenzo became greatly interested. His universal benevolence, the fraternal affection which he felt for all the world, his sisters, if young and pretty, were excited. She would take cold there; get the crippling rheumatism; a paralytic stroke would make her a second Couthon. Oh! who would not be the dog then? or she was, it may be, mad; for surely her manners were rather extraordinary, even for Naples, and if so, poor thing, she must be taken care of, and sent back to her guardians.

He was really very benevolent, our young Lorenzo! So he went nearer and nearer to the beautiful maiden. He did not go very fast; indeed his movements were habitually slow and stately; then, what made the colour mount so warmly to his face, and his heart beat so loud, that its rushing blood boiled like a tumultuous cataract within his breast. And what made his breath come so short?

Poor Francesca!

He went nearer, nearer still, until the salt wave, unperceived, rose above his knee, and the breath of the dame's lips scarce left its dewy bed ere it kissed his own. The slender fingers of one hand the maiden still twined and twined amongst the clustering golden ringlets, putting them from off her white brow, and from before her blue eyes, that these might look all the better at him, like the Little Red Riding Hood's wolfish grandmother. The other hand, holding the wonderful pearl comb, hung listlessly by her side, and the tips of the fingers, just dipped in the water, and played with it. Lorenzo took this hand in his, first putting the pearl comb in his waistcoat pocket. She looked quietly, and half inquiringly, first at him, then their hands; again into his handsome face, and left it passive in his hold. The unfailing consequence of maiden deliberation!

"Beautiful maiden! what dost thou here at midnight in the midst

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of the cold, cold sea? Oh, come with me! come. I will wrap thee in my mantle, and bear thee away. To my own home, loveliest, will I take thee, if thou hast not a dwelling in Napoli. Dearest, fairest, haste thee, and come. Nay, shrink not, pretty trembler. Thinkest thou that I would harm thee, my beatiful bird?" For he had placed his arm round her, simply as a protection against the sea-breezes that came so rudely about her; and she had trembled and shrunk from him for an instant; but for an instant, and then her bright head drooped quietly, softly into his bosom; and her neck and rounded, glancing shoulders, peeping through their veil of hair, blushed as the east when the sun first kisses her. The mantle was forgotten, and the wave, rising higher and higher over Lorenzo's knees, was forgotten; and he was on the point of enacting to her the part of the sun to the east, and had bent his head till their hair mingled.

Ha! another fish, with another confoundedly large tail, splashed quiveringly beside them.

The young sculptor woke from his delirium-dream of delight. What if it were a shark? He had no wish to see his new-found beauty bodily devoured before his eyes and to sacrifice himself to appease the cannibal cravings of any such monster, was not particularly captivating either in *posse* or *esse*.

"Wilt thou come with me, beautiful? Come with me to mine own home. So, thou tremblest. Thou art cold—cold. Let me warm thee against my heart;" which same heart, be it remembered, has served all the purposes of an Arnott stove to some half hundred tremblers before now.

This time Lorenzo did remember his large cloak, and he tried to fold her in it; but the wilful maid seized it in her pretty grasp, and flung it, as far as she could throw, into the sea.

"Nay, sweet child, that was unwise," said the sculptor, in a tone of the softest reproach. This was his only cloak, and, like most handsome, romantic, eccentric young sculptors, he was much too poor to contemplate, with a vast deal of pleasure, the necessity of buying so many yards of cloth and velvet to make himself another. But as he spoke a tear trembled in the young maid's eye, and her soft little lip quivered. So he kissed them both with right good will, and soon reconciled himself to his loss by taking her in his arms preparatory to bearing her away from the cold-giving waves and the man-loving sharks, to his *atelier* on the road to the cathedral.

Poor Francesca!

And then as soon as his arms were round her, she left off twining her slender fingers among the glistening air, and twined her two white arms round his neck instead, and laid her cheek against his; and thus she rested, tranquil and happy as a young bird when its mother has flown to its dear nest in the honeysuckle

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branches; and the pulses of their hearts beat in unison; and the rich ringlets—the ebon and the gold—mingled in one loveliest mass, and they felt as if they had just now met—old lovers—after years of separation and despair.

"Canst thou love me?" whispered Lorenzo.

"Yes," said the nightingale voice, so small and yet so clear, that it rang through every vein and nerve like a flash of lightning, and its sweetness hung on the senses as honey hangs in a flower-bell. "Yes, dost thou love me?"

"Dearest, loveliest! I do, indeed, love thee."

Now, Lorenzo, are you not a very pretty fellow? Where is Francesca? Alas! poor maid, she has wept herself to sleep, disappointed in her nightly serenade, and even now is dreaming of you, you hardened sinner—dreaming of you at the very moment when you are swearing love to a stranger damoiselle. What sad fellows these handsome men are! And what a pity it is that poor women should be so very constant and so tiresomely fond! Now if Francesca would but sonsole herself by a new guitar-player: but then she won't; and Lorenzo, you false and handsome young sculptor of Naples, you will have the happiness of one day seeing her go to the church—not as your bride, sir, which she ought to have been, but as a melancholy, shaven, imprisoned nun.

Then a glad cry of joy burst from the lips of the Maiden of the Rock as Lorenzo swore his perjured love. Tighter, tighter wound her arms—nearer, nearer to her beating heart they pressed him; and one timid kiss she shed upon his brow. And away, away, through the bright green waves they sped. Down, down, down! down to the caves under the sea—down to the coral rocks and the silver gardens—down to the gleaming treasure-houses where gold, and diamonds, and rubies pave the floors and arch the roof—where columns of pure pearl, like sculptured snow, hold up the glancing dome—where the waters sing songs sweeter than the songs of the bird of the grove to cradle to rest the ocean's babes! Away to the green sea-caves; and the waves rushed and leaped around and above them, and danced by their side, like a band of laughing nymphs. And their million-coloured foam sparkled round their brows, and cinctured their necks, and bound their limbs with radiance, brighter than had ever coronet of flashing diamond stone, or zone of burning ruby, or carcanet of clear, transparent emerald. Oh! a bright and goodly jewellery had the sparkles of the fleeking foam!

And Lorenzo's senses were fast failing, when splash, splash, through all this sumult and hubbub he heard the large fish with the large tail following close upon them. In mortal agony he opened his eyes, and looked at that place where the young thing's feet *ought* to have been. He was in the arms of a mermaid! So he very quietly "fainted quite away." What next?

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START THE THIRD AND LAST.

Of what Lorenzo felt and did amongst the Marine Stores.

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"WELCOME thee, love, to my sea-green home,
Where the waves are rushing free,
And the rainbow's glance in the sparkling foam,
Like the arching roof of a painted dome,
Here shall thy dwelling be.

My ocean cave—oh, is it not bright—
Brighter than aught of earth?
It is paved by the gems—the children of light—
Which flash like the stars on a midsummer's night,
When they crowd to the young moon's birth.

And coral rocks, they are growing near,
And over them buds are creeping,
Washed by the spray of the billows clear,
Mingled with drops of that amber tear,
The bird of the sea is weeping.

I will pluck their youngest and fairest flowers
To garland around thy hair;
And I'll steep the wreath in the rainbow showers,
Which are falling around our ocean bowers,
Like kisses within the air.

And shells, with their delicate, varying hues,
Shall make to thee music sweet;
Sweet as the voice of the morn when she woos,
From the breast of the earth, the night-fallen dews,
To the echoes of faëry feet.

And my white arms shall be as a pillow for thee,
To soothe thee to rest and repose;
And my tresses shall hang as a gold canopy,
To curtain thy sleep from the eyes of the sea,
As the leaf keeps the sun from the rose.

And thy life it shall be as a moment of light,
As swift and as brilliant in hue;
And thy days they shall pass in a flash of delight—
In love—oh! as pure as the moon of the night,
And pleasures, still changing and new."

When Lorenzo, after a time, thought fit to recall his senses, which, we said, had suddenly left him to wander in the dark land of oblivion, this song sounded in his ears; and on opening his eyes he saw the fair, fair face which had so bewitched him, bending over his with a mixture of innocent surprise and child-like love in its gentle expression. It would seen that sea-people—by which I mean those men and women with fishy continuation who

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live among the "roots of the sea,"—are not given to the fainting mood; for the maid applied neither salts nor salvolatile, nor burnt feathers, nor any of the old-nurse restoratives, but only a few timid pressures of the rose-like lips upon his forehead, and a coy, half-frightened playing with his hair, and those sweet words of song. And they did as well, these faint and soft caresses; yet she was afaid of this strange, pallid silence—these closed lips—this searce-drawn breath. She feared it as an unknown thing is ever feared; but when Lorenzo's blood again flowed warm through his veins, and when his large eyes opened themselves, like flowers, and looked, as they had lately looked in the moonlight by the sea-shore; and when, heedless of the shining fins which had shocked him so much at first, he clasped her to his heart all the same as if she had been an earthly damsel, not inquiring or caring for birth, parentage, or education, she forgot all her late dread, and laid her blushing cheek on his hands, like a young, half-tame bird first proving confidence; and a deep fount of love, until now hidden in the soil of innocence and ignorance, sprang up, gushing into her heart, and overpowered her with its force.

Days and days and months passed: and Lorenzo had forgotten earth. The mass-goings, Francesca, masked balls, chiselling Venuses and Graces from breathing, living, loveliest models, guitar-tinklings—in short, all his former terrestrial enjoyments had faded from his memory in the full and complete bliss of his subaqueous dwelling. His marine bride, too, who could be more lovely, more loving, more loveable? Did she not unite all the grace and deep tenderness of a woman, with all the ingenuousness of a child, albeit she was of such equovical extraction. But Lorenzo loved her for her own sake, and not for the sake of money-bags and quarterings.

And in the maid's love for the young mortal, there was, in its very intensity, a fund of sadness. Often, when he slept, softly pillowed by her white arms, tears for no definitive cause—no grief, no sorrowful anticipations, but, simply tears, from the over-flowings of a heart filled with boundless love, fell like seed pearl from under her blue veined lids, and gemmed his raven curls.

This life, for a time, was exquisite. All around him was love and beauty, living beauty! The very waves seemed alive, as the rainbows spanned them, and glittered on their white crests, like shattered jewels, when they came foaming, and dancing, before the cavern; curling up their heads like graceful snakes; playing amongst the silver weed, or washing the coral and the many coloured shells that lay about, until they all shone and glistened dazzlingly. Yet delightful as it was, at last Lorenzo yawned oftener and oftener, till he threatened to widen the minute extent of his beautiful lips, to a most fearful chasm. He wanted his chissel, or his guitar, or some books, or some other eyes besides

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those blue ones, beautiful as they were,—yet seen every day. Husbands and brothers know what follows! or, at any rate, he wanted something which he had not got. And so he yawned, and slept a great deal; and got rather cross and peevish with the poor little mer-woman; and once or twice looked scornfully on the green, finned appendage to the rosy body. And as he looked, he thought of how lovely were Francisco's little feet, incased in their black french slippers, and silk stockings, peeping out from beneath her dress, like fairy things just born, and glancing at the world in shy wonder. And then he wanted society. True! fishes came every day to the cave, and stared at him with genuine fishy astonishment; but this was not society. Then his bride too; if he spoke to her of any mundane subject, she would quietly look at him, and quietly float away, until he had ended, in evident weariness of a language so foreign to her pretty ears; and in fact things were looking rather bad; and our poor little mer-woman wept daily more and more. All the grieflessness of her sleep-watching tears was gone, and bitter sobs and sighs were now mingled with the bright drops. Sometimes, when her secret agony was too strong in her heart, she would gently lay the slumbering inconstant on his couch of refreshing damp and cool sea weed, and rush far, far away through the blue deep, till her little soul was again calm and serene. And then she would return, and waken him with her sweet nightingale notes; or with her caresses, which fell over his brow, cheek, lip, and hands, like dewy flowers.

Lorenzo at length, noticed that the silky lashes of her azure eyes were often wet. There was salt water enough around them, the fishes knew, to wet a whole army's eyelashes, and with bitter drops too—unless death's potions have been belied; and instead of being tarter than an old maid's slander, are as soft and creamy as a school boy's first love letter! But the salt water which whisked about her, lifting up her bright locks and rocking them in its cradling billows, creeping into her very lids, and rolling, and arching over her polished neck and shoulders, had nothing to do with wetting the silky lashes, as they were now wet! No! it was the water of grief which had so overflowed, and drowned their lustre!

And Lorenzo, being a kind hearted youth, and still enough in love to care for the unhappiness, though not sufficiently so, to sacrifice his particular comfort of grumbling and scowling, felt a certain kind of pity and compassion; although he, as all men, did hate tears so mortally! And one evening when the sun was fast sinking, he took the pretty little taper-fingered hand in his, and asked, in his tenderest accents, what grieved the young heart?

Our poor little mer-woman wept and sobbed afresh at this question, until she seemed in danger of dissolving into one large

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tear; then suddenly looking up, she put the hair from off his brow, and falling on his neck, exclaimed,

"Ah! thou lovest me no longer!"

Well, Lorenzo did all his endeavours. He swore by Venus, by Cupid, by Bacchus, by all the saints in the calendar, and not a few out of it, that he loved her much as he did at the first outset of the adventure; but the mermaid cared for neither oath, protestation, nor vow, and, saint or goddess, it was all the same to her, little heathen! She felt that the spirit had departed, and that his affection was now a mere dry and withered skeleton. The bloom had faded—the butterfly's wing was broken, and her heart with it; so she wept and sobbed on, at last she exclaimed with sudden energy,

"See! see! wilt thou stay with me, or wilt thou return to thy dull, gross earth? Now prove thy love."

Poor Lorenzo! his love and his selfishness were a hard battle; but in an even-handed combat the last is generally man's victor, though woman can sometimes constrain this foe. He had the grace to turn aside his head, while he said, almost inaudibly,

"Return."

The maid wept no longer. Slowly and sadly she clasped him in her arms—slowly and sadly they mounted up to the dusky world—slowly and sadly they went. Then he found himself on the beautiful shore of the beloved Napoli. There are the lights, there the dear countrymen, and oh, far dearer, countrywomen! Francesca too! He was intoxicated with joy. He laughed, clapped his hands, carrolled gay songs, and forgot all his grace and stateliness in his delight. Then he bethought himself of his wronged and lovely marine bride. He turned, and called her by her name; but she, with a melancholy smile and a flood of tears, waved her hands in adieu, and disappeared beneath the wave.

And all vanished.

He found himself lying on the shore with the rising tide high above him; his teeth chattering from cold, not lisping in the accents of love; the moon and stars palely glimmering in the grey of the morning, looking cross and dull; frogs croaking, instead of the nightingale voice singing; lizards crawling over him, instead of flower kisses; and, instead of soft white arms, the racking gripe of the foul fiend, rheumatism.

So much for headstrong young men sleeping on foggy nights by the seaside after dancing, and flirting, and drinking quite enough iced champagne at *bals masqués*.

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LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Minstrel Love. A Romance, from the German of Fouquè. London: JAMES BURNS.

Undine. A Romance, from the German of Fouquè. A new translation, with eleven Illustrations.

THE literature of Germany, perhaps more than that of any other country, has its peculiar and distinctive characteristics. There is a singular compound of the wild imaginings of fancy with the dark mysticisms of a perverted philosophy. That there should be this uniform peculiarity may be ascribed to the combined influence of two causes—the one, *the style of education* which most prevails, and the other, the evil under which the literature of our own country once laboured, *the censorship of the press.* Against this evil the celebrated treatise on "The Liberty of the Press," by the immortal Milton, is a splendid and an unperishable protest. Our space will not allow us to go more fully into the causes which act of the literature of a country, nor is this perhaps at present desirable, especially as we wish to give our readers an opportunity of forming their own views of the works now before us.

In ancient times Germany had a class of persons much resembling the *improvisitori* of Italy—men distinguished for poetic genius and musical talent, who had the power of composing and reciting *extempore* in elegant metre, a song or hymn on any subject the present circumstances or company might suggest. This class of extraordinary persons were sub-divided into classes, according to the subjects in which they had more conspicuously shone. Among these were the "*Minnesängers,*" or love-singers. To perpetuate the remembrance of this peculiar custom of ancient Germany, and of the remarkable people who sustained it, the work entitled "Minstrel Love" has been written. And the author has admirably succeeded in producing a deeply interesting volume, with beautiful illustrations of a custom which once prevailed in his native land. The plot of this romance is well arranged, and the issue just as the issue of a romance should be. We are sure our readers would be disappointed if they were not furnished with some specimens of the Minnesänger's practice. Our author introduced all these specimens with peculiar grace.

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He says, "Arnold beckoned to the attendant who rode behind him, gave him the golden shield, and received from him a lute of graceful and shapely form. As he rode onward he played thereon a lively measure, and sang the following song:—

"With thy shining seas, and shadowy trees;
With thy sparkling rills, and soft green hills,
And fields all gay with flowers;
Oh! how familiar to mine eyes!
How dear thou art unto me,
Mine own, my father-land.

Oft to thy praise I fram'd my lays,
When borne along by wings of song
In blithe and sportive hours;
But now what alter'd scenes arise,
We must be faithful to thee,
Ready, with sword in hand.

Sound louder yet, and louder,
Lift up thy voice, my lyre;
Give forth thy thrilling cords;
Bid notes of sorrow cease—
Not now we separate—
Come to the battle—to the clash of swords!

Make thou the proud steed prouder,
Kindle the warrior's fire,
And scare the Paynim hordes—
But, ah! the joys of peace
Thou yet shalt celebrate,
And victory's light; the battle is the Lord's!"

We can say for this work what we cannot for many of the novels and romances of the continent—that it contains no sentiment of an immoral tendency; on the contrary, the sentiments have a cheerfully religious bearing. The following may confirm the opinion we have ventured to give.

"Autumn clad in various hues,
Come with all thy chilling dues;
Come with all thy shadowy gloom;
Though thou whisper, man must die—
Germs of resurrection lie
Underneath thy golden bloom.

All I have or hope below,
To thy mystic leaves I owe;
Murmuring wonders as they fall;

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All thy stores of tale and song,
They and I, to thee belong;
At thy feet I cast them all.

By the monarch's garden side.
Thus a youthful minstrel cried,
Deep in gentle musings blest;
Like a dream, or like a spell,
From the fairest tree there fell
Golden fruit upon his breast."

We have only to remark that "Undine" is a romance of deep and exciting interest, and that both these works entitle Fouquè to a very honourable position among the literati of his own country. A large debt of gratitude is due to the worthy translator in making the selection of such works for the exercise of his literary talents. It would have been a good thing for this country if many continental works had never been translated into our language; but we venture to think we shall be happy to see in plain *English* more works from the German pen of De la Motte Fouquè.

The Hall of Vision; a View of Principles; a Poem in Three Parts. To which are added Minor Poems. By W. Leask, author of "Our Era," &c., &c. Third Edition. London: Jackson and Walford.

In our number for August we had much pleasure in introducing this author to the notice of our readers, while we felt great satisfaction in speaking of "Our Era" in terms of high commendation. We are happy to find that the present volume will doubtlessly enhance the celebrity of the author so deservedly earned by his former poem. The same pure poetic genius glows in every page; the same harmony of *truth* marks every sentiment; the same deep, heartfelt piety, as an unseen soul, animates the whole poem, and the same cheerful spirit adorns and enlivens every picture of the author's imaginings. Our country may well be proud of poets of the order to which he belongs; and though he may not find a resting-place in "Poet's Corner"—the scene of national favouritism more than the arena of individual merit—yet he will be enshrined in the hearts and memories of his countrymen, whom he has enchanted by the melody of his song, and allured to wisdom's path by the sublime truths he has diffused. This is the honour that abides, while the marble monument yields to the tooth of time, and shall proclaim its own mortality. Milton and

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Shakspeare are buried, not amidst the mighty in letters and in battle, where the songs of the choristers peel over their tomb. Each alone is sufficient to impart honour to his resting-place. Milton in Cripplegate Church, and Shakspeare in Stratford-on-Avon—each rests alone in his glory. England has yet to learn to appreciate and honour talent, as it contributes to the mental and moral benefit of the country.

The variety of scenes which "The Hall of Vision" contains cannot fail to delight those who will attentively look into it. The author describes the frightful scene which ever follows *dominion* gained by conquest.

> "And who are these, with sunken, ghastly looks,
> And timid vision, spurn'd by royalty
> As earth's encumbrances, and nuisances—
> Ceaseless in motion, fast from sea to land
> Turning and gazing, now on waves of blood,
> Anon on crumpled sinews, whitened bones—
> The feast of tigers, vultures, or of dogs—
> And death's fantastic mockery of life!
> While, with a solemn sigh of deep despair,
> Their naked breats are swelling to the blast—
> They weep, or laugh, hysterical in moods
> Of sullen joy. The helpless widows these,
> And famish'd offspring, millions in amount
> By millions multiplied, of royal serfs—
> Its tools, war-engines, sport, and Moloch-food—
> Brave, but deluded, agents of that lust
> Of power, supremacy, and praise, which led
> Their lordly masters on, receiving in
> Return the death-bought praise of loyalty!
> That weeping-chorus to a victor's chains."

Few can read the above without being impressed with the poet's power in painting a scene, to the faithfulness of which all history is a testimony. But Mr. Leask is one of those poets who invests his sentiments with that grandeur which exalted views of *eternity* alone can impart, as may be seen in the following lines:—

> The marbled urn, the consecrated bust—
> The tinsel'd monuments of fleeting fame—
> Resign their beauties, mingle with the dust;
> Its potent sovereignty Time dares to claim.
>
> Time claims its empire, matter passive yields,
> Mind—*mind alone*—resists the tyrant's sway;
> Mind feeds on those delightful, verdant fields
> Of holy truth, lit by eternal day.

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Is mind eternal? Feed it then on truth.
Is truth eternal? consort fit for mind.
Unite them thus, and never failing youth
Results, with wisdom, peace, and love combin'd.

Truth makes the despot harmless as his slave,
Destroys the lash; unhooks the galling chain;
Exalts the lowly; regulates the brave;
Bids governments wipe out the odious stain

Of foul injustice from their partial laws;
Resists oppression; looks with equal eye
On every country, colour, climate; weighs
In equal scales the claims of low and high.

It is the offspring of that wondrous power
Which guides the hosts of heaven, sustains the sun,
Directs the thunder-bolt, and stays the tower
On which is set the Eternal's lofty throne.

We cannot indulge our own wishes by giving more extended quotations from this admirable little volume. We hope in a future number to submit to the notice of our readers some of the prose writings of the same author, and to give the result of close examination of those productions.

Songs in the Desert. By the author of "Heart Breathings," "Musings," &c., &c. London: Darton and Clark.

We have had the high gratification of noticing, from time to time, the preceding works of the author of this *petit morceau* of sacred literature. It belongs appropriately to the devotional class, and is admirably adapted to awaken devotional feelings. The topics are all founded on sacred writ. There is beauty in the brevity with which they are treated. They contain *material* for thinking, and are well calculated to generate thoughts of the best kind. They are imbued with the piety, as well as with the intelligence of the author. The book would be a suitable pocket companion for every Christian who desires to imitate the example of Enoch, and to "walk with God." Its tendency must be beneficial to the best interests of the heart.

Our readers will be able to form an opinion for themselves by one brief specimen we quote in the most impartial manner. The following extract is entitled "Exclusion from Paradise."

"Man is a fallen being now, and no more a fit companion for his holy Maker. From Paradise the guilty pair are driven, and in 'the

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sweat of his brow' thenceforth shall Adam eat his bread." 'In sorrow' shall the woman bear her children. Vexation, care, perplexity—the sure concomitants of sin—take possession of the human heart, and this beauteous earth is transformed into a desert.

> " 'Earth becomes a chequered scene,
> Sorrow mingles with each joy;
> Lights and shadows intervene,
> Here a song and there a sigh.'"

We think this by no means a superior specimen; none are inferior to it, and many the book contains which excel it in point of vigorous thought and hallowed feeling. But few minds can meditate on this specimen without realizing a salutary influence. The style in which this book is got up is highly tasteful, and is suited for the table of the drawing-room, or the elegant boudoir. It deserves a place in every Christian's library.

On National Education; with Remarks on Education in General, and its subdivisions into Spontaneous, Systematic, Physical, Moral, Intellectual, Parental, Scholastic, Social, Special, General, Religious, Mundane. By Col. J. R. Jackson, Member of different Scientific and Literary Societies at home and abroad. London: Hippolyte and Baillière.

Never did the subject of education receive so much attention as at the present time. Deeply is this country indebted to the honoured man who more than half a century ago made vigorous efforts for the diffusion of useful knowledge among *all classes* of the community; for though the benevolent projects of Robert Raikes and Joseph Lancaster directly contemplated the benefit of the labouring classes, the one devising a method for Sunday instruction, and the other for mental training during the week, and both intended for the poor, yet their exertions have been an indirect but substantial benefit to the higher classes of society. An impulse has been given, which is felt in every grade of the social order; the standard of education is raised. An education, to be respectable in the present day, must be less superficial, and less contracted in its range, than in former times. The card of introduction to the best company is a thorough competence to engage in conversation in an intelligent and enlightened manner on the variety of interesting topics which may be introduced. The gentleman of retired fortune cannot be contented to find himself surpassed in literary attainments by the artisan whom he employs And yet it has been found that the mechanic has so diligently improved the means provided for his mental culture as far to surpass in the riches and vigour of his mind his more wealthy neighbour.

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This country will ever be indebted to Sir James Graham for introducing his "Educational Bill" to the Commons House of Parliament; for though that Bill was, in parliamentary language, "*lost*," yet it has been anything but lost to the country. It has given a fresh impetus to the cause of *truly national education*. The state of education has been better understood since the introduction of *that Bill*, and more schools have been formed in the short space of time that has elapsed than during ten preceding years.

These are the permanent benefits resulting from a temporary but general agitation. And among other effects of *that Bill* we must not forget that it has indirectly contributed to enrich the literature of our country. Many minds have been turned to the important topic, and many publications have issued from the press on the subject of national education. It is true that these publications have varied in their size, from the sixpenny pamphlet to the more costly octavo. Among the latter that which has obtained most deservedly the greatest celebrity is the excellent volume of the highly-gifted Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds, and among the former is the valuable pamphlet now before us.

And though we do not pledge ourselves to all the opinions advanced by Col. Jackson, we think his work deserving of high commendation. It will well repay the attentive reader. The style of the author's writing is generally perspicuous, and sometimes vigorous. A fair specimen of the style may furnish our readers with an idea of the whole pamphlet. Col. Jackson gives the following portrait of the social condition of our country; we shall present it, and leave our readers to form their own opinion of its accuracy.

"Jarring without and among ourselves, we have become the laughing-stock of other nations. The whole life, thoughts, and actions of an Englishman are centered in the business of his counting-house, and the political bickerings of party spirit.

"Blest with every advantage, we profit by none. We are a plodding, drudging, grumbling set of money-coiners, unconscious of all that renders life valuable. Prosaic and positive, our minds warped by constant thoughts of profit and loss, the poetry of life is unknown to us. Our religion is gloomy. concentrated, and too often hypocritical; church going, intolerance, and cant, constitute its essence. Our morals little better than a system of dexterous swindling, our manners more unsocial and uncivilized a thousand times than those of a Russian boor; what we dignify by the name of society is the most unsociable thing in the world."

This is no flattering picture; but the author, assuming that this is faithfully correct, thinks the only remedy for the deformities he has exhibited is EDUCATION. He says,

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"*Regenerate*, then is the word—not agitate: *regenerate* by a national education, and put off the day when, like all previous empires, ours must decline."

If this be the panacea for all our national and social ills, then every patriotic man must lend a helping hand to the cause of education.

Cases and Observations Illustrative of the Beneficial Results which may be obtained by close attention and perseverance in some of the most unpromising instances of Spinal Deformity. By SAMUEL HARE, Surgeon. London: Churchill.

THE prevalence of spinal affections in this country, and the painful consequences involved in this malady, must induce parents and those who have the training of the young to highly prize an intelligent and scientific treatise upon a subject of such uast importance. We do not pretend to account for the cases of spinal deformity being more numerous in this country than on the continent; but we venture to think that the great attention to the *physical training* of the continental youth prevents that extensive spinal distortion so prevalent in our own country. It may be deserving the attention of British parents and guardians to inquire whether more attention ought not to be devoted to the healthy development of bone and muscle, which shall contribute to the vigour and beauty of the material form. A reply to this inquiry in the affirmative would be found to secure to the exercises of the mind facilities of no ordinary character. The *spirit* of man will delight in its own workings when the machinery of its operations is in good order, and the *material* is the active and obedient servant of the *spiritual*.

Undivided attention, all other things being equal, can never fail to secure for the student eminence in theoretical and practical science. Of this our author is a most satisfactory illustration. His extensive practice and his extraordinary success entitle him to the confidence of all who may be affected in the spine. The most of the cases which are introduced in the pamphlet are of persons now living, and to whom reference can be made. The work deserves the attention of parents and guardians, and all who are concerned for the health and beauty of the rising population.

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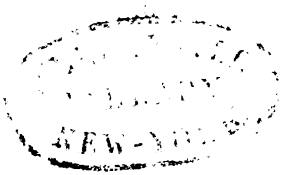

THE GLEE-SINGERS;[1]

OR,

THE GUELPHS AND GHIBELLINES.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave.
King Henry IV. First Part.

After Amidea had returned in safety to the Palazzo Amidei, and Florestan had retired to his apartment in the monastery, Valdo was torn from the body of his sister by the friendly force of Padre Severino, and persuaded to go into the garden of the monastery to indulge, and, at the same time to amuse, his grief by gathering flowers to deck the death-bed and the bier of Rosara.

The Padre had been pained and shocked by the hardened, scoffing manner of Mosca Lamberti, and resolved to wrestle with his sinful, impenitent spirit; and he considered this a favourable moment when he could detail to Mosca the last moments of his young victim, which he thought might soften his stony heart; and particularly as the Padre imagined, from the manner in which Mosca had attempted to address her at their last interview, that he was not wholly without some kind of human feeling for her.

Full of charitable intentions, Padre Severino descended to the strongly-secured room in which Lamberti was confined alone. When the door was unlocked for the Padre by an attendant lay-brother, they perceived Mosca lying apparently asleep on a kind of wooden settle. The priest felt scandalized that he could sleep while such scenes were passing under the same roof with him, and went somewhat angrily to wake him. He shook Mosca by the shoulder; he felt strangely heavy and rigid; the Padre's mind misgave him; he turned the face of the apparent sleeper—it was that of a dead man! Mosca Lamberti was no more!

The Padre and the lay-brother crossed themselves repeatedly before they could speak.

"How is this, brother?" at length said the Padre. "How has this miserable sinner been cut off unrepentant, unconfessed?"

"The fiend whom he served (St. John Baptist defend us!) has strangled him because his time was out," replied the trembling lay-brother, again crossing himself.

[1] Concluded from page 276.

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"He looks to me," said Padre Severino, "like one *who had* died in some severe convulsion. His face is purple, his eyes are starting, his mouth is distorted. Oh! this is a fearful spectacle! Perhaps high-wrought and contending feelings brought on a mortal struggle of nature. Wounded pride at being thus confined like a felon, shame at the discovery of his wickedness, dismay at the re-appearance of the supposed dead, perhaps remorse itself may have mingled with these and suffocated him."

"There is a written paper on the table," observed the lay-brother. "I remember he asked me for writing materials; I thought it was to set down his confession."

Padre Severino took up the scroll—it ran thus:—

"As Captain Bastiani is a Ghibelline, I will give him the satisfaction of this acknowledgment, that I *did* borrow his name when I delivered Rosara from what she *then* termed her prison. It is more congenial to my pride to have the fact attested by *my own will* than by the evidence of a half-blooded traitor and robber like Piero. But I assure Captain Bastiani I would rather have taken the name of some Guelph if I could have found one to suit my purpose as well; and I believed that he (Bastiani) would have been better supported by his imperial master. Of what use is a friend in power, unless to support a man when he is (or appears to be) in the wrong? When he is in the right he can support himself, or some turn of fate will do it for him in the end—witness Captain Bastiani.

"Poor Rosara! why was she so fickle? At first she was well pleased to burst her convent bars; then she changed her mind and embarrassed me, or I should have been kind to her. She seems to have burst the bars of the grave, too, *once*—will she ever do it again? I hardly think she will, as she need never again have any explanation with

"Mosca dei Lamberti."

The Padre groaned aloud as he read this scroll, so indicative of a callous nature; and a fearful suspicion regarding the manner of Mosca's death took possession of his mind. He looked again at the body, and discovered, half hid in the bosom, a small silver box, which he immediately conjectured to have contained poison; but having no proof of his surmise, he thought it more charitable to suppress it, and merely observed to the lay-brother,

"His death has not been such as charity could wish; it has been sudden and unprepared. Let us secure the door and report the occurrence to the superior, as in duty bound."

The superior was not only shocked but also alarmed on hearing of Mosca's mysterious death.

"*Miserere!*" he said. "The Ghibellines will declare he had foul play here because this is a house endowed by Guelphs; they

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will visit us with vengeance, for they are strong now and hold the city gates. It was in evil hour he entered here. This is a wayward fortune for peaceful men; it behoves me to summon the brethren."

The monks were equally alarmed with their superior. Such scenes and such perplexity had never been known before in their seclusion. They decided to retain Oderigo Fifanti no longer in the monastery, lest more evil should ensue; and they despatched a messenger to request the presence of the podesta.

When that magistrate arrived, with some considerable train of armed men, the superior and community entreated him to withdraw Fifanti and Piero to some other place of security; but at the earnest request of Florestan and Padre Severino they permitted Florestan himself to remain till the messenger who had been sent to the Emperor could return.

The podesta having received Fifanti and Piero, placed a guard over each, marshalled his forces in the court of the monastery, and then sallied out at the great gate.

But they had proceeded a very short distance when the escort was attacked in front and rear by two opposite parties. The kinsmen and retainers of Fifanti had been lurking in the neighbourhood in order to rescue him whenever he should be brought forth from the monastery; and now they burst upon the podesta's band with naked weapons and the party cries of the Ghibellines. On the other hand the kinsmen and retainers of the murdered Buondelmonte and some of the Donati had also been watching the same opportunity of sacrificing Fifanti to their revenge, and they fell upon the guard at the same moment.

A violent combat ensued. The populace ran to join either party according to their political bias, and the combatants fought together in a mingled mass till they reached the Ponte Vecchio, amid cries, yells, groans, shrieks, and the incessant ringing of the alarm bells in the monastery and the neighbouring churches.

On the bridge the contest, which had been awhile doubtful, went to the disadvantage of the podesta, whose forces were vigorously assailed by the two parties, which, though differing in their *intentions* as to the prisoner, were yet agreed in determining to take him from his guards. The men who were in charge of Fifanti perceived that they ran the risk of incurring the disgrace of losing their prisoner, and particularly as Fifanti was making every effort to free himself and join his own party. The guards were Guelphs, and in the moment of a desperate charge made by the united assailants, to end the strife they cut down Fifanti, who fell dead at the feet of the statue of Mars, on the very spot where he had so lately prostrated Buondelmonte.

The death of Fifanti terminated the conflict. The men of the Buondelmonti dispersed; the podesta and his train retreated into

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the monastery; and the retainers of Fifanti took possession of his body, which they carried off with threats of vengeance.

The populace stood in groups gazing with awe at that stern old statue, that had been so deluged in some of the noblest blood in Florence. There was a superstition attached to it. Mars, whom the statue represented, had been in heathen times the patron of Florence, but after the Christian era St. John the Baptist had been chosen patron in his stead. The people, who believed the heathen god to be a demon, were impressed with the idea that Mars bore a grudge to Florence for the change, and brought down occasional calamities upon it accordingly; and that he would have wholly destroyed the city but that the statue still stood erect upon the Ponte Vecchio, and was as a palladium for its preservation. And now when the people saw all the human blood that had been shed at the foot of that mystic stone, they looked upon it as a propitiatory sacrifice demanded by a frowning demon.*

After the podesta and his forces had rallied in the court of the monastery, they missed Piero. In the uproar of the fray his individual obscurity stood his friend; no one contended for *him* as a prize, and he managed to escape unnoticed, and was never afterwards heard of. He had not ventured to return to the Palazzo Lamberti to remove the hoarded wages of his transgressions; therefore he must (if he lived) have dragged on a life of poverty, obscurity, and insecurity.

It will be remembered that in the confusion consequent on the murder of Buondelmonte, Uberti had escaped. He had reached his palace, which was already in a state of defence, and there he now remained closely shut up, frequently and furiously besieged by parties of Guelphs raging for revenge; for now every palace was a fortress, every man an armed partisan, every street a field of battle.

As soon as the mysterious death of Mosca Lamberti became known, his followers formed themselves into a terrific band, and attacked the monastery, accusing the brethren of foul practices, and threatening in revenge not to leave one stone upon another.

Florestan's presence and his military skill were now of service, and enabled him to repay the shelter the brethren had afforded him. He hastily put the building into a state of defence, enabling it to stand a siege till succours should arrive; and, assisted by Valdo, manned its defences to advantage with the podesta's followers.

In a breathing time after a furious attack (which Florestan with his little garrison, and Valdo as his lieutenant, gallantly re-

* This superstitious awe of the old statue was handed down from generation to generation till the middle of the 14th century, when an unusual flood in the Arno (about 1337) carried away the bridge and with it the statue, without, however, being followed by any of the calamities that the people anticipated.

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pelled), Padre Severino appeared on a battlement over the gate, and demanded a parley. The besiegers knew and respected him, and listened. He vindicated the superior and community from any blame with respect to Lamberti; he entreated the assailants to be at peace, and not to aggravate the sorrows of one of their own party, a Ghibelline whose dearest relative now lay dead within; and he desired them to choose among themselves some persons who should be admitted into the monastery, in good faith, to view the body of their chief, and to remove it, if they wished, to his late home. But the Padre, continuing his address, represented that as Lamberti had died charged with unrepented crimes, and without the rites of the Church, it were but decent to inter him without pomp, and in all possible privacy.

The besiegers conferred among themselves, and then yielded to the Padre, partly because they were satisfied, partly because they found the monastery better defended than they had expected. Ten of them, with Mosca's next heir, were admitted through a small wicket gate, and proceeded to the interior of the building, and were anxiously awaited by the crowds without, who now desisted from the assault. In less than an hour the deputation returned, bearing a closely-covered litter, in which lay the remains of Mosca Lamberti, wrapped in a pall. They were received in solemn silence; the clamour of the street was hushed; the retainers of the Lamberti formed into order, and following the litter with weapons reversed, they proceeded to the Palazzo Lamberti.

But as soon as they were in motion the populace broke from their silence, which had been occasioned by curiosity, and the Guelph portion burst into a shout of execration upon the memory of the murderer of their chief, and a shower of stones was flung after the retreating procession, which, however, passed out of sight without noticing the insult. But the Ghibelline part of the mob resented it from party feeling, not from love to the deceased; and another of those brawls ensued which now raged every hour, with the loss of life or limb, in all quarters of the distracted city; and the retainers of the Lamberti would have been obliged to fight their way through the further streets but that they told the groups who would have opposed their progress, that the litter contained a sick lady of the family. And thus the ambitious man, the would-be Governor and Duke of Florence, who expected to have rode in triumph through the city, was now borne along in haste and disrespect, under the protection of a falsehood, through streets resounding with execrations that would have fired his proud blood could he have heard them. But his quick ears were deaf; his proud heart was still; all that lay there was a clod which the meanest might spurn with impunity; and his ambitious spirit—where was it?

Once more Mosca was within his palace, but no longer its

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master. He had last gone forth from it to seek evil for others—he had found evil for himself.

At midnight a small train stole silently out of a side door of the Palazzo Lamberti; they were muffled in black cloaks, and looked suspiciously around them—they were Mosca's funeral attendants. They brought out a plain black bier; there were no banners, no torches, none of the pomp which the rank of the deceased could have claimed. The priest, whom for pride and ostentation's sake Mosca had retained as chaplain to his household, walked first, not robed, but holding an ebony cross. The black bier was carried close behind, covered with a pall, and followed by Mosca's heir and two other kinsmen. Some domestics came after, with weapons hidden under their cloaks.

They hurried along at no reverend pace. The next gate of the city was in possession of their acquaintances. They whispered to the guard; a wicket was opened, and in disorder and haste they passed through it, and when beyond the walls formed again into order.

The night was wild and gusty; the moon was frequently obscured by black driving clouds, and the wind seemed to utter strange yells as they sped on to the dark ruins of a lonely ivy-grown church in the middle of an old, very old, burial ground, encircled by huge trees, some of them so ancient as to be quite dead, and some partially rent by time and storms.

Three centuries ago, before that church became a ruin, the ancestors of the Lamberti had a burial vault in the cemetery. But there was a dimly remembered, yet not the less fearful, tale of sacrilege and murder connected with the scene, and it became desecrated and deserted. The church fell to ruin, and for three centuries no decently-departed dead had been interred there. The few remaining broken tombs were almost hidden by gigantic weeds, and the places where graves had been were only to be guessed by the inequalities of the ground.

The ponderous iron gate of the cemetery was too rusty to be forced from its fastenings; the funeral train scrambled in through a breach in the wall, and stumbled onwards among stones, briars, and even human bones. The owls in the decayed church were disturbed by this unusual intrusion, and hooted their discontent as the invaders of their territories passed on to a ruinous heap, which a very old man pointed out as the ancient tomb of the Lamberti. The kinsmen held a lantern to it, and rubbed away the moss and lichens from a time-worn stone that seemed to have been sculptured. They saw an illegible date, part of a "*Requiescant in pace*," an L, and some recognisable traces of the arms of the Lamberti.

Hastily they cut down with their swords the rank weeds, and hastily cleared away the rubbish and stones till they found the

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long, long closed entrance of the vault, and wrenched it open. None liked to explore the dark horrors of that shunned charnel-house. They had no torch. They descended a little way, laid the bier on the broad stone steps, and hurried up again. A short prayer or two, tremulously uttered, was all that the attendant priest dared accord; the circumstances sanctioned nothing more; and even these "maimed rites" were reluctantly granted.

They replaced the ponderous stone, threw back the rubbish the better to secure the entrance, and then hurried themselves away.

And as they were leaving that old cemetery the moans of the wind sweeping through the trees, mingled with the hootings of the owls, seemed to the affrighted ears of the superstitious servants as the voice of their late master, crying after them not to leave him alone and helpless in that horrid place; and crossing themselves, and muttering many an *ave*, they retraced their steps to the gate of Florence.

CHAPTER XXXV.

All the flowers of the spring
Meet to perfume our burying.

Webster.

Rosara was laid in her resting-place on the night of the interment of him who had sent her thither; and though she was buried with comparative privacy, it was under very different circumstances from those that attended Mosca's gloomy and fearful funeral. The charity of the superior had granted her a consecrated grave within the monastic cemetery, in a lonely and unused corner; but it was not a gloomy one, for there were fresh green grass, and wild flowers, and fair waving evergreen trees, and a strong protecting wall covered with holy emblems; and at some little distance were well-kept graves, each with its monumental cross. The high walls sheltered the hallowed precincts from the gusts of the wind, which there only whispered with melancholy but not unpleasing sighs.

Rosara was apparelled for the tomb in the full dress of her order, and her bier was covered with a white pall marked with a black cross. At the appointed hour the funeral came quietly up the broad walk of the cemetery, but there were tapers burning; there were uplifted crosses borne; religious men walked in order in their solemn habits, and two sincere and affectionate mourners followed her—Valdo, her beloved brother, and Florestan, *his* now adopted brother, and Padre Severino accompanied them to offer his consolations to Valdo. And there was sweet and solemn chanting, and pious prayers, and she was gently laid to her rest.

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But when the first earth was thrown upon her, Valdo turned away and hid his face on Florestan's shoulder, and whispered to him,

"In three months more she would have been but nineteen."

There was no mound raised to mark her grave; the green sod was laid down smoothly and neatly over it. But Valdo obtained leave to plant a white rose there, and he set by it a small cross he had made of some dark-coloured wood. An R was its only inscription; and after he had placed these little memorials of affection (when the funeral train had retired) he took Florestan's arm, and left his sister to her repose in the neighbourhood of graves whose tenants had been men of peace.

Florestan and Valdo spent the remainder of the night together, sometimes recurring to the past, sometimes mourning the present grief, sometimes speaking of the future; but Florestan could never get Valdo's thoughts to remain long absent from the memory of Rosara.

The young men had each procured, by the aid of Padre Severino, an ordinary Tuscan dress, and had laid aside the garb of Glee-singers. And Valdo had taken that worn by Rosara in her disguise, and made it into a pacquet, intending always to preserve it, though he never expected to be able to look at it again; and in his bosom he had hidden a lock of her beautiful hair.

Valdo glanced at the discarded garbs they had flung in a corner, and said, with a ghastly smile, to Florestan,

"The Glee-singers have vanished for ever; and it is time for them, now that their sweetest voice is silenced. The 'Glee-singers' used to be the theme of Florence, henceforward it will be the 'Guelphs and Ghibellines.' I wonder who will inhabit our hermitage. I will go there to-morrow, before I quit these territories, and burn poor 'Antonio's' pallet; no one now shall ever stretch upon it. Florestan, you had great patience when I used to execrate your name in the manner I did."

"I was bound to patience by the Emperor," replied Florestan, "and I hoped that time would rectify your injustice."

"Yes, Florestan, yes; your fame has been washed white, even washed white in crimson blood—I wish I could say innocent blood; but let that pass; we will hold *her* repentance equivalent to innocence. And soon you will be repaid for all your troubles, and you will marry your Florentine love. I am almost sorry for it. Why will you put your happiness into a woman's keeping? why will you lay your heart at a woman's feet? perhaps she will trample on it. Women—when we have them we fear to lose them; when we *do* lose them they leave us broken-hearted."

Then Florestan led Valdo to speak of his future destiny; to hope for reinstatement in his former rank; the bustle, the variety of the military life seemed to offer the best occupation for his mind. And Florestan wrote a long and earnest letter to the Emperor on

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Valdo's behalf, and gave it to his comrade for presentation; and they promised each other fraternal love, fraternal confidence.

When day dawned Valdo hastened to leave Florence, after many an affectionate farewell to Florestan, many a reverential expression to Padre Severino, and many grateful thanks to the superior and brotherhood. He hurried to the fatal bridge, and gazed with a shuddering interest at the scene of murder. His next impulse led him to the now once more deserted hermitage. He entered and instinctively looked at the place which had been usually occupied by "Antonio."

He sat down opposite to the vacant spot, and wept long, but not bitterly. When he recovered himself he looked earnestly at every nook in the retreat of the "Glee-singers," as what he should never more behold. He collected all the relics of "Antonio;" he kindled once more, and for the last time, a fire on the desolate hearth, and burned all that he could not remove of those things that had belonged to his departed and beloved one; the rest he secured, to make them a treasure for memory. He closed the door of the hermitage with the same feelings as he would close the door of a burial vault, and sped away from it for ever. His intention was to hasten as he might through Lombardy and Switzerland to the Emperor Frederic in Germany.

Florestan remained in the monastery, and every day he was visited by Padre Severino, who came laden with kind embassies from Amidea and her brother—early flowers, books—each little attention that quick-witted kindness suggests. And the priest told him the news of Florence.

The cause of the Ghibellines, which had received a considerable advantage from the inconstancy of Buondelmonte, and which would have gained ground but for the wickedness of Mosca, had now retrograded in public opinion. The general sympathy was with the murdered Buondelmonte and his beautiful young widow, and all who were not bound by the most powerful ties to the Ghibellines declared for the Guelphs. Forty-two of the principal families of Florence, with their retainers, vassals, and dependants, espoused the Guelph cause; twenty-four chief families and their followers stood on the Ghibelline side. Each party was now struggling to expel the other from the city, which the Guelphs, from the superiority of their numbers, might have done, but that the Ghibellines were in possession of the gates, and most of the strongest positions.

The Padre also related to Florestan that Imma, the few days' wife, the early widow, was seriously ill in consequence of her violent grief, and that her life had been at one time despaired of.

Her mother was overwhelmed with affliction; she was threatened with the death of her only child, and all her ambitious views were overthrown by the murder of her son-in-law. She had not

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cared how bitter was the draught she had prepared for Amidea, and it had been presented to the lips of her daughter and herself, but had met Amidea's, sweetened by a balm which La Donati could never have anticipated.

"The plotters of evil," said the Padre, "are like those who sow the storm and reap the whirlwind. Happier they if they were disappointed from the first; happier he who misses his aim altogether than he whose arrow strikes the mark, but recoils and kills the archer. Retribution comes as surely as death to the evil-plotter, though, like death, its *time* and *manner* are uncertain. But I have thought I could perceive that notorious crimes, such as historians record, are most frequently punished speedily, as if to place the punishment on so nearly the same page as the crime, that even a dull reader must be struck by it. And this Florentine case of which we speak is one of the notorious, for our annalists must relate the cause of our civil war—La Donati's wiles, and Buondelmonte's inconstancy and death. Uberti, Lamberti, and Fifanti will be recorded for execration as murderers by chroniclers who will forget *you*, Florestan, for *you* have not earned to yourself a baneful notoriety. And the historian writes more frequently by the light of the torch that has set fire to a city than by the lamp that burns before a holy shrine, or the taper that cheers a happy home."

Padre Severino then proceeded to say, that Buondelmonte had not yet been interred, because in the discord of the city his obsequies could not be performed with the ceremonials due to his rank, and according to the wishes of his disconsolate widowed bride; but that the archbishop and all the clergy had exerted themselves with both factions to obtain, for Christian charity, and for decency's sake, the truce of a single day to inter in peace one so lately honoured by all. Therefore the next day was fixed for the last tokens of respect that could ever be shown to the remains of Giovanni dei Buondelmonti.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Prepare the funeral,
Hasten the sacrifice and pomp of woe.
Alaham. By Lord Brooke.

The morning was bright, warm, and cloudless; just such a day as would have suited with the gay spirits of Buondelmonte had he been living, and would have given them additional buoyancy; and he was that morning going to be hidden from the light of the sun.

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The clergy of San Stefano set forward to the Palazzo Buondelmonte on their melancholy errand. First went the officer of the church, who bore the holy water vase, and who, in those times, was called the exorcist; next the cross bearer, carrying a splendid cross; then the priests in their vestments, two and two, and lastly, the officiating priest of San Stefano, with a black stole and chasuble over his surplice.

When the procession reached the palazzo, the body had been brought out into the grand court, and lay in state. The walls, piazzas, and arches of the court were hung with black, and all round were planted banners with the armorial bearings of the family. A canopy draped with black was erected at the upper end of the court, and under it, on tressels, rested the bier, with the feet turned to the gate, and covered with a black pall, having a white silk cross sewed upon it, of the length of the pall itself; and a black curtain with a white cross upon it hung from the top of the canopy at the head of the bier. Six thick yellow wax tapers in tall candlesticks burned beside the body, three on each side. On the bier, at the head, stood a silver crucifix, at the foot a vessel of holy water. The pavement of the court was strewed with rushes and herbs. The area was crowded with the kinsmen, retainers, and servants of the Buondelmonti and Donati, and under the piazzo, in mourning habits and black veils, sat the ladies of the families. Near the body seats were prepared, but not occupied. The gate of the court was thronged with poor, to whom Buondelmonte had been a kind benefactor; and they were now lamenting him aloud, and praying for the repose of his soul.

When the procession of ecclesiastics entered the court the cross bearer went to the bier and stood at its head, and the officiating priests opposite to him at the feet; the holy water bearer a little behind the priest, on his right hand, and the rest of the clergy ranged themselves on each side of the bier, the higher in rank the nearer to the priest.

The door of a turret opened, and a little group advanced slowly into the court. It was the Widow Donati in mourning, and Carlo Donati and Arrigo Buondelmonte, the heir of the deceased, supporting between them the miserable Imma, in a widow's habit, and scarcely able to move. She had insisted on being raised from her sick bed, to take a last leave of her husband of a few days. She held in her white thin hand a chaplet of laurel, cypress, and myrtle, such a one as had hung on her father's monument on the night of her ill-fated marriage. They threw back her black veil to give her air. She was deadly pale, of a most melancholy look; her luxuriant hair had been thinned, and she appeared like one dying. Still her beauty was extreme; its character was changed, but not its degree. She was still the most beautiful woman in Florence; and all, as they looked on her, excused Buondelmonte's

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inconstancy to Amidea, and pitied him for being so soon torn from such a lovely creature.

She was led to the bier,, and her trembling hand laid down on it the chaplet she held; and she gazed on it as if she would have looked through the covering, then threw up her eyes with an expression that seemed to say she would give worlds for the relief of tears. They led her to her seat. She was very weak, and Carlo Donati attempted to support her, but she turned from him gently, murmuring,

"I am not Imma dei Donati now; I am Imma dei Buondelmonti."

And she leaned on young Arrigo Buondelmonte. From *her*, curious eyes glanced to her mother's countenance; the recent days had done on it the work of years.

The priest took the aspergillum, or sprinkler, from the bearer of the holy water, and every one immediately rose up. He sprinkled the bier three times, gave back the aspergillum, and entoned the anthem, "*Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine, Domine, quis sustinebit?*"* and then the choristers burst into the chant, "*De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine,*"† which was taken up by the rest of the choir beside the body, chanting the verses alternately from side to side to the conclusion.

The anthem, "*Si iniquitates*" was again sung, and then the priest intoned the "*Exultabant Domino ossa.*"‡ The first two choristers then commenced "*Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam,*"§ which the choir chanted alternately as before.

A silence ensued, and the funeral procession began to form, and the bier was lifted from its tressels. Imma rose and endeavoured to totter towards it, but fell, and was raised, and hastily carried away by her mother and female attendants; and as the turret door closed upon her she uttered one low, deep, melancholy cry.

When this short disturbance had passed over the procession formed. First a cross bearer; then a standard bearer with a banner displaying the arms of the deceased; then forty taper bearer, two and two, in white surplices, each with a long, thick, lighted wax taper; after them the holy water bearer and cross bearers of San Stefano, followed by the ecclesiastics, two and two; behind them the officiating priest, immediately preceding the bier, which, covered with its pall, and still ornamented with poor Imma's wreath, was carried on the shoulders of six strong retainers; beside it walked six priests, three on each side. After the body, a groom led Buondelmonte's favourite white horse, with

* Psalm cxxix. Vulgate version; Psalm cxxx. English version.
† ditto. ditto.
‡ Psalm cl. Vulgate; or, cli. English version.
§ Ditto. ditto.

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black trappings. Then Arrigo Buondelmonte, as chief mourner, with two supporters followed; and after him a vast number of the kinsmen of the Buondelmonti and Donati, and all the chief Guelph nobles; and last of all, a very long train of domestics and retainers.

The priests sang the "Miserere" in a slow and solemn chant, and after it, "*Requiem eternam dona ei, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat ei.*"

As the procession passed along the streets were lined with gazers, Guelphs and Ghibellines; but on this day of truce they stood together in peace, and murmured prayers for the departed. It was but a short time since that the wedding procession of Buondelmonte and Amidea had passed along the same streets, and had been gazed at by the same spectators. *Then* he rode along admired by all, now he was carried along, hidden from all; *then* he was greeted by joyous shouts, now by tears and funeral prayers; *then* the wedding procession *made* peace between the two hostile parties, *now* his funeral procession *restored* it.

The populace mingled together that day without collision, but none of the Ghibelline chiefs appeared; the train was exclusively Guelph.

Buondelmonte's wedding would have been a union, and noble Guelphs and Ghibellines intermingled in it; his funeral was a separation, and the noble Ghibellines remained aloof.

But in the Palazzo Amidei that day Padre Severino said a solemn mass for the dead, attended by Almanno Amidei, Amidea, in a mourning dress, and all the household. And as the funeral passed the palazzo, all the males appeared in order at the gate, and sang the requiem till the b er was out of sight.

Arrived at the church door, the ecclesiastics chanted the requiem, and the anthem, "*Exultabant Domino ossa humiliata.*"

On entering the church the choristers intoned a response, which was chauted by the two sides of the choir alternately, verse by verse. The church was hung with black, and the bier was set down with the face towards the high altar, eight large wax candles in tall silver candlesticks burning on each side, and intended by their light to represent faith working by love. The cross bearer stood at the head of the bier, the priest opposite at the feet, and the remaining ecclesiastics ranged themselves on the two sides. The office for the dead was recited; then the clergy, going to the altar, which was splendidly decorated, high mass was solemnly performed.

The incense bearer, the holy water bearer, the cross bearer, and the choir, walking before the officiating priest, advanced to the body, and the priest repeated, "*Non intres in judicium,*"*, &c. The choir chanted the "*Libera,*" and the priest repeated the

* "Enter not into judgment," &c.

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Paternoster aloud, followed by the choir in a low voice. The priest then receiving the aspergillum, sprinkled the bier at the head, the middle, and the feet; first on the right side, then on the left. Then returning the aspergillum, and receiving the thurible, or incense pot, he incensed the bier in the same manner, the incense representing the charity of the Church for the deceased. Then the prayers commencing, "*Deus cui proprium est misereri*" was said, praying that disembodied spirits might take the departed into their care, and convey him to heaven.

Then the procession formed again, and taking up the bier, left the church in the same manner as they had entered it, and proceeded to the magnificent tomb of the Buondelmonti, the entrance of which was open.

At this moment some persons at a little distance gave a shout expressive of surprise and displeasure, and looked up to the top of the church with angry gestures. All following the direction of those persons' eyes, looked up, and saw displayed, waving in the breeze, the banner worked by the Florentine ladies to celebrate the marriage of Buondelmonte and Amidea, which had been placed on the top of the church, but never unbound, never displayed till now, when it waved to celebrate Buondelmonte's marriage with death. Some thought it a strange accident, some a Ghibelline insult; all called out to have the painful object removed, and a person was seen above, tearing the banner from its staff.

The service proceeded. Tho choristers sang the anthem, "*In Paradisum deducant te angeli.*" The bearers laid down the corpse with its feet to the east, and all present uncovered their heads. The priest repeated a general commemoration of all those who were buried in that sepulchre, and then sprinkled and incensed the grave. He next repeated the anthem, "*Ego sum resurrectio,*"* &c., and ended with the requiem.

For the third time he repeated the triple sprinkling, but not the incensing, and recited another prayer; then the anthem, "*Si iniquitates,*" &c., and the Psalm, "*De profundis.*"

The bier was carried down into the vault, and each kinsman sprinkled holy water, in turn, on the mouth of the sepulchre.

There was a slight movement in the crowd, and something thrown with good aim fell on the bier, which was in the entrance of the vault; and the object thrown, falling open, covered it like a pall. It was the nuptial banner. Whoever flung it escaped, and was never detected.

There was a cry of indignation, and some persons rushed forward to take away the banner, but the priest addressed them, representing that after all that had occurred it were better leave it

* "I am the resurrection and the life," &c.

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there to moulder in the grave. To bring it back would be a bitter remembrancer, a cause of contention and insult.

"Would to Heaven," he said, "that all the discord of Florence could be as easily buried in the grave as that last, but unavailing, work of Florentine concord."

The bier, covered with its strange pall, was settled in its place; the vault was closed; the clergy retired, and the rest of the procession returned sadly and slowly to the palazzo whence it came; and thus ended the last pageant that poor Buondelmonte could ever furnish to the people of Florence.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Thou hast redeem'd
Thy worth to the same height 'twas first esteem'd.
A Fair Quarrel.—Middleton and Rowley.

A few days after the funeral of Buondelmonte messengers arrived in Florence both from the Emperor and the Pope, directing the removal of Florestan to Pisa for the re-hearing of his cause, with all the newly-acquired evidence, before the same authorities who had presided at his former trial. There was also a private letter from the Emperor to Florestan, as from one friend to another, congratulating him on the happy turn in his circumstances, and promising him ample indemnification for the past. Frederic, besides his sincere joy on Florestan's account, was not a little complacent at the success of his romantic scheme of associating Florestan incognito with Valdo.

Florestan's heart bounded with joy; for though he had borne patiently his restraint within the dark walls of the monastery, the agitation of suspense, and the heart-sickness of hope deferred, he was not the less sensible of them. Padre Severino prepared to accompany him to Pisa as an important witness, and also the monk who had been present at the recognition of Rosara.

It were needless to relate the hopes, the flutterings, the sometimes intrusive but hidden fears of Amidea (for, whoever hoped without also fearing?) when Padre Severino conveyed to her the farewell of Florestan.

Early next day Bastiani left Florence, accompanied by his witnesses, and an escort which seemed rather commissioned to honour than to secure his person. As they passed through the gate leading to Pisa, the Ghibellines in possession of it drew up in array and expressed aloud their sympathy and good wishes.

Florestan and his party made a rapid journey, and arrived safely at Pisa.

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The authorities before whom he had formerly appeared re-assembled, and his trial commenced. For form's sake the original charge was again exhibited against him; but his defence, supported by the new evidence, now wore an entirely different aspect. He produced the written declarations of Rosara and Piero, attested by Padre Severino and the monk; the posthumous acknowledgments of Mosca Lamberti, and also a statement from Valdo; and Padre Severino presented a memorial from the superior and all the brethren of the Florentine monastery on behalf of Florestan, who had won upon their affections.

Bastiani's innocence was clearly established, and, at the same time, the guilt of the late Mosca Lamberti; and the judicial authorities unanimously pronounced an honourable acquittal of Florestan Bastiani, formerly captain in the imperial service.

The podesta of Pisa addressed him in a speech full of encomium mingled with deep regrets on the part of himself and the other authorities that the favourable evidence had not been attainable on the former occasion, that Messer Bastiani might have been spared those vicissitudes in which they sincerely sympathised.

An officer of high rank in the imperial army came forward, and, as commissioner for the Emperor Frederic, presented to Florestan his former military insignia and order of knighthood, and the sword he had before resigned to Frederic, with an assurance that when next he appeared before the Emperor he would be raised to a more elevated rank.

The podesta of Pisa carried off Florestan and his witnesses in a kind of triumph to be honoured guests in its palazzo; and Florestan had that evening the pleasure of once more arraying himself in his proper costume. And the good Padre embraced him, and told him he was now once more his own Florestan of old times—the Florestan of Arezzo; and then they remembered the laughing words of poor Buondelmonte when he promised to be sponsor at the re-naming of Florestan, and they sighed deeply and felt their pleasure clouded.

The next steps to be taken were to obtain the removal of the excommunication, and then to make interest for the restoration of Florestan's property at Arezzo, confiscated to the Church. The first was a matter of easy accomplishment—the excommunication being proved to be undeserved was removed by the Bishop of Pisa, and Florestan was re-admitted into the body of the faithful; but the question of the restoration of the lands was of more difficult settlement. The convent of St. Mary, of Sienna, was in possession of the revenues, and possession in Tuscany, as elsewhere, is nine points of the law. Florestan's patience now began to be sorely tried, for he was eager to return to Amidea; yet he could not present himself to her family as a landless man, and ask the hand of their heiress. He was obliged to be content with ad-

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dressing to her a lover's letter, conveyed by Padre Severino, who now, with the other ecclesiastic, returned to Florence.

The question of the lands might have outlasted Florestan's lifetime but that the Emperor, with his usual generosity, purchased them and presented them to thier former owner; writing to him that he (Frederic) took that means of discharging the arrears of pay he owed him.

To increase Florestan's happiness he received at the same time letters from Valdo, congratulating him on his restoration to rank and honour, and informing him that the Emperor, generously forgetting his (Valdo's) former offence, had not only reinstated him, but, in compassion for his affliction, had raised him in rank, and he now wrote himself Captain Leonelli. He added that occupation, change of fortune, and change of scene had had a beneficial effect in softening the asperity of his grief, and he concluded by expressing his hopes of soon hearing of the fulfilment of all his friend's wishes.

A tide of happiness was set in for Florestan; good fortune, honours, pleasant news, all flowed in to him one after another. A little while before disgrace, calumny, and perplexity had been succeeding each other without any intermixture of good. The tide of human affairs is like the tide of the sea; the waves set all one way and follow each other's course when they ebb from the shore, and when, with a reflux, they set in towards it.

The day that Florestan Bastiani returned to Florence was a proud, a triumphant, yet an agitating day to Amidea. She was expecting him long before he could arrive, and was half angry that Padre Severino could calculate better than herself and be patient accordingly.

When Florestan arrived at the Pisan gate of the city, the Ghibelline guard formed and joyfully tendered him a military salute; and he rode along the streets not only unmolested by the Guelphs, but even greeted, for his story had interested all parties in his favour.

He rode a splendid steed, the gift of the Emperor, with rich but not gaudy trappings. He wore a hauberk of twisted chain-mail, with tight sleeves reaching to and covering the backs of the hands, and drawn close at the wrists, and having plates of steel at the elbows. The chausses of mail came up under the skirts of the mailed tunic, and were composed of pantaloons and coverings for the feet in one piece, with soles of iron plates. Over the hauberk he wore an open surcoat, without sleeves, of purple silk, embroidered with his armorial bearings in gold, and fastened at the neck with a massive gold chain. His breast was decorated with an order of knighthood, and the golden spurs of a knight were on his heels. His hood of mail hung behind on his shoulders; on his

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head he wore a close skull-cap of mail, and his arms were the pointed sword and poniard. His plumed helmet and his shield bearing his device hung at the saddle-bow of his esquire, who rode behind him. He was attended by six domestics mounted and in half armour. When he came in sight of the Palazzo Amidei, he urged his steed to full gallop and soon entered its great gate.

He was ushered into the room of state, where stood ready to receive him, Amidea (holding the scarf timely finished), Almanno, Padre Severino, and various of the nearest kinsmen of the Amidei. Amidea advanced to him; he removed his mail-cap, and, with the graceful courtesy of these chivalrous times, dropped a knee to the ground as she flung the gay scarf across his shoulders, and said softly, but significantly, "The silver-white lily;" and when he arose his old friend Padre Severino presented him to the assembly. And Amidea was very proud of him. The change in his fortunes had restored to him all his former beauty, and she saw with a woman's triumph that her kinsmen looked admiringly upon her lover. Florestan saw an equal improvement in Amidea; the rich carnation had returned to her cheek, and the sparkle to her eye, but she wore a mourning veil for her cousins Lamberti and Fifanti.

There was so much to be said, so much of courtesy, so many greetings and congratulations, so much of the past, the present, and the future, that the hours flew by unheeded. The hand of Amidea was gracefully asked from her kinsmen and cheerfully accorded.

Some few days were requisite for necessary arrangements before the marriage of Florestan and Amidea, but they were happy ones, and glided lightly past. Florestan visited his kind hosts the brethren of the monastery, and left behind him many tokens of his gratitude; and, at Amidea's earnest desire, they made an excursion (accompanied by Almanno and the Padre) to the old hermitage that had been the abode of the Glee-singers. Amidea was shocked that so miserable a place had been so long the dwelling of Florestan; but he told her that a soldier would often consider such a shelter a palace, and that even there *he* had often experienced that peace which is in itself happiness, without needing the admixture of joy.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Happily I have arrived at last
Unto the wish'd-for haven of my bliss.
Taming of the Shrew.

On account of the disturbed state of Florence it was judged advisable that the marriage of Florestan and Amidea should be in great measure private, and take place in the oratory of the Palazzo Amidei, which was prepared for the occasion.

The sunbeams played through the windows of stained glass, and cast chequered and dancing rays upon the floor, and paled the light of the wax tapers which stood in silver candlesticks on the altar that was covered with a crimson altar-cloth, and adorned with an exquisitely carved ivory crucifix, a silver vase for holy water, and a silver plate for holding the wedding-ring. Crimson cushions were ranged on the floor, and crimson hangings decorated the walls, and a foot-cloth of crimson spread from the entrance to the altar.

In the oratory assembled those Ghibelline chiefs who were nearest in friendship to the Amidei, and the kinsmen and ladies of the family, Padre Severino, a clerk, and the bridegroom.

Florestan wore his armour, with a surcoat of cloth of gold, and Amidea's scarf, his badge of knighthood, and his golden spurs, but his head was bare and he had no weapons.

Almanno led in his sister, who had exchanged her mourning for a white robe and veil, and she wore a wreath of silver lilies and heart's-ease mingled, in allusion to Florestan's former song of hope.

Her bridegroom received her from her brother and led her to the right of the altar. Padre Severino commenced the service, and when he had proceeded to that part where he had broken off in the church of San Stefano, Amidea involuntarily shuddered, and cast around an affrighted glance, as if in anticipation of some interruption, but all was still. The Padre joined their hands and pronounced the usual form, "*Ego vos jungo in matrimonium*," &c., made the sign of the cross towards them, and sprinkled them with holy water. The clerk presented to him the ring on the silver plate; the priest blessed it, sprinkled it in the sign of the cross, and gave it to Florestan, who put it on the finger of his bride. All knelt, while the priest repeated the customary prayers, after which he addressed to the wedded pair a solemn and affectionate exhortation. They received the congratulations of the witnesses, who addressed Amidea as Madonna dei Bastiani, and

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then all retired from the altar, where the Padre proceeded to the celebration of mass.

It was requisite that immediately on Florestan's marriage he should set out for Germany to meet the Emperor, to resume his service and to present his bride. They left Florence amid the affectionate farewells of the Amidei and the blessings of Padre Severino.

They first, however, bent their course to Arezzo, and indulged themselves with rambling among their favourite haunts, and living over again their first happy days. Florestan had obtained the Emperor's permission to diverge from the route in order to visit the cottage in which he had been succoured after the Battle of Bouvines. And the good peasants could scarcely believe their senses when they saw the transformation of the poor wounded soldier. Amidea thought she could never sufficiently reward their disinterested kindness; and left them rich, delighted, and amazed.

The bride and bridegroom arrived at the court of Frederic. The Emperor received Amidea graciously and Florestan affectionately; and Amidea looked with interest and increased loyalty on that handsome young sovereign, a boy-father and husband, a poet, statesman, and general.

They were joyfully welcomed by Valdo, whom they found in great favour at court, and exerting himself to obliterate and atone for his former disrespect to the Emperor. Already occupation and cheerful scenes had gone far in restoring the mind of Valdo to health. His appearance, too, was greatly improved; he was now a remarkably fine-looking young man, and even Amidea thought him not much inferior in person to Florestan. An intimate friendship grew up between the two quondam Glee-singers, but they seldom talked of Florentine adventures, which would ever be too painful to Valdo.

At the court of Frederic there was a young lively German baroness, Gertrude Von Heimburg, an heiress, and her own mistress. She distinguished Valdo by her notice, and delighted to quarrel with him for the churlish sayings against women which from the force of habit still fell from his lips; and she playfully retorted with sarcasms against men, as she was perfect mistress of Italian, and could readily answer Valdo in their war of words. They daily met and squabbled, and sought each other out to squabble again. And Gertrude declared that speaking Italian was a great disadvantage to Valdo; it was too effeminate for a man and a soldier; he must learn German. He consented on condition that *she* would teach him; she undertook the task, and could not accuse him of dulness or idleness. Still they fell out and made peace, taught and learned, and squabbled again; till Frederic told them he would have no unlicensed squabblers at his court;

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they must take out a licence to quarrel from some good priest. They followed his advice, and——never quarrelled after.

Valdo had no reason to love his Italian recollections, therefore he took his wife's name, learned her language thoroughly, left off Italian by degrees, and became so completely Germanized that he relished the small hard grapes of the Rhine as well as the luscious clusters of Italy, and preferred the thin Rhenish wines to Aleatico; for which Florestan declared himself often tempted to challenge him to mortal combat. He adopted mustachios and spoke gutturally, and would even have taken to smoking had the Germans then been smokers; but, luckily for the men of those times, the "wicked weed" had not as yet been introduced. Valdo was translated in time into General Von Heimberg; he became an uxorious husband, a doating father, a most courteous humble servant of womankind, and a cheerful and happy man. But he never forgot Rosara, and annually kept the day of her birth and that of her death as times of prayer and seclusion.

Florestan in time attained the rank of marshal. On his first arrival at court with his bride he had been created a count of the empire; and the Count and Countess Bastiani sometimes saw their beloved old Padre Severino, who gained by Almanno's marriage a little Amidea to train up, and to talk to about her aunt.

Imma, the young widow, recovered at length from her lingering illness, and, in spite of her mother's opposition, she took the veil, and lived a nun in a convent which she founded with her inheritance, as she also did a chantry for the repose of Buondelmonte's soul.

The Widow Donati, disappointed in all her views, retired from society, and lived on a weary existence; for her whole life lay in plotting, and now her occupation was gone for ever.

Amid the disorders of Florence Uberti's palace had often been attacked and even besieged by Guelph mobs. At length a strong party obtained entrance by the treachery of a bribed domestic; Uberti was killed, with many of his retainers, in endeavouring to repel the invaders, and the palazzo was plundered.

The civil discord raged in Florence with almost uninterrupted fury; scarcely a day passed without some fresh combat, some fresh slaughter in the streets. Noble fought against noble, family against family, party against party, from street to street, from palace to palace, from tower to tower. Sometimes the factions were reconciled for awhile and a hollow truce was patched up again: but discord revived on the smallest provocation. Neither party gained any decided advantage over the other for thirty-three years, till A.D. 1248.

At that period the Emperor, fearing to lose all hold on Florence in the increasing dissensions, wrote to the chiefs of the Ghibellines in the city to assemble the whole party in secret and to attack

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simultaneously all the Guelph posts, while the King of Antioch (Frederic's natural son) should appear before the gates. This plan was carried into effect on Candlemas night 1248. The defences of the Guelphs were forced in all directions; for *they* were in detached parties, while the forces of their enemies were concentrated. The Ghibellines became masters of the city and its dependencies, expelled the Guelphs, and demolished thirty-six of their principal palaces. And this success induced other parts of Tuscany which had hitherto inclined to the Guelph party to declare for the Emperor Frederic II.

NOTE.

The Ghibellines, however, did not remain in uninterrupted possession. Florence changed masters many times, and at length became a republic independent of the Emperors of Germany. Its destinies were long swayed by the Medici, and the biography of that family is the history of Florence. Cosmo di Medici, known as Cosmo I., became sovereign as Grand Duke of Tuscany, 1569. The ducal sovereignty remained in the Medici race till 1737, when they became extinct, and it then vested in Francis of Lorraine, afterwards Emperor of Germany; and after all its centuries of struggles for independence and republicanism, Florence became and continues subject to imperial sway.

M. E. N.

GIPSY BALLAD.

THE GITANO'S BRIDE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THE moon is rising, Elodie;
Joy shines in every star,
And hark! the mingled melody
Of flute and gay guitar.
Our young *Riena's* bridal calls
Our happy bands to-night
Where nature spreads our flowery halls,
And hangs her gems of light.
Come, Elodie! sweet Elodie!
Our happy bands are met;
Come, join the bridal dance with me,
And strike the castanet.

Our moonlight dancers, Elodie,
Are tripping to the strain
Of fair La Mancha's melody,
The pride of Moorish Spain.
More beautiful than all art *thou*,
My own *Gitana* maid,
With those rich ringlets on thy brow,
Thy brilliant eyes to shade.
Come Elodie! sweet Elodie!
Our happy bands are met;
Come, join the bridal dance with me,
And strike the castanet.

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Our festive hall rings gaily round,
  Our cups are brimming o'er,
The dancers crush in every bound
  The sweetmeats on the floor.
Throw wide the door, let *all* be free
  To join the bridal throng,
To share our hospitality,
  Our merry dance and song.
    Oh, Elodie! sweet Elodie!
      When all are gaily met,
    'Tis bliss to tread the dance with thee,
      And strike the castanet.

NOTE.

The Gipsies in Spain are termed *Gitanos*, but everywhere these people exhibit the same personal qualities, follow the same customs and mode of life, and speak the same language. Their colour of skin is an olive-brown, and they are remarkable for regularity of features, bodily symmetry, and an uncommon brilliancy of eye. After being for five years among them Mr. Barrow came to the conclusion that the "race is the most beautiful in the world." The account of a Gitano wedding is singular. "After much feasting, drinking, and singing in the Gipsy house, the bridal train sallied forth a wild spectacle. The betrothed pair were followed by their nearest friends; then came a rabble rout of Gipsies, screaming, and shouting, and discharging guns and pistols, till all around rang with the din, and the village dogs barked. Throughout the day there was nothing but singing, drinking, feasting, and dancing; but the most singular part of the bridal festival was reserved for the night. Nearly a ton weight of sweetmeats had been prepared at an enormous expense, not for the gratification of the palate, but for a purpose purely *Gipsy*. These costly sweetmeats—of all kinds and of all forms, but principally *y'enas*, or yolks of eggs prepared with a crust of sugar (a delicious *bonne bouche*)—were strewn on the floor of a large room, at least to the depth of three inches. Into this room, at a given signal, tripped the young bride and bridegroom, dancing *româlis*, followed by all the Gitanos and Gitanas, dancing *româlis*. In a few minutes all the sweetmeats were reduced to a powder. The festival endures three days, at the end of which the greatest part of the property of the bridegroom, even if he were in easy circumstances, has been wasted in this strange kind of riot and dissipation. Daco, the Gipsy of Badajoz, attributed his ruin to the extravagance of his marriage festival; and many other Gitanos have confessed the same thing of themselves. They said that throughout the three days they appeared to be under the influence of infatuation, having no other wish or thought but to make away with their substance; some have gone so far as to cast money by handfuls into the streets. Throughout the three days all the doors are kept open, and all strangers welcomed with a hospitality which knows no bounds."

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RICHARD BIDDULPH;[1]

OR,

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

TAKING it for granted that the reader has a tolerable memory—which by the bye, is essentially necessary for monthly-magazine readers—it will not be necessary to say one word about what has already been printed, but at once go into

CHAPTER XLIX.

AN OLD BONE, A BEGGAR'S CHILD, AND A MURDERER, MEET IN A CHURCHYARD.

The blood of the murdered man reflected back the beams of the sun, the spire of the church, and the aged trees with the crows upon their topmost branches—nay, the blood lay so thick upon the ground, as well as upon the tombstone, that it even reflected back the murderer's own face, when he saw it was ghastly and haggard, and not like unto the face he had seen before in a common mirror. He looked, and he watched the reflection, just as though he were bound or obliged to do so; when, as he looked, and as he watched, half dreamingly, there came up out of the red fluid, a white, sad, and melancholy-faced figure, which cast its brilliant eyes full upon him, when it said,

"Richard, Richard, you are a lost, a fallen man; so that even your own mother spurns you."

"Nay, nay, kind remembrancer," the man cried, bitterly; "nay, nay, do not frown upon me; do not desert me *now*. Oh, mother; if you knew what my misery has been throughout life, and all brought about by this object who was once a schoolmaster, I am sure you would pity me."

"No, son, no; you have gone too far now—no, not too far for a mother—but really a mother's heart—ghost though it be—cannot extend its elasticity much further."

"Oh, mother! then you forgive me?" he sobbed, whilst in a supplicating posture, when he thought there was a smile upon its face, and he tried to grasp his parent, but instead he had within his arms the dead body of his old enemy—now his enemy no longer. Then he caught hold of the dead man's hand, and he held it up towards heaven, whilst he uttered an exclamation which he meant for a prayer; then he fell down by the side of the corse, and cried, and cried like—oh! no, not like a child, but rather like a man! Women cry sometimes, children cry very often, but men cry only when a mother dies—I mean a good, a worthy, an upright, a generally-beloved mother—ay, when a mother's body, with-

[1] Continued from page 501, vol. xliv.

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out a mother's spirit, love, and disinterested kindness, is carried out of the still chamber and put into an earthly grave, then a man cries; and a man cries at another time, but he does not cry often; oh, no! for if he did, that would take away the solemnity which surrounds the tear of a man.

Now, Biddulph's tears had this solemnity about them; for he had not cried since he was a child, and now it was because the whole object of his living was fully and finally accomplished.

As he lay upon the ground the little children came about him, and saw the blood which was upon the tombstone, which made them take an interest in the scene, but the living man did not see the children, or hear their conversation one to another. One of the little ones had a dog, a mere plaything of a dog, which said dog went up and began lapping the blood of the murdered man, when Biddulph arose, caught it by the throat, and dashed it against the tombstone which was beside him. Then the children cried, and went away to tell their parents, for they were not awake to the horible deed which had been done in killing a man, but their ideas were called into action when their favourite was stunned into eternity.

Biddulph took no further notice of the children, but sat again by the side of his victim, and looked at the whole scene, when he dreamt again, and felt all the horrors which attend the murderer, independent of the rope which is to finish his career; for the rope is but a human judgment, whilst beyond it lies the judgment of a hereafter—a vast, ay, an interminable and inexplicable hereafter.

As the man thus dreamt, he imagined he saw an old and withered face on the top of an aged body—a face which he well remembered in childhood, and yet another face by the side of it, which beamed with love and charity towards the whole of those who travelled upon the surface of the world. There was some dreaming, but gradually there was reality about the matter, for the aged man and the young woman having to cross this churchyard on their way from the Union, came right up to the scene of blood, and into the presence of the murderer, when Jerico's face was the colour of a scarlet ribbon, and the old bone put on his well-worn spectacles, so that he might penetrate what was then to his old eyes a perfect mystery.

When, however, the old bone had penetrated the mystery, he sprang right away from his age, as well as his manifold infirmities, and stood there and then a very youth in activity of mind and strength of purpose.

"Jerico, Jerico" he began. "Jerico, Jerico," he continued, petulantly; but he might have saved himself the trouble, for Jerico was seated upon the ground with the dead man's head upon her lap, and her own face as white as that which represents death upon a horse in a picture.

Soon the old man saw what she was about, and finding that her holy purpose of ministering to a dying man was frustrated by the strong arm of death before, he set about bringing the murderer into a state of reanimated kindness, in words of love and kindling philanthropy.

"Man! man! man!" He raised his voice as he repeated man for the third time. "Man, what deed is this you have been guilty of?"

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"Why, don't you see?—a deed of blood, to be sure," replied Biddulph, languidly.

"I see, I see; but why did you do it, eh?"

"Why?" answered the man, as though he had been on his oath. "Why? Why? Because he was my schoolmaster!"

"But what made you, my dear man, kill your schoolmaster, eh?"

"Why?—because he taught me; he told me to do it."

"Told you, man, to kill him, eh?"

"Ay, sir, his rod told me, and his cane told me, and his laugh told me, and his sneer told me—ay, it was that sardonic laugh which he flogged with that told me to kill him."

"Man," said the old bone, with interest, "tell me your history, will you, eh?"

"Yes, father, that I will."

Then Biddulph went over his early childhood, and as he continued his story, he watched the effect it had upon the aged man.

"Ay, ay, then you were left by your mother? Well?"

"Yes, a kind man took me out of the street, and placed me in a public school, so that I might receive a Christian education."

"Well, go on, eh?" put in the old bone, as a light began to gleam upon the picture. Well, go on, eh?"

"In the school I was flogged by this very arm, and this head dictated it," he said, as he took the one after the other out of the lap of Jerico, and let them drop again. "I was virtuous, and he made me not so; I was a well-disposed boy, and he turned me upon the world a perfect and well-educated devil."

"Well, go on, will you—eh?"

"Why, in a word, father, I was placed in that school by a holy-disposed man, whose name was Howard, and they turned my nature first, and then expelled me; they did. by——"

"Ask him what his name is, Jerico! ask him what his name is."

"Yes, daddy. What is your name, young man?"

"Why, as to that," he replied, carelessly; "why, as to that, my name is Richard Biddulph, and your name, old man, is Howard."

"Right, right, man, for once; you are right—isn't he, Jerico?"

"Yes, daddy, yes."

"Yes," mused the old bone, as he looked at his middle finger steadfastly, and then at the next finger, when he took hold of the first and called it Richard, and of the second and called it Jerico, when he continued, in an audible reverie,

"So, so, Richard was a child and I placed him in a public school, when he was flogged first, and expelled afterwards, and he has turned out a reprobate as well as murderer; whilst you, Jerico, the daughter of a common strumpet and a beggar, have been nurtured by the kind Mrs. Harty, and you are a young and pleasing image to look upon and to think about, now I am going step by step into my grave."

The old fellow here could not continue his reverie any longer, because of his feelings; so that he looked at Jerico, and contrasted her charitable expression with the morose, turbulent, and passionate features of the grown-up school-boy, and when he had done so he took out his handkerchief, and tried to squeeze out a tear or two from his aged fountain, but it was as dry as the shanks which supported his miserable

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body. Such a demonstration of real feeling quite overcame Biddulph, worn and hackneyed as he was, but he was quite as far away from crying now as even the old bone himself, although Jerico made up for the two in such a profusion of globular tears that if any good comes from watering the cheeks, why she surely had the benefit of it.

Now, all this did not take a long time to be enacted, although I have little doubt the theatrical chaps would take an eternity of ages to portray such feeling upon the stage; but then, it must be remembered that tragedians, as well as dancers upon the backs of running horses, are not particularly natural, and so it must be insisted upon that it did not take many minutes to go through the whole of it in the churchyard. Still, in spite of Jerico's tears—which ought to have been retained in a bottle, because of the nature which was about them—still, in spite of Jerico's tears, the old bone made her active in a moment by calling her to his side, when they raised Biddulph into a kneeling posture, and forcibly placed his hands one against the other, and also raised his eyes towards the sky, when the old man said,

"Now then, why don't you pray—eh?"

"No, no, sir, I can't.

"But I say you can, and, Jerico, tell him so—tell him so."

"There, don't you hear, young man, what daddy says; and if he says so, you may depend upon its truth, you may—yes, that you may."

"Ay, ay, it's all very well for you two to talk of praying, but I can't; besides He," the man faltered, as the very monosyllabic title of the Father of us all escaped his lips; "besides, He will not hear me; no, no, He will not listen to a murderer."

"Tell me, young man, tell me," the old bone asked, as though whole mercies depended upon his answer; "tell me, do you repent the deed you have done?"

"Why, as to that, if I had not done it, I should still want, and would—yes, yes, I still would do it—I would by——"

As the man said this, the others were so perfectly paralyzed that one after the other they allowed his hands to fall down upon the corpse, where they flinched again and again, when the old bone and Jerico, by a mutual sign which they understood, in an instant put themselves upon their knees at the very threshold of mercy, and asked the Almighty Father and dispenser of mercy to shower down a portion upon the hardened reprobate, so that Richard Biddulph's heart might be made like unto the heart of a Christian; and as they thus prayed, the old man's lips moving, and the spectacled eyes raised towards heaven, with the pure maiden whose lips had the blossom as well as the perfume of the rose upon them—ay, as they thus prayed there came several sturdy men up to the spot, with handcuffs and ropes, in order that the ends of human justice might be fully accomplished. They came up, and after binding Biddulph, the old bone cried out,

"Bind me too, for I did it."

"No, no, masters, it was I who killed that dead schoolmaster," said Biddulph, composedly as well as firmly.

"Ay, but it was I who placed him in the school, so I brought it about."

Jerico said something, and the old bone said something more, but it

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was of little service, for the hardy men conveyed both the murderer as well as the murdered away, so that a coroner's inquest might sit upon the body, and puzzle about the why and the wherefore, as well as the whereabouts.

Well, then, if it suits the reader, it may be understood that the coroner did hold his visitation, and after viewing the corpse, the jury agreed upon a verdict, when the committal paper was duly made out, and the prisoner was forthwith posted to the goal of Newgate, so that another jury might say ay or no, guilty or not guilty.

Now, don't be in a hurry, but wait patiently, my dear reader, when you will find—but stop; it is not my intention to write a modern play-bill.

CHAPTER L.

NOW IS TO BE RECORDED A CRIMINAL TRIAL, THE SPEECH OF AN IRISH BARRISTER, AND ALSO THE SOLILOQUY OF A LORD CHIEF BARON'S BLACK CAP.

With the rapidity of thought or lightning the whole matter of the murder was made known to the world through the medium of those singularly quick young gentlemen called penny-a-liners' reports to the newspapers, who not only attended the coroner's inquest, but actually went to the very churchyard where the tragedy was enacted, so that their "particulars" might be more particular than was actually necessary. Every little point or circumstance was magnified into the length of a column, in consequence of the interest which the public took in anything appertaining to the murdered as well as the murderer.

These young gentlemen, these quick-sighted reporters, put down notes upon the subject in short-hand, then they wrote a novel upon twelve slips at a time, by means of their manifold writers, which slips were distributed to the various newspapers, and were printed accordingly. Some of the editors headed the report with "Diabolical murder," some of the editors called it "an outrageous murder," and some styled it "a singularly outrageous murder."

Then followed a life of Dr. Frampton, which life was rather that of a saint than of a schoolmaster; and there was also a life of Biddulph, which made him out to be a wretch of so horrible a character that the lowest depths of a certain place were far too cold to receive his demoniacal heart. Yes, there were many lives of Biddulph, but there was not one of them which told about the origin of that character, as to how it was created, and by whom the venom was generated. No; and thus it is with the world, or rather that large portion of it who take a railroad glance of a murderer's character, but never by any chance break the shell of the egg, so as to scrutinise its contents.

Thank God, however, there are some holy personages who would blush to see their names printed in this history, although the beauty of their characters is reflected by the stars in the firmament of heaven. Thank God there are some holy persons who go right within the egg itself, and analyze the yolk of it, so as to give evidence before committees of the House of Commons, when they are called upon to do so—ay, they go right into the clammy walls of prisons, and sit down by the side of murderers, in order that the origin may be traced, if there be

one; and it is found that in nine cases out of ten that the diabolical murderer has been previously murdered by the laws or usages of society, and the mere body which remained could not appreciate the criminality, or see the horror in the same way that the horror ought to be seen. Sometimes the torch which was, *and is always*, in the body was lighted by these kindly-disposed persons, when the callous and demoniacal murderer went back again to his very originality, and cried as he was wont to do before he was murdered by the world.*

Well, leaving these angels from heaven to visit the charnel houses, let it be understood that the newspapers were chock full of the murder as well as the murderer—the colour of his hair, the twist of his lip, as to what he drank yesterday, and as to what he ate to-day. There were particulars and further particulars, and then again even further particulars still, which claimed to be the latest; and so the mind of the public was simply a vast sheet of paper with the whole subject—as far as the aforesaid reporters knew about—written upon it, over and over again.

Now, it must be remembered that if any one of these gentlemen could have caught a glimpse of my MS. his fortune would have been made speedily. I should have been most happy to have let them had the benefit of it, if they had applied, but somehow or other they thought the public were more interested with the bare fact of the murder rather than the tracing of its cause, and the origin of its determination; and to write the truth—as it would be impudent not to do—and to write the truth, these young gentlemen were right; only what I complain of is, that there should be so much hurry in getting rid of a criminal, simply for the purpose of satisfying a craving after vengeance, or blood, or executions. Would it not be better to let the *furor* cool down a little, and then try the man for the simple crime which he has committed, and allow something for circumstances, and something for atonement, and something for the minds of the educational generation? Would it not be better? but come, come to the business.

Well, the court was crowded to suffocation, and I don't know how many dukes as well as aldermen sat upon the bench by the side of the Lord Chief Baron, who had another judge by his right hand, as well as the two Sheriffs of London. There was a place in the court set apart for the reporters, and every seat appropriated for the counsel was pressed by a piece of stuff in the shape of a gown. Then the rest of the mirky place was crammed full of young gentlemen as well as old gentlemen, who had paid so much each to the doorkeepers as they entered into the court of justice.

The counsel had their briefs all ready cut and dry, and it was singularly perceptible as to which was a leader, and which again was a poor unpaid junior, because of the loud coughing of the one, and because of the stifled sneeze of the other.

Now, of course the judges entered into the court with solemnity as well as with dignity, and the counsel put on their wigs before they

* Mrs. Fry's death allows me to say that her heart was with the success of this work; its cause may have been *her* cause, and after all one half of the pleasures of authorship arises from knowing that the fight is a good one. But I ought to say something about the departed. Well, then I will. From letters and from conversation—*in mind she was a man, in heart she was a woman.* In educating her many children she *never* struck one of them.

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entered into their society, although it must be stated that they scratched their heads before they did so, in order that they might not want scratching for the remainder of the day.

Well, when the judges had taken their places, and silence began to take possession of the court, there entered, right amongst the bewigged gentry, an Irish barrister of the name of O'Redder, and as his portrait ought to go down to posterity, it is better herewith to paint it in this history.

O'Redder stood about the middle height, had a thick, heavy, and iron-sinewed frame, with a head on the top of it, which said head had a face to it of so notable a character that it stamped its impression indelibly upon the mind. It was a face made up of eye and eye-brow, so to speak, because of the searching, death-like glance of the one, and the constant movement of the other—an eye which sent its power right through the coat and waistcoat, and right into the heart, so as to read every drop of blood circulating through it, and an eyebrow which darted before the sight, so as to clear away or brush away the cobwebs in the way of an ordinary examination. The man had as much impudence as twenty-seven ordinary Irishmen when he was cross-examining a stubborn witness, and his face had a continuous blush upon it, just as though it felt ashamed of its owner. Still, for all that redness, as well as impudence, the man had talents of a most extraordinary character, which made him to be feared by his brother barristers, and reverenced by the bench.

Very early in his practice he had found it useful to abuse policemen, and to make out policemen much worse than the thieves themselves, when, after doing so—which he did adroitly—he made the two change places in the minds of the jury. Then again he had a peculiarity which will never be forgotten by those who had the honour of his acquaintance, which consisted in so mystifying a witness, and so perplexing a witness, and so bothering a witness, that he would lead him right into the midst of a difficulty, when he would cry out, as lustily as he was able, "Stop!"—ay, and he slapped his hands together at the same moment, as much as to say, "Only look at the vagabond; why, he has convicted himself; and isn't he a pretty chap to come forward as a witness?"

Then, in addressing the jury, his eloquence was almost superhuman; for he rose so gradually, and twisted the argument so scientifically, that the twelve men looked upon him, and then upon the thief, or the murderer, and drew the wished-for comparison, that the one was just as guilty as the other. Yes, and so they were; for it was not for the love of justice that he advocated, but rather for the love of money; so that if a man had but a thousand guineas in his pocket, he could be painted by this portrait painter white—ay, much whiter than the driven snow.

Well, such was the Irish barrister who took his place amongst the other barristers, in order that he might defend Richard Biddulph, or rather rescue him from the rope-grasp of the public executioner.

The court was silent when the Lord Chief Baron looked through his spectacles at the paper which was before him, and said,

"Bring in the prisoner."

Accordingly Richard Biddulph was brought to the front of the felon's dock between two turnkeys, and every eye was turned towards the

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prisoner, who looked haggard and forlorn, although it was evident that every nerve throughout his frame was stretched up to the effort of appearing cool and collected before his human judges.

The reporters commenced putting down every little circumstance in short-hand, and the summoning clerk called the jury, and after calling swore them, "That you shall well and truly try the prisoner at the bar, and a true verdict give according to the evidence. So help you God." The jury kissed the cover of that Gospel of our blessed Saviour, which is full of peace, and which preaches repentance, when the indictment was read, charging Biddulph that "Whereas . . ." but stop, why should so much space be given to so verbose a volume, made up of a great variety of chapters in the shape of counts, so that if a man isn't a murderer, why he's a manslaughterer, and if he isn't a manslaughterer he's a felon, and if he isn't a felon why he's a downright thief. The man must be convicted—never mind for what, so that he be convicted, and that is what goes by the name of "carrying out the purposes of justice." Why, the purpose of justice is to write criminality with reformation, and to cure the sores of the hollow-hearted and vacant-minded murderer—but enough, there was no answer to the question, "Guilty, or not guilty?"

The trial was opened by a junior, who, in fact, did nothing more than say what had been said before by the indictment reader, when the Attorney General made a long speech in favour of the dignity of the law, and what it said about the fate of murderers—of the power and wisdom of God, and what He said about human retribution—of the evidence which was against the prisoner, as to how he was found upon the body by no less a witness than the old bone, as well as little Jerico, and he wound up an exceedingly long oration by leaving the fate of the prisoner in the hands of the jury.

One witness was called, and then another, who proved that Biddulph left London and was seen walking in a determined manner, and then the old bone hobbled into the witness-box. Poor old fellow! he was what is styled an unwilling witness; but he was bound to state what he knew, which he did in as few words as possible, when he tried to say something in extenuation about the cause of the murder, and why it was Biddulph had so deadly a hatred against his old schoolmaster; but he was stopped by the Attorney General, as well as by the Lord Chief Baron, and was told to keep to the point of the murder, and the murder only.

After the old bone came Jerico, but her tears were the only evidence she could produce before the jury; so that after a great effort to extract anything further, she was told to stand down from the witness-box, and that closed the case for the prosecution.

Then—ay, then, you might have heard a very pin drop, because of the surpassing silence, when the Irish barrister rose up suddenly, pulled the robe which he wore around him, and commenced a speech in favour of the prisoner. Just before he began there was but one opinion, and that was against the unfortunate prisoner; but after he had got through a period or two the tide began to turn so much in his favour that it was truly wonderful to observe the effect of it.

There was pity, there was compassion, there was an excess of sym-

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pathy for the murderer, which had such power over the man himself, that he actually lifted up his head as high as he could, and took his hands away from the rail which was before him, when he stood bolt upright and darted his eyes round and about the court, as much as to say, "I never knew it before, but now I am fully aware of the fact that I am a perfect saint, and have been one of the most ill-used men throughout the whole course of my life. Yes, when I have the assistance of the executioner I shall die a most exemplary martyr."

"May it please you, my lord, and gentlemen of the jury," began O'Redder, "it is the custom at such trials as these to look at the naked facts of the case, and the case only; but I shall go back a little, and trace the origin of this most foul and fatal proceeding. Yes, I shall show that instead of that man standing there before you waiting your simple dictum, as to whether he is to live on, or whether he is to die upon the scaffold, that he ought to be placed in the witness-box for the purpose of giving evidence as to the manner and the way he has himself been murdered."

Here O'Redder gave a succinct history of the first punishment, as well as those which succeeded it, and exclaimed, with thundering emotion,

"Why, this infernal demon of a schoolmaster put the weapon into the hands of the future man; he obliterated the virtue; he corrupted the fine impulse; he envenomed the pristine body—ay, he then and there handed over oakum to the hangman, in order that a rope might be twisted around the neck of the very idol of his system of education. Education!" he exclaimed. "Christian education! Oh! gentlemen of the jury, if you tell me that Christianity embraces torturing the genleness and the mildness of infancy, then I will tell you that that man is guilty; but on the other hand, if the Saviour of the whole world contradicts this enormous lie—for it is a vile and a wicked one—why, then let the prisoner be a prisoner no longer, but rather let him accuse the very murdered man—man—man? I have said man, gentlemen, but I might have called Dr. Frampton a very demon of the deepest dye."

Then O'Redder went into the evidence, and said it was useless to fight against the bare fact of the murder, inasmuch as Biddulph had not instructed him to do so; but he wished to make such an impression upon schoolmasters that would go towards the reformation of their system, and tend to the better education of the rising generation.

There was a gigantic finish to the speech about human justice being different from heavenly justice; but that after the one there would come the other, as sure and as certainly as the electrical spark precedes the immortal thunder in the firmament.

At the termination there was clapping of hands and mutterings of applause, but such demonstration was speedily subdued by the Lord Chief Baron, with the exception of the noise created by the pounding of a solitary cotton umbrella which belonged to the old bone, who had been all attention to the eloquence, and was so wrapped up in it, and so overcome with it, that he did not hear any of the observations of the Lord Chief Baron, but kept thumping away most lustily upon the floor, until he was stopped by no less than three of the wand bearers. Still he could not refrain from squeezing the cotton within his withered

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hand, whilst he slapped his thin lips one against the other, just as if he had real turtle in the centre of his aged frame.

Then came witnesses as to knowledge of the prisoner, but they knew nothing save vileness of character and moroseness of disposition, so that it only remained for the Lord Chief Baron to sum up the evidence, and to leave the case with the twelve gentlemen who formed the jury.

Well, the Lord Chief Baron did so sum up, and it isn't at all surprising that the jury returned a verdict of "guilty" against the prisoner, who did not shrink in the least at the intelligence, but rather looked upon it as the fulfilment of a dream, for he had been dreaming since he was a boy—ay, ever since his first punishment—of retribution, and of that end which now most certainly was his due according to the laws of society.

"Guilty, my lord."

"Oh! yes, guilty! Guilty! What say you, Richard Biddulph, why judgment of *death* should not be recorded against you? Nothing?"

"No, no, nothing."

Accordingly, the Lord Chief Baron took up a little black cap which rested upon his desk, and perched it upon the tip of his bewigged pole, which said black cap looked exactly like what it was to every one in the court, save and except to Richard Biddulph and the old bone, and they fixed their minds so intently upon it, to the prejudice of the Lord Chief Baron's sentence of death, and the Lord Chief Baron's well-worn tears, that the cap lived, as it were, all of a sudden, and spoke a soliloquy all of a sudden, to this intent and purport.

"I'm a black cap made of felt and velvet; man is made of dirt scraped from the bottom of a puddle, so that I'm better than man, because of the stuff I'm made of. Well, as a consequence of that superiority, I take upon me to judge criminals, and to pass sentence of death upon 'em, or rather, the chap does so whose wig I perch upon; but, of course, it's I that sanctions it, and it's I that takes away the horror of it. Black cap as I am, I jibe at the New Testament, and I laugh at love, and mercy, and philanthropy, and generosity, and reformation, and I am quite merry at the expense of human suffering. Why, I teach the rising generation real tragedies, and make little children familiar with the red blood of a man, or of a woman (?), of a boy, or of a girl; and while society says it's wrong to do so, I sit upon the head of my Lord Chief Baron, and I say it's right and proper, and must never be done away with in the present state of society. Now I'm going to get rid of you," it said to Richard Biddulph, "by means of a rope, and without giving you much of an opportunity for reformation, and *may God have mercy on your soul!*"

Here finished the soliloquy, which had a smatter of colloquy about it, and really the last sentence might have been the finish of the baron's speech, so let it be put down again, "May God have mercy on your soul!!!"

Yes, yes, my Lord Chief Baron, God is sure and certain to attend to your prayer and supplication, so recently after your sentence of death without repentance. Oh, bah! what a mockery! what a disgrace! Why, it is a paradox to take vengeance—ay, the most extreme vengeance—

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upon a man who wants time for repentance, and then to ask for mercy at the footstool of an Almighty Father of mercy and of love.

But let me implore pardon of the reader, who may see Biddulph led out of the court by the two turnkeys, and may also watch his emotion when he is alone in his cell. I might humour you by relating what was in his mind, but the subject is hackneyed, so, if you please, there shall be something said about—come, come, that will never do, to open the very inside, or works of the clock, in order that your astonishment may be less when you see the hands move, and the hour pointed out, when this history stops entirely.

CHAPTER L.

HOW RUM STRIKER ENTERS THE SWEET-SHOP OF EPHRAIM SMILER.

The years which swept the surface of the earth committed sad havoc upon some of those who walked or rode upon it—ay, they created hosts of wrinkles, as well as sores and blemishes, whilst boys' faces got fatter and fatter, and young ladies got into various love affairs, and as speedily got out of them.

Well, and it is not to be supposed that Rum Striker should have been the single exception to the grand laws of progression and digression; for in fact time had a wonderful effect upon his person, and wrought so singular a change upon his whole exterior that the Rum Striker, who played the cymbals for the British Army, was not to be recognised in the thin shadow of a black man, which crept along the streets of the mighty metropolis, bearing a printed board upon its back, announcing that the industrious fleas were to enact the part of Napoleon Buonaparte, as well as his aidecamp, at such a number in High Holborn.

Striker might have been mistaken for the magnified skeleton of a flea if it had not been for his face, which was covered with opaque skin of a dingy character; but in good truth he was not anything like what he was formerly.

Rum Striker had left the show as well as the fat lady many years, and had been existing in a variety of ways, whilst he always bargained that whatever he did he should be placed in as prominent a position as possible; and thus it was that he was allowed to carry the flea announcement through the streets of London. Yet the chap was broken down and parched up, and had little marrow in his bones; so that he slunk along the pavement as though he were ashamed of his office, but still the young ladies and the servant wenches eyed the black, even then as he went along.

Up and down streets without number the fellow went, when by some chance he turned into the Old Bailey, and cast his eyes along the prison wall, and rested them upon the iron fetters; when, crossing over the way, so that he might get a bolder view of the whole place, he espied, all of a sudden, the sweet-shop, when the tenor of his thoughts was changed in an instant, and he was rooted to the window where the various images were exposed.

He looked at one image after another, and appeared so wrapt up in

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the contemplation of the sweets that a kind of liquid oozed out of his compressed lips, whether he would or whether he would not. Oh! how the chap longed for the delicate morsels to be within his teeth, but then he had not wherewithal to buy any, so that his face assumed a fretful and peevish expression, which said, "What's the use a living if one a'nt got nothing to suck atween one's gums? Why, I'd sooner be a hofficer in the army than this here purfession; that I would."

"Would you?" asked the wet Quaker, as he spied the black looking at the lollypops. Would you, my boy?" ejaculated Smiler, inwardly; "then it's passing strange if I don't elevate you more than a little above the rank or standing of a British officer, and all in carrying out the sweet trade."

Yes, Ephraim made up his mind how to act on the instant when he saw the dissatisfaction written upon the black's face; so that he beckoned him in, right amongst the centre of the lollypops, and said, blandly,

"Now, friend, let me ask you, are ye fond of sweets?"

"Why, master, I jest am, if you particularly wants a hanser."

"Then take any out of the window, will ye?"

"Are you joking, master? Are you sure you a'nt joking? becos if you a'nt I just should like a bit o' hard-bake."

"Take it, friend, take it," the Quaker repeated; and he had scarcely got the words out of his mouth when Rum Striker seized hold of a large sheet of that article, and began crunching it between his teeth, just as though he had been born for the especial purpose of dissolving all the sweets upon the surface of the earth.

Now, whilst Striker was thus engaged, Smiler watched him narrowly, and began turning in his own mind as to the manner of effecting his purpose, when he gradually brought the man into a conversation about the exhibition he advertised upon his back, when Striker explained that it was no easy matter to bring the fleas to a proper state of docility, because of their elastic natures.

"What we does with the hannimals is to catch 'em first, which we does from a rag bag; and to coax 'em afterwards, which we does timidly. Why, if we was to use force with the hannimals they'd never hact as we wants 'em, because we tried it on with Napoleon, and he wouldn't fire off the cocked hat from the cannon. No, master," the black continued, as he took up a third sheet of hard-bake. "No, I'v been a thinking that it an't no more use to thrash a flea than it is a human Christian, because the blood won't stand it. The blood may seem to stand it, but give me the flea as has had a kind school edication afore him as an't, because——"

Here Striker was interrupted by the Quaker, who asked him rather abruptly what he earned weekly by his present occupation, and affected to be surprised when the black informed him that seven shillings, and a pint a day, was the extent of it.

"Why I asked you, Striker," began the bland man; "why I asked you, was because there's to be an execution at the prison opposite, and I thought you might get a rise in wages by paying attention to the sweet trade."

"How, master, how?" asked Rum Striker, eagerly, as he began a ninth sheet of hard-bake.

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"Why, friend, I'll tell you."

Here the Quaker informed the black that he wanted just such a man to carry an announcement about the streets of London, which should inform the inhabitants that the very cast of Biddulph's face was to be seen in his shop window, done in and with the best sweetmeat.

"Of course I shall sell 'em at so much a face, and as I think it'll make my fortune, I mean to give a history of the murderer to each purchaser, so that they may be initiated into the whole mystery."

"Good, master, good," ejaculated Striker, through his mouthful of sweets. "Good, master, good; and I'm ready to change for the better, so as it is for the better."

Well, the bargain was struck; and accordingly, after bidding adieu to the fleas, Striker went about with the sweetshop announcement, and as Fate would have it, the experiment answered amazingly well; so much so, indeed, that the shop was regularly besieged by dukes as well as citizens, who were all eager to possess so extraordinary a relic, from the fountain-head itself.

Now, it is to be understood that the cast was taken by the barber who shaved the murderer daily, and the history was written by a celebrated Quakeress who had access to the very cell in which the prisoner was confined. The history began with the school-days, the punishment and the consequent expulsion from the illustrious foundation. It then took a glance at the "cat" as used upon the back of soldiers in the British army, and it finally wound up its very simple narrative by intimating that, like unto Shakspeare's Lear, Biddulph was nearly as much "sinned against as sinning."

There cannot be a question the idea of a sweetmeat cast of a murderer's face was a novel idea on the part of Smiler, and the very questioning as to the guilt of a convicted murderer was quite new to a great portion of the public; so that both the one and the other sold amazingly.

Smiler's object was profit, there is no doubt of that, whilst the charitable lady—blessings on her beloved memory—whilst the charitable lady handed over her share of the proceeds to a personal-visiting society; still, both acting as they did, they effected much good to the public morality; for whilst the sugar cast expressed a determined devilism, the little book answered the question as to why it was so. Yes, the book gave the same reply that the man himself would have given about early punishment, destroying early virtue, or rather, having turned it into most disastrous viciousness.

Rum Striker walked about the streets with the extraordinary announcement, which gained universal attention from all manner of persons, who, after reading, went straightway to the sweetshop, and by such means the whole city rang again with it from one end to the other, whilst Richard Biddulph was attended by two turnkeys and one chaplain in his cell; and whether it was from being in the neighbourhood, or whether it was from some species of electricity, most certain was it that he, the murderer, and Mrs. Mary Smiler, the wet Quaker's wife, actually saw one another through the stone of the invulnerable prison—ay, they actually talked with one another, and this is the way they did so:—

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It was towards night when Biddulph was looking over the pictures of the Bible, that after pondering over the face of a girl for a time, he all at once shut his eyes bodily, and grasped one of the chains which bound him, when he saw the gentle companion of his boyish days—that is, he saw her with his spirit, and conjured her into positive actuality. Then he grasped still more firmly the fetter, and cried,

"Mary, my own Mary, pray for me."

At these words the jailors looked at the chaplain, who again looked at the jailors, when the murderer continued,

"I know I am a lost man—ay, eternally lost—but still if you pray for me, why no ill can come of it, and good may. There, there, speak louder; ay, louder still."

Now, at this very moment Mrs. Smiler, who had been watching one of the casts for a long time, said,

"Do you know, Ephraim, dear, that I had an early love?"

"No, Mary, had you?"

"Yes," the woman cried, hysterically. "Yes, before I knew you, dear, and when my heart was joyous I had a girlish love for a boy."

"No, Mary, had you?"

"Yes, and we told one another our small thoughts about the future, and we even kissed one another."

"No, Mary, did you though?"

"Yes, it was the love of a child, a mere doll of a love, a mere nothing of a love by the side of that I felt for *you*, Ephraim; still, for all that, it was a love."

"No, Mary, you surprise me."

"Yes, Ephraim, and I shall surprise you more when I tell you that this cast of a face was my girlish affection."

"What! Richard Biddulph, the murderer?" asked Smiler, with emotion. "What, the reprobate deserter from the British army; and the premeditated murderer was the fellow you refer to?"

"Yes, Ephraim, dear, yes," Mrs. Smiler began, as she took hold of the sugar face and continued, in a feeling manner, "Oh, yes! Ephraim, this was the very face, but it was not marked as it is now, for there was a plumpness and a boyishness about it, a half smile and a dimple; and this lip was curled more than it is now. Then look at the eye! why, it hadn't the hollowness or the determination about it when I first saw it in a country church. But even then I saw the first sorrow sit upon it, which was after the *first* punishment; then it became more haggard than the other boys' faces, and now, after the treatment he has received, look at it—oh! look at it *now*."

"Mary," quoth Smiler. "Mary, I don't half like your first love, and yet I like the candour which induced you to tell your husband of it. Now, let me ask you, do you like Biddulph *now*?"

"Ephraim," replied Mary; "as there is a difference between the child's face and the face of a murderer, so is there a difference between my love for him then and now. Yet, Ephraim, you will not mind if I pray for him, will you?"

"No, Mary, no."

"Then I will do so." And Mary did pray, for the first thought she had as a girl, and she asked the Almighty Father to turn his haggard

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face into what it was when she first saw it as a child; and the prayer ascended to the throne of mercy. There was an electricity about this prayer, as there is about *all* prayers, so that they are high in the heavens on the instant of their creation upon the earth; and with Mary's prayer there went a prayer from the old bone, from Jerico, from Mrs. Harty, as well as from many generous-hearted souls who imagined they would be heard and ratified. Yes, the prayers were so many sparks of electricity, which, when collected together, went up into the sky and formed an everlasting star, so that the dark world might be illuminated by it.

But stay a minute such poetical imaginings, lest the picture should not be a perfect one, and in case it should be rumoured that this history is as long to be continued as a star, I wish to communicate a secret, upon the understanding that it be not divulged. "Well, what is it?" What is it? Why it is, that in the very next number of this magazine the Life of Biddulph will be taken from him by the public executioner, and as a consequence, "The Adventures of a School-boy" will be before the metropolitan world. Even the idea of parting worries me amazingly but when the time comes I dare say I shall be able to ejaculate, as I do now, God bless you.

THE GODS OF GREECE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

I.

When yet this world of beauty own'd your sway
And happy beings, close-link'd hand in hand,
With joy in silken wreath's were wont to stray
O'er lovely visions brought from fable-land—
How chang'd, alas! since upon all around
Your cheerful worship glitter'd bright; and ah!
Since blessed mortals first your temples crown'd
Venus Amathusia!

II.

Her veil sweet Poesy then gently drew
Around the real and life's free-gushing tide,
While every feeling yet was fresh and new
Flow'd copiously throughout creation wide;
And to be folded to Love's breast once more,
In every clime, wherever mankind trod,
A look divine ennobl'd Nature wore,
And all reveal'd the traces of a God.

III.

Where hrough the fields of space there may be seen
Wheeling a soulless globe of flame afar,

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With fiery steeds in majesty serene
Rode the bright Helios in his golden car.
On every tree there dwelt, as sages say,
A Dryad; Oreads throng'd each sunny hill;
Fair Naiads sprinkl'd then the silv'ry spray,
Flung from their urns on every mountain rill.

IV.

Mute is the child of Tantalus in that home
That Laurel erewhile gently bowed for aid,
From that reed rose Syringa's whisper'd moan,
And Philomela warbled from that shade;
There for Persephone by eye hath been
Into that rippling brook dropp'd many a tear,
From mountain top hath call'd the Cyprian Queen—
In vain, alas! her darling cannot hear.

V.

Deucalion's race the Gods to earth beguil'd,
Celestial beings the dark world illum'd,
To win the heart of Pyrrha's beauteous child,
The shepherd's crook Latona's son assum'd;
Mortals on earth and gods and heroes then
United were in Love's enchanting band,
And gods and heroes worshipping with men
Paid native rites in Amathantian land.

VI.

Dark Melancholy, Resignation sad,
From your bright service were then seen to fly;
To you turned all hearts, and at once were glad,
And looks of rapture beam'd from every eye.
Nought save the beautiful was then divine,
No god conceal'd of joy the mantling ray,
Wherever rul'd the chaste and blushing Nine,
Where'er was felt the Graces' gentle sway.

VII.

Your fanes, like palaces, were seen to smile
At Isthmian Games, which thrill'd heroic soul,
The crown-rich banquet gladd'ning every isle,
Extoll'd you, Chamisto, thund'ring to the goal.
In joy ecstatic dances circl'd round
Your sparkling altars choirs of maiden's fair;
The wreaths of victory your temples crown'd,
And floral garlands grac'd your fragrant hair.

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VIII.

The Thyrsus-bearers' Bacchanalian glee
And stately panthers which around him prance,
Proclaim'd the potent, joyous deity,
While fauns and satyrs reel'd in mystic dance.
Frolicsome Mænads skip around the train,
The praises of his wine their gambols speak,
A welcome joviality the cup to drain,
Beams from bright eye and purple-glowing cheek.

IX.

No spectre-skeleton around the bed
Of dying mortal, in those days of bliss,
Stalk'd ghostly—gently, as the spirit fled,
The last breath melted in a balmy kiss.
His torch a genius dropped, the scales of hell
Poised one whose grandsire, in this world below
Dwelt once—the Thracians' agonizing yell
The Furies heard, and were dissolv'd in woe.

X.

Once more to transports that on earth were dear,
Thrill'd the bless'd shade in the Elysian grove;
In his old race-course sped the charioteer,
And true-love's knot the happy spirits wove.
In Linus' strain is heard the wonted song,
Admetus feels Alcestis warm embrace,
Orestes saw his friend the bless'd among,
And Philoctetes weapons of the chase.

XI.

In virtue's steep ascent a richer meed
Life's straggler's won, who vanquish'd, being tried,
And all whose arms achieved heroic deed
To heaven exalted were and deified.
Silent, the gods before, each trembling form
That claim'd the dead, bowed with unearthly sigh;
To guide the pilot safe through flood and storm
The twin-stars sparkled in the midnight sky.

XII.

Where art thou, world of beauty? Flowery prime
Of blooming nature, ah! return ere long!
Thy fictions now, not as in olden time,
Live only in the fairy-land of song;
Each grassy hill and dale now mourns thee dead—
I look all round, no deity I find—
Alas! the breathing, lifewarm substance fled,
Only the fleeting shadow left behind.

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XIII.

Faded and fall'n are all these lovely flowers
Chill'd by the stormy north's ungenial gust;
To crown one despot of celestial powers,
A heaven of gods hatb crumbled into dust;
Sadly upon the starry sphere I gaze—
No longer greets mine eye Silene's ray,
Through wood, o'er wild, my plaintive voice I raise,
Faint echo whispering, softly dies away.

XIV.

No rapture catching from its own clear light,
The gladness which it gives it cannot feel,
Of those who guide it, spirits pure and bright
Unconscious, happier never at my weal.
Lost to the glory of her great First Cause—
As pendulums in dull vibration wave—
Nature submits to "cold material laws,
The Godhead vanish'd, and herself a slave.

XV.

Inviting respite every dawning morn,
And digging its own sepulchre, though soon
In swift rotation, like a spindle borne,
Rises and sets the ever-circling moon.
Their duty o'er, to realms of poesy,
Their native clime, the deities repair,
Vain to a globe which, from their cords set free,
Self-pois'd, floats pendant in the ambient air.

XVI.

Yes, homeward fled they, and with them to dwell
All that was lovely, lofty, and refin'd;
Life's tints and music took of earth farewell,
And left a world where no soul is enshrin'd.
Safe upon Pindus' top they hover nigh,
On Time's swift eddying tide though swept along,
For what is destined upon earth to die
Shall live and bloom in bard's immortal song.

E. R.

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JOURNAL OF A LONDON SCHOOLMASTER.

CHAPTER II.

Easter Monday. This day I have given my boys a holiday. I have employed myself fitting up a large closet in my small house into an apartment which I have dignified by the name of "study."

From the window of my *sanctorum* I can review the dwellings of my opposite neighbours, one of whom is a pigeon fancier; his birds are his idols; he spends hours and hours with his pigeons daily. I at times hear him talk of the wonderful feats of his pigeons, for he frequently makes matches. He has one, he says, that often flies a mile in a minute. The pigeon fancier's wife dislikes her husband's "hobby," because, she says, it leads him into much company.

My neighbour to the left keeps a tripe and "offal" (awful!) shop. He frequently has a row of bullock's heads hanging out in the yard. He has hot sheeps' heads ready at eight o'clock every night. He boils his own cat meat, the steam from which, at times, enters our dwelling, and is anything but pleasant.

A few doors off lives a pork butcher. He carries on an extensive sausage trade, for his machine is going nearly all day long.

All this is anything but poetical. In a room a few doors farther on is a journeyman shoemaker. He is, I am sure, a great politician, for I frequently observe him, as he sits on his stool with his lapstone on his knee, intently perusing a newspaper. I never see this son of St. Crispin without thinking of Bloomfield.

But enough about my neighbours; let me return to my own little study. Oh! it has been a busy day with us all; wife, children, and self have been engaged, and really we have made the closet-study a very pretty little room. How the most humble abodes may be improved by a little pains-taking! In the dwellings of the poor paint, whitewash, and colouring might be made to go a great way.

Little Johnny in his efforts to make himself useful, sadly detained us by sweeping and dabbling about unnecessarily, yet one could not be angry with him, he looked so happy. Children are never so delighted as when there is plenty of "stirring work" to be done.

In truth I am quite pleased with my study and its humble furniture. In one corner of the room stands a bust of my deceased

[1] Continued from page 444, vol. xliv.

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father; above it is a portrait of myself. Over the chimney-piece hangs a family group—my wife and the three children—painted in oil by myself. There hangs the very knapsack I wore at my back when I made the "grand tour," twelve years since. What recollections, what adventures does it call to my mind! Besides these are my fishing-rod and basket; and there is my gun, but it enjoys a complete sinecure, as I have no use for it now.

The walls of my closet are literally covered with copper-plate engravings cut out of annuals, &c.; besides which there are a few old portraits. I have Shakspeare, Milton, Bishop, Taylor, Dryden, Addison, and some others. A few books, a vestry table, and three chairs, comprise the whole of the furniture of this my favourite little room.

As I smoked my pipe this evening in my humble apartment I felt as happy as a prince. My wife felt happy because she saw me so; and the children—God bless them!—have had quite a gala day, looking and pointing at the pretty pictures, and helping "daddy."

I forgot to mention that I have a sampler of my wife's working hung on the wall, on seeing which my daughter ran to her drawer and brought me her sampler, and begged me to hang it up too. My son George was proud to see a map of his own filling up exhibited in "father's study." Master Johnny, too, would not let his mother have any rest till she cut him out a "hobby-horse to stick up in daddy's room." A man of sixty pounds a year only to have a "study!" How the world would laugh at the idea of such a thing! Yes, of sixty pounds per annum, for I can only make my school produce that sum; and this amount I am glad to secure, for we must have something—we must have bread and cheese.

But it was not always so with us; we have known what it was to enjoy the luxuries of life, without having to exert ourselves to obtain them; had a comfortable home with a study well lined from top to bottom, and all around, with goodly and expensive volumes. Alas! we know what we are, but we know not what we may be! I could endure, could suffer much, but then my wife; she, however, does not murmur; but she must feel, deeply feel, our altered position.

But enough of this; I will not rake up old griefs; let bygones be bygones. Many better men than myself have met with greater misfortunes. Let me rather thank Providence I am no worse off than I now am. Riches do not make the man. I can think as profoundly in my humble closet as I did in my former well-furnished library. "The mind's the standard of the man."

My wife is just putting the children to bed; they are saying their prayers. How beautiful it is to hear the words of supplication drop from the lips of children! "God bless father, mother, bro-

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thers and sisters, uncles and aunts, and all for whom we ought to pray. How delightful it sounds! And now they will kiss their mother over and over, and over again. I must drop my pen, for they are calling "daddy" to their bedside, to kiss and bless them. *Delightful* task!

April 16th. My original composition class improves. I was this morning pleased to find the following letter as a school exercise, written by Master Rose, and addressed to his parents:—

"Academy, April 16, 18—.

"My dear Parents,

"Mr. K——, you know, says in his first circular that he will endeavour to amend the hearts, as well as improve the heads of his pupils; in other words, he will try to make his scholars not only wiser but better.

"We do not say many lessons at our school, but we (at least, those of us who are attentive) know more than if we merely gabbled our task over, for our teacher lets no opportunity pass of explaining the *meaning* of the words we repeat to him. Mr. K—— is also very fond of inducing boys to communicate to him their own ideas upon the lessons under consideration, and I can assure you that these conversations are frequently very interesting.

"Although I am very young, my dear parents, Mr. K—— has convinced me there is a great difference between *saying* and *knowing* a lesson.

"I remain,
"My dear Parents,
"Your affectionate Son,
"Charles Rose.
"Aged 13."

Master Smith, copying the style of Charles Rose, wrote the following letter in the original composition class:—

"Academy, April 16th, 18—

"My dear Parents,

"'Children,' says Mr. K——, 'are generally too much perplexed with books and lessons at school. The teacher,' says he, 'should himself be the vehicle to convey knowledge to his pupils, instead of torturing the mind of youth with lengthy and difficult lessons.

"'The enlightened teacher,' says Mr. K——, 'will be the friend and confidant of his interesting charges.' Mr. K—— declares that he has as great an objection to pedagogues stuffing boys with more knowledge than can be well digested, as he would have to his nurse cramming with sweetmeats, or other food, his children. 'But after all,' says our teacher, 'we must not be too sanguine,

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for under the best systems of education, assisted by the most enlightened teacher, having the co-operation of moral and intelligent parents, we must not look for any very rapid advancement in education. The youthful mind, like the human stomach,' says he, 'should not have more food presented to it than can be well digested, or it will prove prejudicial to the organ so overcharged . . . . . '

"Please to make my love to my brothers and sisters, and accept the same from

"My dear Parents,

"Your dutiful and affectionate Son,

"JAMES HARRIS.

"13½ years old."

I gave the following ideas as a slate exercise this afternoon :—

"Truly has it been said that education forms the human mind. I mean education in the largest sense of the word—*viz.*, at home, abroad, and at school. The intelligent and experienced guardians of youth do not expect that schoolmasters can perform miracles ! They do not suppose that teachers can counteract the evil influences to which children are subject out of school, particularly in the street. Ill-informed, immoral, or over-indulgent parents may undo at home all the good the teacher, with much pains-taking, accomplished in school. The parents of children cannot be too particular in the choice of companions and playmates for their offspring. Let them see to that, for depend on it *evil communications corrupt good manners.*

May 1st. The following petition was placed on my desk this afternoon :—

"We, the undermentioned, do hereby pray that you will have the kindness to allow us, your humble pupils and petitioners, to leave school this afternoon at four o'clock, it being *Chimney Sweeper's* Day. And your petitioners will ever pray," &c.

It is a beautiful day ; even in this modern Babylon, within two gun-shots of London Bridge, nature seems glad. But I must not look down or sideways, but as I cast my eyes heavenward the genial light and warmth cheers my spirit.

My wife has been busy all day long in the school, the house, or with her children ; but she always looks happy, placid and contented ; even the darkest day in winter does not cast a shadow of discontent o'er her benignant features. This morning I said to her,

"Anne, you are sadly out of your place ; it should not be thus with you ; you are even as a bird confined in its cage. Do you not remember how, on such a day as this, we hailed the glorious spring when we lived at our house on the hill side ? I think I see our Sarah, George, and John, prancing, running, jumping, rolling, and gambolling on the green—our lawn—before the cot-

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tage windows, as they were wont to do there springs since. Alas! the case is indeed altered with them as with ourselves. Do you not remember, too, how we enjoyed the first spring ride we were accustomed to take in our "sociable," with the children, happy and frolicksome on the seat behind us, as the birds sang and all nature looked glad?"

"Father," said my wife, with a smile—it was a sad smile though—yet with much earnestness were the words spoken. "Father," said she, "murmur not at the dispensation of Heaven. I am content even now. I remember the past; I think of the future; but it is not with a repining spirit. When I compare our situation with the hundreds of houseless, homeless, wretched beings by whom we are surrounded I thank Providence we are so well provided for. The Saviour was a man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief; he had not where to lay his head."

My wife looked so amiable, so divine, so reconciled, when she uttered these words that I was silenced. I spoke not a word, but said within myself, "God bless thee, Anne! God bless thee, wife; thou hast a mind and heart fitted for a queen!"

I looked at her humble attire. I thought of her altered position, and could not help contrasting it with her situation three years previous.

May 3, 18—. We speak of the superiority of man; it is a mistake; woman has not been educated in those branches of knowledge in which men excel; instruct woman in those departments and proud man will, I think, be numbled. But her patience, her endurance in affection! When I think of these things I cannot help acknowledging the superiority of woman.

These ideas have been suggested to my mind by thinking of the dignified character my wife sustains in her altered position—no complaints, no murmurs escape her lips—all contentment and resignation. Oh! that I possessed more of her spirit. I am too irritable and impatient. Although I read that "The Lord chasteneth whom he loveth," yet do I seem to heed not the sacred words. Adversity is, after all, a good school, provided the sufferer gain his footing in society afterwards. There's the rub! But how few reach the happy gaol! they live, live, and live on in adversity; that is indeed trying. Adversity first and prosperity afterwards is good for the soul; but prosperity first and adversity afterwards is hard to endure. Oh! give me fortitude to bear this evil—if evil it be.

I was sitting by the fire a little while ago with my wife reading, but I could not proceed with my pleasing task. My youngest child was leaning on his mother's lap, chatting so prettily that my attention was irresistibly drawn from the book to Johnny. How delightful it is to listen to the prattling of a well-managed child of three or four years of age.

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"Mother," said he, over and over again. "Mother, give me a piece of wood for daddy to make me a cart."

The simple eloquence of the child would have soon prevailed over the mother, but she was tired and busy with her needle, so I could not refrain putting my book on one side in order to make a cart for my little boy, who the while watched my proceedings, and prattled away most sweetly. When the toy was finished how delighted the little fellow was.

"Look here, mother, look here, mother, what father has made for me," and away he ran with his plaything, as pleased as a new made king with his crown.

Well, all this does appear foolish; but no, it is not so. *I am a father.* It is not folly to make a fellow-creature happy, and happy enough was litle Johnny with his cart.

May 6th. I this morning had the satisfaction of reading the following, as the original composition of Master Brown, aged fourteen:—

"I am fully convinced from what I have heard at school that I shall never make a bright man unless I persevere with my studies. I am resolved, therefore, to make the best use I can of the hours appropriated to improvement, feeling assured that in after years I shall be amply repaid for so doing.

"I have lately been thinking of the good that may be accomplished by the performance of little acts of self-denial and charity, and oh! who can describe the pleasure consequent on the performance of virtue. I have observed on more than one occasion how a kind disposition evinced by myself has elicited kindness from others, from which circumstance I am led to hope that I may be actuated by a kind and gentle disposition towards all with whom I may chance to have intercourse."

May 9. I this morning addressed my pupils as follows, previous to commencing the business of the school:—

"My dear Boys,—I wish to impress your minds with the conviction that your prosperity and happiness very much depend upon the diligent use you make of your present opportunities.

"Many men now engaged in business find themselves but ill qualified for the duties which daily and hourly devolve upon them. Some of these lament that they were never favoured with the advantages you now possess, and what is still worse, others have to regret that their opportunities for obtaining a good education were not duly improved. Such persons are involved in additional expenses, having to engage others to perform that which they should be able to do for themselves. They also have to trust to others in accounts which they cannot calculate, and are liable to be defrauded by the dishonest.

"Suspicion, which is a most unhappy feeling, is naturally generated by that ignorance, which renders a man incapable of

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managing his affairs, or examining his accounts. Let these reasons induce you to apply yourselves diligently to the daily duties of your school. You are now laying the foundation of your future prosperity and happiness.

Though your work is laborious you may be encouraged to persevere under an assurance that in due time you will reap the fruit of your labour. Improve your opportunities when young. In the spring time of life the character is formed. In youth the tools for obtaining knowledge should be secured to be made proper use of in after years. Then let me, mydear boys, impress upon you the necessity of improving your time whilst you have it in your power. In a few years you will probably be called upon to take an active part in a world fraught with cares and temptations, which you will be the better able to withstand if your minds be well stored with sound knowledge, for a well-cultivated mind is above the frivolities of the world; it derives pleasure only as it pursues the path of virtue, and obtains a knowledge of men and things. A man, woman, or child with a mind neglected resembles an uncultivated garden—where beautiful flowers or useful herbage might be flourishing weeds only are to be found."

TO LUCY, ON RECEIVING A LOCK OF HER HAIR.

BY MISS E. LYNN.

My sweet one, my dear one, my beautiful and bright,
With thy glancing eyes of blue, and thy waving locks of light,
How vividly thou seemest now to stand before me there,
With thine own sweet smile of loveliness, my beautiful and fair!

And thy radiant tress of gold, like the sweet acacia's wreath,
Whose fragile blossoms waver in the spring-tide's faintest breath.
That soft and shining tress! how I love each little thread,
That weaves a very veil of grace around thy beauteous head.

Oh! this radiant tress of gold! what visions doth it bring!
What sweet and lovely memories from out its presence spring!
Memories of a happy time, of a bright and sunny hour,
When life was love and loveliness, and affection being's dower!

When laugh and merry jesting play fill'd up the moments round,
When through the evening twilight woke thy music's fairy sound;
When every love-taught name was such a frequent household word,
That the very air was weary with repeating all it heard.

When a gentle, soothing smile, and a sweet and soft caress
The sad, faint heart did comfort, and the weary spirit bless;
When fondly watching eyes ever sought to read that brow,
Whose tender beauty droops if a shade but cross it now.

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Oh! mournful, though so bright, are these memories of home;
Like weeping lovely angels they gather and they come!
For what in all this earth, however dear or fair,
Can we find, that e'er with kindred's sweet affections can compare?

This little tress of gold! let me press it to my heart!
Let me lavish on its glistening threads the kisses I'd impart
To its sweet and child-like mistress were she placed beside me here,
And my lips were 'gainst her pale pink cheek—the beautiful and dear!

Oh! would she were beside me! would my arms were round her form!
Would my bosom held her cold white hand to cherish and to warm!
Would my fingers now were straying 'mid those tangled vine-like locks,
Whose grace and golden beauty the laburnum's glory mocks!

Would I heard the sweet, sweet voice, with its accents slow and long,
Calling to me early, like the wood-bird's morning song;
Would I heard the gleeful laugh that answer'd to my jest,
When solicitous alone to please the one I love the best!

But this is idle folly, this bootless, vain regret;
All visions, ne'er so glorious, but sadness still beget;
And I've a work in life to do that needs another heart
Than one all weakly sorrowing that joy should e'er depart.

Alone I stand; myself, my only counsellor and guide;
With many a rock upon my course, and many an adverse tide,
With many a struggle hard to bear, and danger to o'ercome,
And many a bitter hour to pass in black despair and gloom.

But yet I'll stand and dare—ay, and bravely conquer too;
The heart I bear within me even Fate shall not subdue;
I'll win my fairy wreath, though won with toil and tears—
Though only won beside the grave of youth's toil-smitten years.

And then I'll come to thee, dear love, and lay it softly down,
And garland thy sweet ringlets with a brighter, fairer crown;
With nature's darling flowers—her flowers of boundless love;
Ay! well I'll deck thy gilded cage, my own, my gentle dove!

And oh! how gladden'd shall I be to know that from my hand
Flow richly all thy blessings—that thy greatest, least command,
Like the magic ring's possessor, scarce uttered, straight 'tis done,
And the author of thy happiness—lo! that am I alone!

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A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

CHAPTER I.

Alas ! for all that ministered to the spirit of ancient romance; Alas ! for the lists of chivalry, and the rude but frank hilarity of the banquetting hall ! for the castle turrets frowning above, and the subterranean passages beneath them ! for donjon keep and lady's bower, for the gallant knights and fair maidens whose lovers were lifted far above the commonplace by the picturesque and perilous times in which they lived ! Comparatively meagre are the materials out of which in our day the romancist seeks to weave his interests; the romance of the heart may remain with the young and inexperienced, but the romance of the imagination is as a bygone dream amid the things around us; therefore, gentle reader, feeling the truth of our assertion in this matter, we candidly acknowledge at the outset that this our Modern Romance will bear no nearer resemblance to the genuine productions of the olden time than does the most staring of the plebeian houses around us to the noble Saxon ruin that overtops our good town. This matter settled we will proceed.

In one of the northern counties of England, in the midst of rich park-like grounds, stood a reasonably handsome and rather capacious modern mansion, the seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Errington. If there was little of romance about the place, there was sufficient of the poetry of nature, which is *not* romance, to constitute it a delicious spot. Beneath the rich overhanging branches of the stately trees, over the sunny glades that here and there burst into the glad light from amidst them, beside the pleasant sheets of water clear and waveless as so many mirrors, sported an innumerable herd of deer, while, nothing daunted by their presence, the pheasant flitted at will, giving utterance to his shrill cry, and the partridge crouched low in the fresh, delicate grass, and through the falling twilight might be seen many a timid hare, disporting at once so covertly and so freely, that you doubted whether to call him the lord or the slave of the domain along which he was bounding. Whether or not the owner of this fertile spot was fully sensible of its beauties is not for us to decide; it is sufficient for our purpose to state that the mansion that dignified, if it did not grace, its midst, was erected by his father, who, as it

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sometimes will happen, rather late in the day, was the first of his race—that is, of his title, and who transmitted both—the title and the mansion— to his son, the present possessor.

The Earl of Errington was essentially a man of the world; proud of his descent—no, of his *ascent*—of the order to which he belonged; and surely deserving, from his deep worship, of standing somewhat beyond its footstool. There were certainly vague rumours afloat that his grandfather had been a barber in his day, but these rumours never penetrated even the outermost walls of his salons, in one of the obscurest of which was a quaint, pictorial representation of the said worthy, in a suspicious-looking bob-wig, and presenting altogether a person and appearance that was anything but patrician.

Leaving the past, however, as we originally professed to do, and confining ourselves to the present, the Earl of Errington was a useful man in his generation: a staunch tory; an active dabbler, in his latter days, amongst the railways, and in all matters of local interest in his immediate neighbourhood, an adjunct without whose assistance it seemed as if no project could prosper, or even exist. His son had long ago delivered himself of his maiden speech in the lower house, where he was more than tolerated as a man of talent, and his youngest daughter was married to one who could boast of some patrician blood.

In all this some people might imagine there was enough to satisfy the wants, if not the aspirings, of Lord Errington's ancestral pride; but people generally forget, although a clearer-sighted monitor is so near their own hearts, that pride is insatiable. In fact, the earl had still one unmarried daughter on his hands, and his estates were mortgaged up to the elbows; here was sufficient cause for dissatisfaction at least, and having premised thus much, we will enter at once into the heart of our story.

The gorgeous colourings of a July sunset that enveloped every object without in their glowing light were partially thrown over the interior of what in other days would have been designated a lady's bower, but what is termed in modern parlance a boudoir, seated on an ottoman that rather receded into the shadow, was the Lady Elizabeth Stanton, the earl's daughter, and the ostensible mistress of the house. And here we ought to congratulate ourselves that it falls not to our lot to enter into a description of that most indescribable thing—female loveliness.

The Lady Elizabeth was homely as heart could wish, even to the verge of extreme homeliness. Her person was ungracefully masculine, her features large, irregular, and somewhat coarse, and save that they gave expression to a very large amount of hauteur, would have been pronounced expressionless.

And here we would take occasion to remark, that it is by no means a common circumstance for the offspring of our modern

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nobility to exhibit even plainness, but on the contrary, they certainly, amongst the aristocracy, lay claim to the largest amount of male and female beauty. The fact, however, in the present case, was a very stubborn fact—the Lady Elizabeth was decidedly ugly.

At the moment in which we present her to the reader, the lady was busily engaged in turning over rather than reading the pages of a periodical work; and an occasional, half indulged yawn, gave evidence of the listless nature of her occupation. This state of things was broken upon by a single tap at the door, and from a head protruded in the same instant, issued the interrogatory,

"May I come in, Lady Elizabeth?" which being answered in the affirmative, the Earl of Errington stood in the presence of his daughter.

"An extraordinary circumstance, Lady Elizabeth,"—the earl always addressed his children by their titles—"A very extraordinary circumstance," he continued, seating himself on the extreme verge of the ottoman; "old Morton is dead."

Now Lady Elizabeth had quite enough common sense to make her aware that there was nothing very extraordinary in the fact of an old man dying, but with the earl everything was extraordinary.

"Died, of course, in Jamaica, from whence his son writes the account. He adds that he intends returning to England so soon as the necessary arrangement of his affairs will permit. He had a very laudable ambition, had old Morton; a most extraordinary circumstance, in his case, but it was so, and his son seems to be altogether possessed with the same spirit; quite a sensible young man, very sensible, indeed; and I have decided expectations of his being fully aware of the honour awaiting him. Of course, we must have a family party to meet him; it will only be proper. Let me see, we can have your brother, Lord Eden, of course, Blantyre and Mary, and your aunts, the Ladies Anslow."—The earl had married a title.—Ah! I should not be surprised now, Lady Elizabeth," he continued, giving utterance to the thought that was uppermost within him; "I should not be at all surprised if young Morton turns out a millionaire; indeed, I shall be disappointed if he does not, for, considering what we sacrifice in the connection, we have a right to expect some equivalent. But I have not a doubt on the subject; all the papers teem with accounts of his immense wealth, which is said to be incalculable. Ah! we shall put a sudden check to the speculations that are at this moment floating through the minds of some of the disposable ladies of our world—eh, Lady Elizabeth?"

A very decided yawn on the part of the Lady Elizabeth followed this direct appeal to her sympathies, and after some little further conference the parties separated.

In order to elucidate the confidential communication of the earl

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to his daughter, it will be necessary that we explain the position in which the former stood to the deceased Morton.

Mr. Morton, then, was the sole holder of the mortgages on the estates of the Earl of Errington that had gradually engulfed the whole, and sole recipient of the interest that the noble earl found it a matter of some difficulty to pay. About twelve months previous to the commencement of our story Mr. Morton, not being destitute, as the earl asserted, of a noble ambition, ventured to propose, as a means of settling their mutual accounts, that his son, Edward Morton, should be united to the earl's daughter, on which event, should it take place, he was ready to settle upon the bride the sum that now hung in terrorem over her ancestral lands. The earl, of course, considered the proposal a most extraordinary circumstance, perhaps the most extraordinary one he had as yet met with; nevertheless, upon mature deliberation he gave his consent, answering for the Lady Elizabeth as confidently as Mr. Morton answered for his son, and betwixt these two at least the union of their families in due course of time was considered a settled matter.

Edward Morton, the son of the mortgagee, had resided for some years in Jamaica, therefore the young people had never met. Lady Elizabeth, indeed, was generally reported to be engaged to some one; but as no name transpired, and people did not much trouble their heads about her, the affair passed on very peaceably. Mr. Morton, a short time previous to the commencement of this our history, had passed over to Jamaica for the purpose of returning with his son, when death, as has been recorded, put a stop to his plans. The son's communication to the earl was perfectly satisfactory, therefore we must presume that the original intention remained in full force.

Exactly three weeks after the earl's recorded conversation with his daughter, the stage coach that passed every morning through the little village of Errington, deposited at the door of the chief hostelrie a young man of distinguished appearance, whose age might have been guessed at anything between twenty-six and thirty. His luggage, consisting merely of a trunk and carpet-bag, was with himself speedily consigned to the small parlour of the inn, and before the wheels of the vehicle were again in motion the host of the Golden Lion had appeared to the summons of his new guest. The ordered breakfast was soon despatched, and again the host answered the summons of the traveller.

"I shall want you by and by to direct me to the residence of the Earl of Errington, which I understand is at no great distance."

"Barely a mile, sir," replied the host, bowing yet more reverentially at the real or fancied connexion betwixt his guest and noble neighbour, "The park gates are not above three hundred yards off."

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"Very well. In the meantime can you recommend me to some decent family with whom I could for a short time have board and lodging? I should not give much trouble, and privacy is my chief object, the more retired the situation the better."

The proprietor of the Golden Lion made a dubious pause; perhaps he did not like the idea of parting so suddenly with his new acquisition. At length he spoke to the purpose.

"I think, sir, we can suit you exactly. There is Miss Clayton, at the hill top, the first house as you enter the village. She is a single lady living on a small property of her own, and the place is retired enough. She has, I know, one or two rooms to spare that she has occasionally let, and if you desire it we can make the inquiry directly."

"Thank you, thank you, do so; and let me know the result as quickly as possible."

The result was very soon communicated, and in an another hour the young stranger, with his trunk and carpet bag, was transported to the dwelling of Miss Clayton on the hill top.

CHAPTER II.

"I am so sorry, sir," said Miss Clayton, a lively, loquacious woman of about fifty, as she bustled about the very neat, shady little parlour in which the strange gentleman at length found himself settled. "I am so sorry—yet no, that is not the word; God forbid I should say I was sorry that my own sister's child had flown to me for refuge; but things *have* happened very oddly. My niece arrived here only yesterday morning, just as you have done to-day, and this parlour, and the little sleeping-room that I had used to let, were the very thing for her; but she could not hear of my turning you away, and we have scarcely had time to put the place in order yet, but I hope we shall be able to make you comfortable."

"Indeed, my dear madam," said the gentleman, smiling, "it is not a very comfortable thing to begin with; this knowledge that I have been the means of turning out of her apartments so worthy a young lady as your niece must be; and I fear she will think me sadly wanting in gallantry if I consent to retain them on such terms."

"O no, no, not at all. My neice, Edith Stan——, my niece, Edith, is the gentlest creature in the world, and would bear anything rather than the idea of putting others out of the way."

"The very best reason why I should not put her out of the way."

"Now, pray don't say anything more about it; dear me, I am

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always blundering, and I declare here is Edith's drawing-book left after all. Does she not draw prettily?"

A sketch-book had escaped from the portfolio to the floor, and after picking it up, the gentleman for a moment detained it.

"Prettily! beautifully! exquisitely! and I should imagine the contents of the portfolio are well worth examination."

"O! I am sure you may examine them as much as you like. Edith seemed quite delighted this morning that I took so much pleasure in them. And they will bear looking at. She has had a good education, poor child! and it is a sad thing her having to come here at last; but of course you don't know all about it."

The stranger did not know all about it, but he seemed to know sufficient of the art in question to admire the niece's drawings to the aunt's full content. At length, in removing one of the sketches, a few loose sheets of manuscript written in a delicate female hand, arrested his further search, and closing the book he returned it with very sincere acknowledgments for the pleasure it had afforded him.

"But indeed, sir, you have not yet seen half, scarcely y of the most beautiful ones," interposed Miss Clayton.

"Then I will hope to see them at some future opportunity; at present I fear I have already trespassed too far."

"Well, as you please; and, dear sir, I am troubling you with these things when I ought to be thinking of other matters. Of course you are tired, and the air here is proverbial for giving people an appetite; and I have not asked whether you will prefer taking your meals alone or with us; and I have not yet learned your name, and if you would like fish to dinner; Martin Jones is just going with the cart to Abbercliffe, and will bring some in good time."

Miss Clayton's shower of interrogatories, so well calculated to puzzle the gentleman, did not produce any such effect; he briefly informed her that his name was Edwards, that he should certainly prefer the society of her family to solitude, and that as he had no particular predilection for fish, he should leave the matter entirely to her management.

"And now, my good madam," he continued, "if you will let me know your dinner hour I will contrive to be punctual. I have a commission to deliver myself to the Earl of Errington, after which I shall be at your service."

A very visible start of surprise on the part of Miss Clayton, an embarrassment of manner amounting to agitation, could not escape the notice of Mr. Edwards.

The Earl of Errington! You his visitor, sir! I beg pardon; may I ask if you are particularly acquainted with his lordship?"

Not at all; and the gentleman on whose behalf I now seek an interview is as great a stranger as myself."

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A sudden thoughtfulness had certainly checked the full flow of Miss Clayton's eloquence; and, taking advantage of the circumstance, her lodger departed, turning his steps in the direction of Errington Park.

It is marvellous how circumstances alter cases. A walk through Errington Park in the fresh stillness of early morning, or in the yet deeper quiet of a summer twilight, was a very different thing to traversing the same picturesque grounds under the influence of a July sun at mid-day. This painful fact was frequently reverted to by Mr. Edwards ere he found himself standing at the principal entrance to the earl's mansion. With the exception of the people at the lodge he had encountered no human being on his way, and there was a drowsy langour about the appearance of the building itself, as it stood silently in the noontide heat with no sign or sound of life, that made the young man pause for a moment, marvelling whether or not he was about to intrude at an hour devoted to the siesta.

Quitting the principal entrance, and approaching a small portal to which a bell was attached, he ventured a rather prolonged peal, that was speedily answered by a servant in showy livery, followed by several others, who joined in scrutinizing the stranger with all the licensed rudeness of their order. About him, however, there was a quiet dignity of manner that repulsed their familiarity without any apparent notice of it. Inquiring if the earl was within, and being answered in the affirmative, he said,

"Tell him that the bearer of this letter, from Mr. Morton, of Jamaica, will wait his perusal of it; and in the meantime, I will thank you to show me into some apartment where I may find refuge from the heat of the day.

The answering bow of the lacquey was sufficiently deferential, for the name of Mr. Morton, of Jamaica, extended its influence through the household; and preceding the strange gentleman until he finally deposited him in the statue saloon as the coolest place, the attendant departed on his errand to the earl.

Leaving Mr. Edwards to amuse himself with the worthies, real and ideal, around him, we will follow the fortunes of the latter. The earl was seated in his library with the Lady Elizabeth, when that document was placed in his hands. The servant disappeared, and the epistle had been twice silently perused before the feelings to which it gave rise found utterance.

Lady Elizabeth quietly continued the broidery work with which she was occupied, seemingly too well aware of the value of self-possession to allow any circumstance to disturb the cool dignity of her usual manner. It is astonishing how apathetic your women of fashion, and, indeed, your conventional women of all classes, can be. At length the earl found a voice.

"A very extraordinary circumstance, Lady Elizabeth—most

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extraordinary. Edward Morton says he has especial reasons for not wishing to appear in England just at present; says this barely, without assigning any motive. In the meantime he commends to our notice an especial friend of his; a friend, indeed, he says, after his own heart. I fear the young man's heart is too expansive for this world. This friend, this Mr. Edwards, is, he says, a poet, and fancies himself a bit of a philosopher. He craves our indulgence to his foibles, our sympathy with his views, which he considers noble; and finally, expresses a wish that we should make ourselves mutually agreeable until he himself is pleased to appear on the scene. This is, in fact, the substance of his communication to me. Extraordinarily cool, certainly. Will you, my dear Lady Elizabeth, see if you can give a more satisfactory version of the epistle?"

Lady Elizabeth held out a steady hand, and, after a leisurely perusal of the said epistle, returned it with a stolid assurance that her father's sum of the whole was perfect in every respect.

"Then how are we to proceed in this affair? A young man who begins by patronizing poets and affecting mysteries will be a rather difficult person to deal with. He is assuming a great deal, indeed; how he came by such notions I cannot imagine; it is an extraordinary circumstance in his case, very extraordinary. *I* do not keep a poet in my train; indeed I never heard of one being retained except as a useless appendage of royalty. We must cure the young man of such fancies. In the mean time what are we to do with this son of the Muses? He is here recommended to our especial care, and we must bestow him somewhere."

"Oh, retain him yourself, by all means," was the laconic reply of the Lady Elizabeth.

"It is an extraordinary circumstance," again commenced the earl; but the Lady Elizabeth *did* sometimes speak before she was strictly required to do so, in order to abridge the extraordinary circumstances enumerated by her father; and she now said abruptly,

"Perhaps you had better see the gentleman before you attempt to decide anything respecting him."

"Right, Lady Elizabeth," said the earl.

It was not the first time that he had been indebted to his daughter's suggestions, and, summoning the attendant, he desired him to let Mr. Edwards know that the Earl of Errington would be happy to see him. A few moments brought him into the presence.

"I believe I have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Edwards, of whom honourable mention is made by my friend here," pointing to the letter.

Mr. Edwards bowed.

"Mr. Edwards, Lady Elizabeth Stanton—Lady Elizabeth,

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Mr. Edwards. We meet under rather extraordinary circumstances, which, however, should not make you less welcome. Being in Mr. Morton's confidence, and having so recently left him, you may be able to give us some more definite idea as to the period of his arriving in England than he has here."

"It would be uncandid to affect ignorance of the nature of Mr. Morton's communication to yourself, and I can only repeat what he there states, that he has certain reasons for not wishing to appear in England at present."

This extended confidence put the earl yet further aback, and the words "extraordinary circumstance" were again hovering on his lips, when Lady Elizabeth interposed.

"Perhaps Mr. Edwards will take some refreshment."

The earl added a very decided "Of course," and moved towards the bell; and for a few seconds Mr. Edwards fixed his eyes upon the countenance of the lady as if in indecision, but he spoke in time to arrest the movement of the earl.

"I thank you, but I have promised to return to the village by two o'clock to dine with the family at whose house I purpose remaining until Mr. Morton makes known his return. In the meantime I will hope that I may be allowed to pay my respects here occasionally.

"Of course, of course," said the earl, "we shall at all times be happy to see you; will you dine with myself and Lady Elizabeth on Thursday? We can then talk over your views and plans for the future, and if I can aid you in any way it will give me infinite pleasure; although, I must confess, I know little about poetry, and have no literary influence. By the way, may I inquire the name of the family you are residing with?"

"The lady's name is Clayton, Miss Clayton."

Was it merely fancy, or did the name of his landlady produce the same effect on the earl that his own had so recently produced on her? Mr. Edwards turned his eyes involuntarily to the stolid face of Lady Elizabeth, but there all was calm enough; the earl, however, *was* discomposed, his manner became more frigid, and, glad to take leave on any terms, Mr. Edwards, having accepted the invitation for Thursday, departed.

CHAPTER III.

The house occupied by Miss Clayton was an irregular, old-fashioned brick building, with stone facings, of small pretensions as to size, and bearing about it rather the appearance of comfort than gentility. A well-grown box hedge here and there cut into

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fantastic shapes, partly hid it from the road by which it was situated, and beyond a perfect paradise of flowers opened on either side the winding walks. A large projecting latticed window, enveloped in roses and woodbines without, and within forming a delicious recess, occupied one side of the doorway, with its deep portal half hid in a wilderness of ivy. On the other side was the smaller window belonging to the little parlour into which the reader has been introduced, and over which a large beech-tree threw its deep shadows. The building contained only one story, but what it wanted in height was made up in depth, and one half on the opposite side encroached largely on the small orchard by which the little domain was bounded.

For several minutes after her lodger's departure, Miss Clayton remained standing in his apartment, and, as the thoughts by which she was occupied found audible vent, we feel ourselves at liberty to make use of them.

"Well," she exclaimed, "this is odd and vexatious too; a lodger of mine to visit the Earl of Errington! I am sure I don't know what I shall say to Edith. Perhaps he may not have to go there again; at all events the earl will not come *here*, that's pretty certain. I think he knows better than to show his face, unless, poor man, he could prove that he wore a heart under it. But it is of no use thinking. And what a fine young man this Mr. Edwards is, so dignified yet so courteous, quite the gentleman I am sure; and then so handsome! I am sure Edith will like him, indeed I am determined she shall; so now to prepare her for the first impression."

Sallying forth with the portfolio under her arm, Miss Clayton sought her niece in the larger parlour, and not finding her there, she threaded her way through passages and other rooms innumerable, until she finally emerged into the broad sunshine that streamed through the orchard trees. A merry peal of laughter, and the exclamation "Come here, Missis," drew her into the dairy, where she found her niece busily employed in churning butter, to the infinite amusement of the maid, a rosy, good-humoured girl of about twenty; and the united merriment of the two had so far disarranged the speech that her aunt had for the last few minutes been busily conning in her own mind, that her face on the present occasion wore a most unwonted expression of discontent.

"Now don't be angry, my dear aunt," exclaimed Edith, pausing in her labours to look up, and exhibiting as she did so a face startling in its radiant beauty, "I promise you on the faith of Hannah here, who says I can do it no harm, that I will not spoil your butter. She has not held out hopes of my doing it any good, but you know you have threatened me with a dozen farmer lovers before the week is out, and as I may marry one of them in the

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end, it is but right that I should understand something of these matters."

"Another time, Edith dear; I really want to speak a few words with you seriously. Will you come with me to the parlour?"

Edith's work, if such it might be called, was suspended in a moment. Young as she was, and she did not appear to be more than eighteen, she had experienced much of sorrow; and an instinctive dread of some coming evil, that haunting shadow of the unfortunate, came over her as she silently followed her aunt into the pleasant sitting-room in front of the house. Miss Clayton seated herself very methodically in the recess before spoken of, and even paused for a minute or two to arrange her ideas, wearing all the time a very serious aspect. Edith, as she sat at the opposite side of the little table, her rounded chin resting on her tiny white hand, presented as different an appearance from that of the laughing girl she had seemed the minute before as could be well conceived. The deep flush had faded from her cheeks, leaving them almost pale, and from her large hazel eyes—the glowing, speaking eyes full of heart and soul that one sometimes, but very rarely, meets with in a lifetime—all mirthful traces had passed away as she fixed their gaze with earnest sadness on her aunt's face. Perhaps any one would have said that the change was a decided improvement, for the expression of strong, subdued feeling harmonized well with the pure Grecian form of her faultless features, and the quiet grace of her youthful figure; so that, as she sat there, we might have imagined we beheld one of the beautiful creations of the past animated for a brief season, just to show us what the visions of the past, and the poet-hearted sculptors of old could produce, if nature would not. But, alas for the merely mortal beauty we have to deal with! a few commonplace words have again transformed her and dispelled our dreams.

"Now, Edith dear," commenced Miss Clayton at length, "I want to speak to you about Mr. Edwards—our lodger, I mean . . . ."

Edith started up from her attitude of deep attention.

"What, my dear aunt, was it about nothing but him that you . . . ."

"Nothing but him! I did not think you could speak so contemptuously, Edith. It is about him that I wish to speak with you, and I am sure . . . ."

A long, merry peal of laughter brought the rich colour again to the cheeks of Edith, and Miss Clayton, rather indignant at the interruption, preserved a solemn silence.

"Pardon, oh, pardon me; I know I am very wicked," said Edith at length; "but indeed you looked and spoke with such unusual seriousness that I really dreaded to hear what was com-

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ing. Now I know what it is about I will be as sober and attentive as you like."

So saying she again settled herself in the chair, and screwed up her little rosy mouth with an effort at demureness that was sadly at variance with the merry twinkle of her dark eyes.

"Well, if you have had your laugh out, and it really does you good to laugh, child," said Miss Clayton, whose good humour was always predominant, and looking as she spoke with admiring fondness in her niece's face. "Ah, well, never mind, when you have seen Mr. Edwards you will allow that he is worth talking about. I fancy I shall have my revenge; I dare say, now, you are thinking within yourself that your poor old aunt, who has vegetated nearly all her life among the clodpoles, is likely enough to be captivated with any second-rate specimen of a gentleman that chance may throw in her way; but I have lived in London, recollect; I have for years had an opportunity of seeing the visitors down at the Park, here, and I declare that, with the exception of your own father, I never, until this morning, beheld a really handsome, noble-looking, gentlemanly human being. You are still incredulous, I see;" but nothing daunted by Edith's laughing eyes the lady went on. "Well, your drawing-book was left on the table, and by chance he caught sight of one of the sketches, and was in raptures with it; then I showed him some of the others, and he spoke as one who understood and appreciated the art so well, that I am sure his society will be quite an acquisition to you. And then—now don't blush and look annoyed, Edith, for it was all my fault his looking at them at all—he spoke with delicacy of feeling about examining the drawings without your sanction, and hoping to do so with it, closing the book when I am sure he was longing to look further. Oh, I am sure he is one of nature's noblemen, if not of this world's making. And where do you think he is gone? Nay you would never guess. Why on a visit to the Earl of Errington, and he has promised to be back here to dine with us precisely at two o'clock."

This latter piece of information had the effect of again chasing the colour from the cheeks of Edith, and bringing back the expression of thoughtful sadness to her eyes. Anxious to hide her emotion, however, she started up with a light laugh, saying she should judge for herself at dinner time; and, hurrying to her own room, she buried her face in her hands and wept there long and bitterly.

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CHAPTER IV.

Punctual to the time Mr. Edwards arrived, and was duly ushered into the dining-room by his hostess, who arranged everything to her own satisfaction. Indeed, so earnestly had she been engaged that she had not noticed the prolonged absence of Edith; and now dinner being ready, she despatched the maid to her room with an expression of wonder at her nonappearance. Mr. Edwards, who was not extraordinarily interested in this, had stationed himself by the window admiring the floral display without, when the voice of Miss Clayton recalled his attention.

"Why, Edith, child, where have you been all this time? and, bless me, how pale you are. I must not allow you to mope yourself up; no use coming into the country to do that. Mr. Edwards, my niece; Edith, Mr. Edwards. Now, do sit down, for the dinner is getting cold."

The start of Miss Clayton, the embarrassment of the Earl of Errington at the mention of their mutual names, had been nothing to the agitating surprise that rivetted Mr. Edwards at the first glance of Edith. He had been prepared to see an extraordinarily clever boarding-school girl—nothing more; and here was a divinity, a queen in her surpassing loveliness, bearing about her every look and action unquestionable evidence of gentle birth and breeding; an unobtrusive and yet conscious dignity of manner that completely lifted her above all the present circumstances of her situation, and a proud promise of intellectual superiority that sat well on the fair, open brow, whence it beamed forth.

Edith returned the bow of the stranger without lifting her eyes, and perhaps it was well she so ordered it, for when once, during the somewhat silent repast, Mr. Edwards for the first time found the light of those deep, glowing orbs fixed upon his own, his agitation increased tenfold; and the hand, and the glass too, that he was just lifting to his lips, shook with a sudden tremor. Perhaps even the most indifferent observer would have decided that the gentleman was already pretty far ininitiated in the mysteries of love.

Edith, however, although she had threatened to judge of the stranger's merits for herself, was really, during the greater part of the hour she now passed in his presence, scarcely conscious of it. A host of busy thoughts had been awakened within her, and absorbed in gloomy retrospections of the past, and yet more gloomy anticipations of the future, her manner was constrained and absent, her words few, and her replies not always to the purpose; and altogether her two companions were made pretty well aware of the

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fact, that in her thoughts, whatever these might be, they had very little share.

Miss Clayton, who understood her niece's feelings, forbore to intrude upon them, addressing herself almost entirely to her lodger. He, on his part, was conscious of many sensations that he had never before experienced. His mind, highly gifted by nature, and richly stored with knowledge, his heart, overflowing with generous and noble feelings, had ever been ready to pour forth their treasures when the presence of any congenial object gave them free course; yet now, when both were filled with the intellectual beauty of Edith, when the desire to please and to enter into the sympathies of another was stronger within him than it had ever been, the power was wanting to second the will; and Miss Clayton silently acknowledged that it had seldom been her lot to sit for an hour with two such unsociably abstracted companions as her niece and lodger. If any one could have followed that young gentleman to the solitude of his own room, it would have been rather diverting to have witnessed the eccentricity of his movements. Dissatisfied with himself, because, perhaps for the first time, he had found himself wanting; annoyed, though he would not acknowledge it, by the dignified reserve of Edith, and somewhat surprised at the sudden and overwhelming interest she had created within him, his thoughts were altogether a chaos that he vainly endeavoured to reduce to something like order. His body, partaking of the restlessness of his mind, seemed to seek for refuge in constant motion; and if by chance, and utterly unconscious of the action, he threw himself upon the couch for a few moments, it was only to rise again, and again pace the narrow confines of his apartment, now with slow, now with hurried steps, occasionally murmuring a few very unsatisfactory words, and anon cogitating in silence.

This state of things was broken upon by a tap at his door, and when the maid announced that tea was ready, he looked up with incredulous surprise, perhaps not quite willing to have the belief forced upon him that he had passed such a number of hours so profitlessly.

At the tea table he found Edith presiding; and, indeed, alone. A mute and somewhat stately salutation passed betwixt the two; but a single glance at Edith's splendid eyes upset in a moment the young man's previous determination to be as cold and stately as herself. Indeed, had it not so happened, he must eventually have yielded, for Edith herself was in a far more communicative mood—that is, an interesting subject had engrossed her attention, and she could not choose but speak, because her heart was with it.

"You will excuse my aunt's absence for a few minutes," she observed to Mr. Edwards, who thought he had never listened to such delicious music before; "an epidemic has been raging in the

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village for some time past, and it has visited many of the inhabitants very heavily. My aunt is now speaking with a messenger from a poor cottager who has been attacked by the sickness, and who has, we fear, little chance of recovery."

Mr. Edwards made some sort of reply, but as he himself afterwards vainly attempted to recollect the words, or even the substance of them, we may fairly give it up and proceed.

Miss Clayton's entrance the minute after led to a general conversation on the subject of the distemper that had already committted sad ravages in the little village community; and as the lady had been born, and, with the exception of a few intervals of absence, had passed her life in the place, the histories of the families that had been most heavily visited were known to her, affording her an opportunity of enlarging on the subject which so good a gossip could not let pass unimproved. Nor was the theme, humble as it was, wholly uninteresting to her hearers. First there was Jenny Hanwell, who had lived as servant with herself, and married from the house. Her husband had never risen above his original grade—that of labourer, but he had always been honest and industrious, and no man in the village had been more respected in his station. His wife, too, was a kind-hearted, managing woman, and the general good conduct of their seven children had been, Miss Clayton said, a constant theme with the old rector, who had died the previous year, and who succeeded her own father in the living of Errington. Four members of this family had taken the fever, two of whom had died, the father and the eldest boy, the sole supports of the family. The widow was now herself laid up, and, heart-broken as she was, there seemed little chance for her.

Then there was old farmer Thornton of the Grange, who had been the most wealthy man of the village in his day; but heavy losses, and the disobedience and extravagance of his two sons had brought him low in his old age. One of the sons had enlisted as a common soldier two or three times, and the old farmer had bought him off, but again absconding he passed over to America, where he died, leaving a wife and three children, whom the father took. The other son, too, died in a course of dissipation, leaving two boys, for his wife had died broken-hearted before him; and the eldest of these boys, who had been his grandfather's sole stay, had been carried off by the epidemic. He, too, had left a widow and a young child, and the old man, borne down by infirmities and sorrows, was daily expecting to be turned off the lands on which he was born, for the lease was just out, and though the landlord had promised to renew it to the grandson, now he was dead he refused to do so.

There was another extreme case, that of the widow of the late village schoolmaster. Since his death she had struggled hard to maintain her young children by herself keeping a small school, and

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her eldest boy was in service at the rector's; but he had been seized with the sickness and was sent home to die, and the widow's school had died also, nor was there much chance of its being restored, for the mother's spirit seemed broken.

"And the Earl of Errington," asked Mr. Edwards; "does he not interest himself about these poor people in their affliction, nor the Lady Elizabeth?"

Oh! no, sir, not much; they did send some trifle by the rector to the schoolmaster's widow when her son died, but I question whether either of them would drive through the village at this time. The fact is, the earl is very poor, and that is the reason why he remains so long amongst us, not any attachment to the place or the people."

Miss Clayton was gratified by the interest evinced by her lodger in the accounts she had given him of her poor neighbours, though she secretly wondered for what purpose he so frequently recurred to his pocket-book, in which he seemed to be taking notes; and Edith, sympathising in the benevolent expression of the feelings to which he gave utterance, ventured now and then to lift her eyes to his face, a procedure which her aunt marked with a quick glance of triumph.

Altogether the evening passed pleasantly and with satisfaction to all, for each had received a favourable impression of the other; and if Mr. Edwards slept little that night, his waking dreams were certainly far more agreeable than those of a few hours previous had been.

(*To be continued.*)

A HEART'S HISTORY.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

THERE liv'd a child, a fair young child, the light of whose sweet eyes
Reveal'd the treasures of the heart beneath without disguise,
There love and joy, hope scarce defin'd, yet eloquent, were shown,
Above, below, one heritage of sunshine was his own.

All bright and beauteous things were formed for that pure heart to store,
The tints of heaven, the flowers of earth, the glad waves on the shore,
The ties at home, the pomps abroad, all seem'd of that to breathe,
Wherewith a free soul might be proud its inmost thoughts to wreathe.

There came a change, a sudden change, even on his childhood's race,
Friends died, and fortune's withering frown fell o'er home's sacred place,
Strange looks and cold, strange words and harsh, assail'd him day by day,
As with a wondering, wilder'd look he pass'd along his way.

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No feeling of resistance came upon the boy's young soul,
One wildly-timid sense of fear, of pain, there held control,
A tender mingling of the past with all the present ill
Yet kept his glowing sympathies from every threat'ning chill.

The child was gentle, loving thoughts around each sense had grown,
Pride, hate, revenge, those human guests, to him were all unknown;
In sad surprise he wander'd on as life more sterile grew,
Till from his face had pass'd the light, and from his heart the dew.

And then a change, a darker change than all the changes past
Brought for his soul the bondage strong that chains us all at last;
Childhood in youth and manhood merg'd forgot the claims of old,
Till he who only liv'd to love was coldest of the cold.

And sterner grown from sense of wrong throughout the dark past borne,
He proudly yielded hate for hate, and hurl'd back scorn for scorn;
The deep'ning shadows of the earth across his heart were spread,
Shutting out all the lights of old, the influence of the dead.

Vain, sterile, brief, is the career of men who walk in strife;
The mortal struggle is not strength, its passions are not *life;*
And when the snows of winter fell upon that once bright head,
A low, deep voice came back to him, and thus it sternly said:—

"One other change, one other change, the hardest and the best,
Must pass o'er thee, tired spirit, yet, ere thou canst hope for rest:
Amid the grovelling dust of earth what didst thou deem to find?
Plume thy soil'd wings yet once again, and cast it all behind.

By Him that died its hope to save, by Him whose name is Love,
Hurl the dark bondage from thy soul, and lift its trust above;
Far hast thou wander'd from the home that waited thy return,
How far the conscious thoughts may tell that yet within thee burn.

Where is God's fairest gift and first, the heart for love design'd?
Thou hast it not, thy breast is arm'd with wrath against thy kind;
Where is the meek unshaken faith in truth and beauty's reign
That once was thine; where is it now? seek, grasp that faith again.

Go 'mid the homes of living men, let love disarm thy pride,
Search the throng'd graves, and yield thy hate—there *all* are close allied;
But dare not ask for self alone the treasures of the just,
Stand with thy brethren and be strong, heirs of one hope and trust."

And harder was the struggle now than it had been before,
Hard to regain the gentle rule his spirit own'd of yore;
Yet back it came—the dark strife ceas'd—one holy dream of heaven
Had fitted for its purer realm the guilty but forgiven.

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THE ORPHAN GIRLS.

A SKETCH—BY A SURGEON.

Stephen Beverly was the only son of a wealthy country gentleman, handsome, intelligent, and heir to three thousand a year. With such recommendations he, at twenty-four, easily obtained the hand of Mary Willmott, a lovely girl in her eighteenth year. Upon the death of his father, which occurred a few years after his marriage, he took up his abode at Beverly Park. It was at this period I was called in to attend Mrs. Beverly, who was suffering from a low nervous fever.

When I entered the room she was engaged nursing a lovely little girl, about three years and a half old, another, apparently about six, was playing at her feet. Mrs. Beverly was still a beautiful woman, but, accustomed to observe, I could not help noticing her very unhappy expression of countenance; she was evidently *striving* to be cheerful, and appeared to me rather to need medicine for the mind than the body. While I was conversing with my patient Mr. Beverly entered.

"Well, doctor, and how do you find Mary? she's only a little hipped now, is it not so? It's this dull place that's enough to mope any one; I'm sure I'm tired to death," drawled he, stretching, and then walking to the window. "I wonder Gilbert is not here; he's sadly behind time."

"Papa, papa," cried little Mary, clasping her hands round his knees, "I do no like Mr. Gilbert."

"And why do you not like Mr. Gilbert?" said he, lifting her up.

"Because, papa, mamma does *so* cry when he is here."

He hastily placed her on the floor. I could catch but a slight glimpse of his countenance, but I perceived him change colour.

After having prescribed some slight alterative I took my departure, musing on what had passed. That sorrow was destroying Mrs. Beverly's health, I had little doubt; and if men like Mr. Gilbert were the chosen associates of her husband, could I be surprised?

Mrs. Beverly's health continued to decline; I felt fearful that symptoms of consumption were showing themselves. About this time the family removed to London, and I lost sight of them; but shortly after my fears with respect to Mrs. Beverly were confirmed, and her illness terminated fatally in the spring following. The family were now rarely down in the country. Mr.

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Beverly preferred town, and consequently took but little interest in his country residence; for ten years it was rarely visited by any of them for more than a few days at a time.

One evening taking a walk through the grounds, I was roused by the sound of voices, and, on looking up, perceived two girls, their arms encircling each other, whom I instantly recognised as the little girls I had formerly nursed. I was standing so that a tree completely sheltered me from observation. Mary was neither pretty nor beautiful, but possessed of a highly intellectual countenance, combined with great sweetness of expression. She was looking tenderly into her sister's face, whose sweet, clear laugh rang merrily through the woods. Emily was a lovely little creature, her black eyes sparkling with merriment, her regular features and black hair contrasted well with a skin of dazzling fairness; she appeared scarcely to have reached her fifteenth year. "How lovely!" I mentally exclaimed, "and yet how soon to fade!"

"And now, Emily, we must go in," said her elder sister; "it is getting late, and you know what a little thing gives you cold."

"Oh! let us go once more along this walk, Mary, it is so delightful; and see, there is not much damp yet."

Mary hesitated, looked as if she *could not* shorten her pleasure, and, turning round, their voices were soon lost in the distance.

I retraced my steps and returned homewards. The last accounts I had heard of Mr. Beverly were, that after having injured his health by indulging in every vice, he had engaged in mercantile speculations, and was travelling in Italy for his health. He had disposed of his house in town, and I was informed that his daughters had taken up their residence at Beverly Park until his return.

I must now pass over two years of my life, during which I had obtained an appointment in India; but in consequence of loss of health I was obliged to resign and return to England. I departed from the shores of India poorer than I left my native land.

One fine afternoon I was lounging on deck; for lack of something better to do I took up an old newspaper, and, looking over the list of bankrupts, I read therein the name of Stephen Beverly, of Beverly Park, in the county of S——e. I sat musing for some time. What had been the fate of those girls? What home now sheltered them? Were they separated? were questions I in vain tried to answer. I read and re-read the paper, and in a restless mood threw it upon a heap of luggage. It was immediately taken up by two of my fellow passengers who were seated on the opposite side of it; they also read the bankrupt list; there were several in it with whom they had been acquainted.

"Ah! Stephen Beverly," said one; "poor devil! he made a short business of it. A fellow must feel queer when he puts the muzzle of a pistol down here," pointing to his throat.

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I shuddered and walked to the side of the vessel. This, then, was the end. I felt squeamish and unsettled, but fresh things called my attention, and in a short time I had forgotten the matter.

I determined upon settling in London, and took my place in the Plymouth mail. I selected such lodgings as I thought best suited my scanty finances, and, after paying my quarter's rent, I found I had only a few shillings remaining.

I was returning from a walk in a very disconsolate mood, when, just as I was opening my door, I was accosted by a poor old Irish woman:—

"And is it yourself, dear, that's the good doctor," said she; "and is it yourself that'll do the good action?"

"And what is it I can do for you, my good woman?" I replied.

"And bless you for saying the kind word to a poor cratur in distress; isn't it myself, that's got three childers ill of the faver, and no money to pay the doctor with?" here sobs choked her utterance.

I immediately told her to lead the way and I would follow. We passed through numerous alleys until we came to a street more wretched than anything I could have pictured.

I asked where we were?

She replied, "Well, dear, and isn't it St. Giles' they call the grand street."

I now understood we were in those streets inhabited by the lowest and poorest class of Irish, which I had often heard described but never before visited. I found the poor woman's children suffering from a very malignant fever which was then raging in the back streets and alleys of the Metropolis.

One evening I had been prevented from visiting these poor people until much later than usual, and, taking a wrong turn, I found myself quite bewildered. It was quite dark; the atmosphere felt so thick I mechanically unbuttoned my coat to allow of freer respiration; a dense fog surrounded every object, and now and then fell in a heavy drop. I stood still to see if I could meet with any one from whom I could ask my way, but there was no one visible. Rather higher up I perceived a faint light streaming through a window; I walked on, and looking through I perceived a girl, she was in the attitude of prayer, her face buried in her hands. I gently pushed open the door, but she did not move.

"O God! spare her, spare her!" escaped from her lips in broken accents.

I looked round, a farthing dip, a cup with some milk, and a small piece of brown bread on a wooden stool were all the apartment contained. I moved to attract her attention, she raised her head, and, looking at me, exclaimed,

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"Oh! do not rob me! I have nothing, nothing to give you. [My eyes were turned towards the table.] Oh; take the bread, but do not, do not take the milk, it is for my sick sister. If you have a heart of pity leave me that."

"My good girl," I replied, "I am not going to rob you; I am a surgeon, and have been attending a poor family in one of these streets; in the dark I have lost my way, and to inquire brought me hither."

While I was speaking a sudden idea appeared to flash across her mind she looked at me attentively as if she would read my heart.

"Are you indeed a surgeon?" said she.

"I am so," I replied.

"Will you, will you see her? I cannot pay you, I have no money."

"Is it your sister," I asked, "you wish me to see?"

"Yes," she replied, "I fear she is very, very ill."

I immediately assured her I would do all I could for her sister. She did not thank me, but looking up said, "God has sent you," and bid me follow her up stairs; at the top she made a sign for me to wait. I could see all round the room; a very small fire was in the grate, an elegant rosewood easy chair lined with amber velvet was the only furniture, a small pallet bed with a sheet suspended by pieces of string attached to nails in the ceiling served for a curtain on the side near the door, and prevented my seeing the occupant of the bed. She stole gently round, when a languid voice said,

"Mary!"

"I am here, love," she replied.

"Oh, Mary! come and talk to me; I have had such a shocking dream. I thought I was de—ad, and you were all alone." Sobs choked her utterance.

"Oh! do not, do not cry so, you will make yourself so ill; and you know, Emily [her voice trembling with emotion], if you were to die I should not be *all* alone."

"Oh! I do not cry for myself, but you, you Mary."

"Come, love, try to be quiet. I have brought a doctor to see you, and who knows . . . ." and then, as if fearful of raising hopes which were never to be realized, the sentence died away upon her lips.

I approached my patient, and instantly recognized in the emaciated form which lay before me the once lovely Emily Beverly. Once lovely I should not say; she was, if possible, more beautiful than ever; those eyes, always so dark, now looked doubly brilliant, and the hectic spot in each cheek told a fearful tale. I felt her pulse; it was a hundred and ten. Not having my stethoscope, I placed my ear to her chest, and at once perceived human aid was of no avail.

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While I was questioning my patient I could not help noticing the countenance of Mary. I have seen persons in almost every stage of distress both mental and bodily; but neither before nor since have I ever seen such intense agony depicted in any human countenance. I followed her down stairs; her lips trembled, but she could not speak. I, too, was much affected; I felt I could not crush every hope; I murmured, "With God all things are possible."

She understood but too well, and, turning white as death, she leaned against the wall for support. After a few minutes she again tried to speak. I caught the words, "How long?" I understood what she meant, and replied, "It is impossible to say."

Mary returned up stairs, and I to my solitary home, musing on the scene I had just witnessed. I thought on their poverty, and regretted I had not given them something; but no, I could not offer them money; no, I must do it in some other way; and I spent a sleepless night in thinking how I might best serve them. My own resources were very small; my stock of money had wasted to a few shillings; my patients were all of the very poorest class—so poor that instead of receiving, I could not resist the dictates of my heart and try to alleviate their sufferings. I arose uncertain how to act for the best, and bent my steps towards their abode.

I found my patient even worse than I had thought the night before; I felt almost certain a fortnight would terminate her life. I asked Mary if they had no friends.

"None," she replied. "We were all to each other, and never mixed in any society. After my poor father's death we came to live with a poor maiden aunt in this city. I gained what I could by embroidery and painting; in this manner we managed to make a scanty livelihood for some time. My aunt fell sick; it was a long and dangerous illness, terminating fatally. We were obliged to sell everything we possessed to pay the doctor's bill, our rent, and the funeral expenses. Emily was ill, and our landlord seeing (as he said) we had no goods left, gave us notice to leave. These being the cheapest lodgings we could find, we took them; Emily got worse; we sold everything but the easy chair, *that* we kept to the last, because she could sit up in it; but that will soon be useless; she will not sit up many times more," and the tears streamed down her cheeks.

I asked if her sister wished for anything.

She said, "She *has* wished for wine, but it was out of my power to get it for her."

What would I now have given for some of that money I had so heedlessly squandered in the former part of my life! Oh! ye thoughtless pleasure-seekers, ye little think how many a heart-ache ye might alleviate, how many souls ye might save from destruc-

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tion for a much less sum than ye would expend on some bauble to gratify your vanity.

In the evening my patient seemed better; she spoke of her death with the utmost composure. I asked if she would like a clergyman to visit her?

She replied, "No, it does me more good to talk to Mary; she has always taught me what is right."

A week passed on; Emily sometimes suffered much, and at others was able to converse cheerfully. One morning I was rather later than usual in paying my visit, and was surprised at not meeting Mary on the stairs as usual. The door of the apartment was open, and I walked gently in. Mary was supporting her sister in her arms; I instantly perceived a great change had taken place, and that death was coming in its most gentle form.

She looked at me placidly, smiled, and said, "You will take care of Mary." Then pointing to the Bible, and turning to Mary, she said, "You will not be without comfort, and we shall soon meet again."

Her breathing now became very short, her arms were clasped round her sister's neck, her head resting upon her bosom, she looked gently up in her face, a faint smile, a look of unutterable love, and her soul had departed to the God who gave it. So gently had her spirit taken its flight, we scarcely thought life extinct; I softly felt her pulse—all was still.

"Mary," I said, but she did not speak. I attempted to unclasp the arms of her sister and laid her gently on the bed; I took hold of her little hand—it was already stiffening. "Mary," I said, "we cannot grieve for her."

"No," she replied, "it is selfish to wish her back again." Tears came to her relief.

After seeing her rather more calm, and promising to return soon, I departed to visit my patients and to procure a coffin. The ready-made coffins in London provided by the parishes are little better than a few boards nailed together. I procured a man to convey one to the house, and shortly after followed. Mary was on her knees; she had cut up the pillow and sheets—her last—and was endeavouring to line it.

Two o'clock of the day but one following the funeral was to take place. I got the Irish woman's husband and one of her sons to carry the coffin; Mary and I followed. It was a dull gloomy day; a thick drizzling rain beat down the smoke, a dense fog surrounded every object, and the wind whistled mournfully as our little procession turned the corner of the street. Mary bore it better than I had anticipated until we returned to her room; there everything told of one who would be no more seen. The cup she had last drank out of, part full of milk, still stood by the bed; the *half*-dirty night-cap, which had been removed for a clean one neatly

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crimped, lay upon the table, her little slippers stood by the side. I felt the tear trickle down my cheek as I looked upon them and Mary. Ah! who shall describe the desolateness of that heart whose every thought through life has been for the loved one now no more.

She sat with her face buried in her hands. I pictured to myself the night she would pass in the solitary chamber; I turned to go; I hesitated. No, I could not leave her all alone; I stood irresolute; I could not take her to my home. What should I do? At length an idea crossed my mind.

"Mary," I said, "I cannot leave you here alone; there is a poor Irish woman lower down the street; she is poor, but kind; they have had the fever, but I think there is no fear of infection. Will you pass this night with her?"

She replied, "Do with me as you like."

The poor woman received her kindly, and I returned to my lodgings. In the morning I was met by the Irish woman, who told me Mary was very ill. I hastened to the spot and found her attacked by the fever; she must have been suffering from it on the preceding day, as I perceived it had already made rapid strides. Towards evening of the following day I perceived life was ebbing fast; she, too, was aware of her approaching dissolution. She was sensible at intervals; once she said, "God has been very gracious, he has not parted us long." I remained with her during the night; day-light was just streaming through the little casement; for the last hour she had been perfectly motionless; she opened her eyes, looked at me earnestly, and said, "God will reward you!"

* * * * * * *

Before the evening of the following day I had placed her by her sister's side.

* * * * * *

My dear readers, if by this little narrative, I shall move but *one* heart to *seek* for objects of charity—*yes*, TO SEEK, for they who *solicit* charity are not the objects that stand most in need of it—my end will be accomplished. Oh! ye that possess riches, what a *hoard of happiness* do ye not hold! And will ye not diffuse it? Would ye not wish one heart to bless you—one heart to pray for you? I am now old; I have risen to eminence and affluence; yet on no part of my past life can I look back with so much pleasure as on that spent in relieving the wants and soothing he sorrows of my fellow-creatures.

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CLASSIC HAUNTS AND RUINS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED,"

No. III.

CUMÆ.—VIRGIL'S TOMB AT NAPLES.—BAIÆ.

Ye winds! why bear the violet's rich perfume?
Ye birds! why soar and sing on wanton plume?
Mid the long grass, why flow, ye crystal streams?
And why, thou sun, pour down thy gladdening beams?
Cimmerian darkness here its pall should spread,
And silence wrap this city of the dead,
Cumæ! that lives in Virgil's deathless lay,
Mother of states, ere Rome commenced her sway;
Who braved Etruria's might, and dared the power
Of Afric's chief, in Carthage' proudest hour;*
Where are her busy forums, merchant fleets,
Her mustering armies, and her crowded streets?
Where her bronzed shrine that gleamed along the wave,
And more than all, her Sybil's mystic cave?†
Pride of Calabria! daughter of the sea!
Gone is her wealth, and bowed her majesty,
Where once her long streets wound, her temples rose,
Turf wraps the soil—a sombre forest grows!
There, blent with weeds, the wild flower wastes its breath,
And lurks the robber with his tube of death;
Black prostrate walls, a column here o'erthrown.
A mouldering tomb, and there a sculptured stone,
Point out famed Cumæ's site; the snake by day
Glides through the grass, and green-eyed lizards play;
The owl and bat flit there in midnight's noon,
And the fierce wolf stalks forth, and bays the moon,

Oh, man! proud, fragile thing, who dream'st of power,
Who shap'st thy wall, and rears'st thy granite tower,

* Cumæ, founded about eight centuries before the Christian era, was one of the earliest Greek colonies on the coast of Italy, and gained great wealth and importance through its maritime trade. According to Livy, Parthenope (modern Naples) was a colony from Cumæ. During the second Punic war, Hannibal advanced to attack this town, but was repulsed with great loss.

† The Temple of Apollo stood on a hill that commands a view of the coast; e ground in the neighbourhood is now covered with fallen columns, tombs, d marble slabs with Greek inscriptions. The Sibyl of Cumæ, who brought r prophetic books to Tarquin, was the most famous of her ten sisters. The mains of her grotto are still shown.

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Hoping to wage successful war with Time,
Great in thy aims, and in thy dreams sublime;
Pause, nursling of an hour, and child of clay!
Read on thy mightiest works that word—decay!
Sure as the writing on Belshazzar's wall,
Thy schemes shall fail, thy Titian hopes shall fall;
Mind only lives for ever, amaranths bloom,
And Time but breaks his scythe beyond the tomb.

Ruins of villas crowning mossy rocks,
Columns o'erthrown by years and earthquake-shocks,
The Formian hills where Tully's ashes sleep,
Scipio's grey tower by lone Liternum's deep;
Pass we these scenes to yon green wooded hill,
Where more than ancient beauty dazzles still,
Posilipo, o'erlooking shore and sea,
And love's own city, bright Parthenope.*
Glorious that landscape spreads, around, below;
In hues of Heaven all nature seems to glow;
Through vales of flowers the wild bee blithely wings,
'Mid orange groves the soft-plumed mavis sings,
Kissing the shores, and stretching far away,
One sheet of sapphire spreads the isle-gemmed bay;
Vines clad the mountains, myrtles fringe the wave,
And harp-like music whispers from each cave;
The very winds seem born of joy and love,
And earth laughs up to laughing skies above.
Oh, lovely land! when banished angels flew
From Eden's bowers, and bade our world adieu,
The heaven-born strangers dropped their parting tear,
And stamped their smiles, and left their foot-prints here.

Yet 'tis not nature's beauties glowing round
Lend the chief charm to this enchanted ground;
But radiant memories of long vanished years,
Th' immortal lore that hallows and endears.
Each ruin tells a tale; rock, grove, and stream,
The classic haunt of some bright spirit seem.
What rises near? a fabric lone and grey,
That boasts no pillars rich, nor friezes gay;
An ilex bends above its moss-clad walls,
In long festoons the dark green ivy falls,
And pale-eyed flowers in many a crevice bloom—
Kneel, stranger, kneel—that cell is Virgil's tomb!
Yes, doubt not, though thou find'st nor urn, nor bust,
That slumbers there the Mantuan poet's dust;

* Naples.

* For a series of ages the singular monument on the hill of Posilipo has been hailed as the sepulchre of Virgil; some modern sceptics only have thrown a doubt on its identity.

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Gaze on his laurelled brow with fancy's eye,
And hear his harp amid the ruins sigh. *

But Baiæ, soft retreat in days of yore,
That knew no winter, wooes us to its shore.
Heroes and emperors whilom trod this strand,
And art, song, pleasure reigned, a festive band.
Here Cæsar stooped his pride to garden bowers,
And stern-browed Marius wreathed his sword with flowers;
Here rich Lucullus gorgeous banquets spread,
Pollio the hours in chains of roses led;
Steeped in warm bliss seemed ocean, earth, and sky,
Life one rich dream of love and luxury.†
But Baiæ's shores are dark and lonely now,
Grey nameless ruins crown Misenum's brow;
Fall'n towers, crushed temples, villas 'neath the deep,
And scattered tombs where bards and heroes sleep,
Line all the coast; and he who lingers here
Will tread with awe, and drop a sorrowing tear.
Approach yon relic, scan its mouldering wall—
Age, crime, and mystery, o'er it spread their pall;
There sleeps a Roman empress‡—dark her doom—
The furies haunt, 'tis said, her blood-stained tomb,
And when the labouring moon her crescent fills,
Low trumpets wail along the neighbouring hills.
But, fair and beauteous, Love's small temple stands,
Watched by his eye, and guarded by his hands;
To dim the halls of Venus years forget,
Her cupids fly, her doves are glowing yet.
Oh, yes! the goddess left her Paphian shrine,
Deeming this land more glorious and divine;
And still her spirit, loath to quit the spot,
Glides o'er the shore, and haunts the sparry grot,
Sighs in the gales that wander round her home,
And smoothes with kisses ocean's silvery foam*

† Baiæ was the favourite watering-place of the Romans; so numerous were their villas here that even to give a list of them would surpass our limits. But neither Cæsar, Hortensius, Cicero, nor Varro could emulate the splendour of the wealthy Lucullus, one of whose fish-ponds still remains, forming the modern lake, Agnano.

† Agrippino, the cruel mother of a more cruel son, Nero, murdered by him at her own villa near the Lucrine Lake. The legend alluded to in the text attaches to this ruinous edifice.

* This elegant circular building, now called Tempio di Venere, is in excellent preservation; adjoining the temple are several rooms, the walls of which display stucco reliefs, illustrative of passages from the Greek and Roman poets who have written on loue.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT.

Who has not heard of that small, but useful body of Christians called Moravians? Their widely extended missions among the heathen are well known, and the peculiarly felicitous manner in which the youth of many other denominations beside their own are educated in their English schools, will be acknowledged by many who have been indebted to them for the foundation of a moral, if not Christian, character in after life.

But there is a school under their superintendence in Switzerland, which I fear is not so well known in England as it deserves to be; and in these days, when no young lady is supposed to have finished her education till she has been abroad, a school formed on Christian principles, superintended by a Christian minister, and where not only the accomplishments, but the health and morals of the pupils are attended to, must be a desideratum to parents who have the least regard for the principles of their daughters. Such a school is Montmirail, situated on the Lake of Neufchâtel, about two miles from the town of that name.

The mansion and grounds formerly belonged to the Baron von Watterville, and were given by him to the Moravians for the purpose to which they have since been applied. I had the pleasure of spending there some of the happiest years of my girlhood, and I cannot give a better idea of the place than by endeavouring to convey my first impressions on my arrival there. I shall say nothing of my long, tedious journey through the north of France, accompanied by five other young ladies and our conductor, but pass at once to the moment when our lumbering foreign carriage drove through the great entrance-gates into a large court or playground on a most beautiful day in June. Our future companions, as it was holiday time, were scattered about the grounds, some reading under the large walnut trees which formed an avenue to the house, others playing at "les graces," ball, and other games, each amusing herself according to her own fancy.

Covered with dust, and fatigued by our journey, we were pleased to be welcomed so cordially by a fine old lady, who took us by the hand, kissed us on each cheek, and invited us to the dining-room, where several of the teachers were lingering after the early dinner. We had, however, dined already in Neufchâtel, so hastened to change our dusty travelling dresses, and were then shown into a large room called the "Salon des Etrangers," where the few English then in the school-room joined us. They had just returned from a delightful excursion among the Alps, and could talk of nothing else.

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Many smiling faces peeped in at the windows, anxious to get a glimpse of the new comers, and all looked so happy that we involuntarily exclaimed, "Can this be school?"

A glass door led into a beautiful garden, full of lovely flowers, particularly many species of roses. Summer-houses and garden seats were placed where most convenient, and a gravel walk, bordering a stream full of water lilies, led to the lake. At a distance we saw the whole range of the Alps, this being the most complete view of them in Switzerland; and when the setting sun tinged their summits with rose colour, or the moon shed her beams on their snowy outlines, one can conceive nothing more beautiful.

We were that day, as is the custom for new comers, invited to yoûter with the teachers, and though a little shy, and speaking very poor French, every one was so kind that by the time we were shown into our dortoir we felt quite at home.

We slept very comfortably in our little cribs without curtains, covered with eider down beds instead of heavy blankets, and were awakened at half-past six the next morning. When all were dressed, one of our companions repeated a short prayer, and we then breakfasted in our school-room.

I should have said that we were divided into five rooms, fifteen or sixteen in each, with two teachers, who alternately cared for us out of school hours. At half-past seven we were taken to a neat chapel on the premises, where, after a hymn had been sung, accompanied by a good organ, a venerable minister read a portion of the Scriptures and prayed, and after another hymn we separated.

At twelve we dined. The salle á manger was a large hall with tables all round. At the upper end sat M. Verbeck, the minister, and his lady; M. and Madlle. Richard, who had the care of the house-keeping and pecuniary matters; Madlle. Knott, a dear old lady who cared for the health and happiness of both teachers and scholars; Madlle. Montandon, respectable for the number of years in which she had taught in the school, and several strangers on a visit.

The teachers were distributed among us, and saw that we were properly served. The dishes were sent round from the head table, and the dinner was good though plain. We were affected by a mark of kindness from our school-fellows. When we took our seats we found on our plates little bunches and wreaths of flowers tied with a ribbon. This was a custom among the young ladies to congratulate new comers. At four we had our goûter, which, as well as our breakfast, on the fine summer days, we took in the open air, at a long table covered by an awning. We supped at eight, and at nine we again went to prayers in the chapel.

A few days after our arrival the lessons again commenced, from half-past eight till twelve, and two till four. Our teachers were very kind, and their method was excellent. Our minds were not

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overburdened, but study was made a pleasure. Music and drawing were particularly well taught, and French we learned to speak in its purity—no other language was allowed. Many of the young ladies were French, or from cantons where French is spoken. There were also Germans, Swiss Germans, and even Italians; but the French Swiss I always found most agreeable. Every young lady was obliged to learn singing. If she said she had no voice she was told to try at least, and so successful were these trials, that among nearly seventy girls only two had been forced to give up from incapacity.

As I was fourteen years old I felt mortified to be placed in the lowest classes, till I found it was the rule for every one, and we were mounted as soon as it was found what we knew. As I understood French grammatically, and had been well grounded in my studies, I soon reached the second class, in which Madlle, Montandon presided. Dear old lady! how kind she was, and how hard it was to offend her! Once, however, she was so much grieved as to leave us. It was the custom on Monday morning to repeat to her either a hymn or some piece of poetry, the choice of which was left to ourselves. One droll, English girl, not a very good French scholar, and who cared for nothing but the harp and piano, on which she excelled, brought on three successive Mondays, the same two verses of a very simple hymn, which were always said every morning at prayers. We were so amused by the unconscious manner in which the dear lady said on the third repetition, "Bien, très bien, ma chère Elise," that we tittered loud enough for her to hear. I never saw her so displeased. It somehow got into her head that we were ridiculing the hymn, and she went to her own room, shocked at our profanity. That same evening, however, when we begged her pardon, she called us her dear children, and entreated us never to think of it again.

On holidays we made many delightful excursions in the neighbourhood. On one lovely day we divided into two parties, one going through the vineyards, and the other, among which I was, by a romantic road, and meeting at the village of Ichuck, where, at a long table under large trees, we partook of grapes, coffee, white bread and butter, &c.

It was the vintage season, when every household had its own merry-making, and many sweet glimpses we caught among the trees of parties of peasants, in gala attire, amusing themselves before the doors of their picturesque-looking cottages. I thought myself fortunate in having joined the party along the road, for one or two little girls, not being able to resist the tempting bunches of purple grapes as they passed through the vineyards, had gathered several, and we were terrified while sitting at tea by two gens d'armes who had been sent after us. They blustered a good deal, and the word prison seemed awfully conspicuous to the

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offenders, but our teachers pacified them by handsome payment. The culprits were very sufficiently punished by the fright.

Once or twice in a summer we visited La petite Montagne, to gather wild flowers, growing there in rich abundance. Another time we went in boats on the Lake of Bienne to the beautiful, tiny island of St. Pierre, where Rosseau is said once to have lived, and they show a room in the only house, an inn, which is said to have been his study. It is now a miserable bedchamber, the walls of which are covered by the names of visitors. The island is only a mile in circumference, and covered with trees. We dined out of of doors, and our boatmen rowed merrily back as the sun set over the glassy lake. We passed close to the still smaller Isle des Lapins, which is monopolised by these pretty animals.

The summer passed away quickly and pleasantly, and though, when winter came, I felt the cold severely, I did not lose my health, for we had double windows and large stoves to our rooms, and took plenty of exercise in the garden and extensive grounds, for the roads and fields were impassable, owing to the overflow of the lake.

How we English enjoyed, on the long winter evenings, to get into a corner and talk of our own dear land, and sing the few English songs we knew. Rule Britannia was a great favourite, and parties sometimes ran very high between the French girls and ourselves, as we each sang our national airs, I fear sometimes in rather a provoking style. Upon the whole, however, we had few quarrels, and all joined heartily in the acted charades, and other games which our kind teachers encouraged.

Sometimes we worked in the evenings while an interesting book was read. And so the time passed till Christmas, which had pleasures peculiar to Montmirail. I have already mentioned that great attention was paid to our music and singing, and those who had the best voices were allowed to join the teachers in forming a choir to sing Christmas anthems.

On Christmas-eve we assembled in the salle á manger, where we had tea and cake with the few visitors invited, and our dear pastor spoke to us of the season, and told us why we ought to rejoice in it; and then we sang hymns, and the choir performed some pieces from Handel, Haydn, &c., in a very superior manner. To be sure we had only one male voice, but the deficiency was amply made up by Madlle. Richard, who sang a beautiful tenore, and a teacher who (I scarcely dare say it) sang bass, and a beautiful, clear, full bass it was. I never since heard such a voice in a woman; so low and yet so clear, every note was like a chord. We were accompanied by a piano and two harps. Then there were solos and duets on this and the following day, when we again assembled, but this time in the chapel. One of our teachers, Madlle. Grove, had a liquid, thrilling voice. She might have

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made a fortune by it in public, but she was too purely modest to have attempted such a thing.

I remember on this Christmas Day closing my eyes and fancying myself in heaven, during one of her delicious solos. But I must not forget the Christmas morning. The evening before my companions hinted that there was something to expect the next day; what, they would not tell me. We went to bed earlier, and our teachers, contrary to their usual custom, did not retire with us.

I was dressed before we were called the next morning, but had to wait till after breakfast, when we went to the dining-room, where a brilliant sight awaited us. The room was darkened, and branches of fir were placed like trees, at intervals, all along the tables, and were covered with lighted tapers, while chains of bugles hung between them, glittering in the light. Under them were placed a plate of cakes and bons bons, and a pretty present for each happy girl. In one corner of the room was a bower of greens, with an altar in the centre, on which burnt a little flame of spirits of wine. A droll incident occurred on this occasion. An old servant, Marie Quellet, a privileged person in the school, fancied that the greens had caught fire, and to our great dismay threw a bucket of water over our pretty altar. While we were admiring our presents, suddenly all the lights were put out, and we heard voices singing a Christmas hymn, accompanied by a harp. It was a scene of enchantment. Certainly our dear teachers spared no pains to make us happy.

Yet another pleasure was in store for us. It is the custom in Switzerland, and I believe in many parts of the continent, for parents secretly to provide new year's gifts for their children, which on the first morning in the year are spread out in a lighted room, and the little mystery makes them doubly valuable. Our friends took care to send a parcel for each of us, and these were kept till New Year's Day, when we opened them, trembling with suspense to see what they had provided.

On Easter Sunday morning we were awakened by a harp and singing in our bedrooms, and after breakfast we hunted for hard boiled eggs, which had been hidden about the garden. Many solemn meetings, and much delightful music had we also through the Passion Week, and on Palm and Advent Sundays we sang hosanna with our whole hearts.

Four times in the year all who had been confirmed attended the sacrament in the Lutheran Church, where we always went on fine Sundays. On these occasions we must have formed a pretty spectacle, all dressed in black silk, with caps and white veils, as is the custom in Switzerland.

The organist used to amuse me much. He always walked up and down, while playing sometimes treble, sometimes bass, but

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always the same interlude, and he generally dismissed us, however solemn the service, with the Copenhagen or the Stop Waltz.

I begin to fear, Mr. Editor, that my paper is spinning to rather an unconscionable length, but if (supposing you think it worthy of a place in your magazine) it should meet the eye of a parent who is thinking of sending his daughter abroad, and who does not wish her religious principles to be neglected, if not injured, let me beg him to make further inquiries concerning this school, which he may do through any Moravian minister, and I think he will find that I have not exaggerated the comforts of a place where none could be otherwise than happy.

Z. Z.

PICTURES AND THEIR REVERSES.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

MORNING, WITH ITS SUNSHINE.

It was a Claude-like landscape, full of light,
The rich, warm, glowing light of thine own skies,
O sun-born Italy. Far, far away
Stretch'd the blue sea to the horizon's verge,
And thereon, mirror'd in calm beauty, blent
The gorgeous tints of many a wandering cloud,
Full of time-haunted memories. The shore
Swept inland to the base of vine-clad hills,
And 'twixt these two a living Eden bloom'd
Of myrtle bowers and orange groves, where wild
The many-hued geranium mix'd its flowers
With the light dropp'd laburnum; never gem
Shone with so pure a lustre in its wreath
Of slave-uprooted gold. Sweet were the buds,
And bright the sun-expanded flowers, and rare
The graceful, many-tinted leaves that wav'd
In clustering beauty round them; but far more
Of sweetness, brightness, gracefulness, was seen
In the young laughing face and tiny form,
Light as a fawn's, that ever and anon
Glanc'd like a sunbeam through the blossomy boughs
And then was lost, to be reveal'd again
Amid outrivall'd flowers; whilst on the air
Long peals of silvery laughter rose and fell,
And merry shouts, and snatches of sweet song—
Sweet where all else was sweetness. A brief pause
Made the ear ache with silence; then anon
Another burst of most melodious mirth
Shook all their fragrance from the parted trees;
And on a grassy mound with flowers bestrew'd
A rosy child lay struggling in the grasp
Of a young, fair-hair'd girl. Ah, blissful chase!
And happy creature! how ye made bright eyes
Shoot brighter glances, and enrich'd the glow
Mantling on lip and cheek; ay, even on hers,

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That fair and fragile girl's; why should they not?
What joy like that, a mother's boundless joy!
I her first-born, sounding the unfathom'd depths
Of a fresh, grief-untried, and loving heart,
Whose trust had ne'er been shaken! from the shower
Of lavish kisses rain'd on lip and brow,—
What precious fruit should from such nurture spring!
The wayward boy flung back and had escap'd,
Save that another's met his bounding step,
And, borne in triumph to the welcoming arms,
He nestled there till very weariness
Gave to the laughing eye and merry heart
Sweet sleep and sweeter dreams. Then kept glad watch
In the rich sun-set hours, love-lighted eyes;
And happy hopes that dreaded not to launch
On the dim ocean of futurity,
Broke into murmur'd words, or deep'ning gush'd
In rapturous tears—the heart's true eloquence!
And ever with those life-long visions blent
The smiling image of that gladsome child,
A thing of light and beauty to the last!
Thus dream'd the youthful mother and the sire
Of that fair sleeper; and unmark'd by them,
On viewless, soundless pinions, pass'd the hours.
For round, within them, was a world of light,
And joy, and hope, and an unbounded trust
In the soul-felt duration of all these.
Far, far away in their own happy land,
Old sea-girt England, lay their quiet home,
The scene of blessedness again to be,
Soon—oh, how soon!—for health's returning glow,
Prayed for and watch'd for long by anxious eyes,
Gave to the bloom on that young matron's cheek
A promise of long days. Ah! trusting ones,
Few days hath life like these! * * * *

EVENING, WITH ITS SHADOWS.

Heaven's blessed light was tdeae—where is it not!
Mission'd by its free Giver to rejoice
Alike the just and unjust. Yet it came
With a pale glimmering as through prison bars
From the dim casement of the pent-up room.
Without, dark, stately buildings crowded round—
Mammon's dire boundaries, beyond whose line
The gold-enslaved soul might never pass,
Even with a fleeting dream of far-off peace,
Brooding o'er lonely ills and quiet fields,
And wood-girt waters, where the ring-dove makes
Sweet music for all hours. It needed not
The busy, turbulent hum that swell'd and swell'd
On tne close, heavy atmosphere, to tell
That round, within, without, the spirit spake
Of England's mighty Bable. In that room
Heap'd piles of dusty tomes and parchment scrolls,
Seen by the scorching and unwholesome glare
Of artificial light—for God's light served not,

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Though yet mid-day—told of the wearying strife
The vain contentions wherewith sordid men
Do gorge their sordidness. In such a scene,
Surrounded by such influences, stood
Two old and grey-hair'd men; and of those twain
It could not have been guess'd, at the first glance,
Which was the elder, so alike they seem'd
Bow'd down by years of evil. There they stood,
As wide apart as in such narrow space
They might be sunder'd; for contention fierce
Was in that hour betwixt them; bitter hate,
Jealous distrust, and many a life-felt wrong,
Nurs'd through long years in either heart, was now
Pour'd forth with fearful eloquence; for rare
Had been their meetings, rarer still had been
Save that one held abundant store of that
The other crav'd and lack'd—gold, sin-girt gold!
In the dread conflict one uplifted high
His palsied arm, and breath'd a fearful curse;
And then was learned that those dark-passion'd men
Were son and sire, and that in one a race
Of headlong dissipation had perform'd
The work of time more fearfully. That one
Presented in the reckless, ruffian tone
And bearing bold, peculiarly his,
A strong and painful contrast with the low,
Though bitter speech, and shrinking nervousness
Of him to whom he owed the breath of life.
How ill repaid the debt! Are scenes like these
The wreck of light and beauty long gone by,
Of heart-entwin'd affections, that seem'd born
To outlast the throbbing pulse whereon they woke,
Gushing into sweet music as a song
Attun'd to heaven's own harmony? Alas!
For human trust that it is even so!
That for the first fair record of these two
We must turn back to that Italian sky,
With all the light it shone upon; to them,
That glad young sire and that unspotted child,
In the fresh glory of their opening race.
Dread change and true, and little felt by them!
There now they stood, that father and that son,
Vow'd to fierce, life-long enmity; to wage
Unnatural warfare even to the edge
Of the tomb both were bound to! and for them
In that dark hour was born no wandering thought
Of the young wife and mother who had slept
Full fifty years in her far foreign grave.
Well she so slept! It was a solemn thing
To look upon these two, and then look back—
To think on what they had been, what they were,
And know that the foul *present* was to them
The centre of all thought and feeling. Earth
Hath no direr change than this, albeit
Full of heart-breaking changes.

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PSYCHOLENE, THE ICE-QUEEN.

A SEASONABLE TALE.

BY E. LYNN.

ICICLE THE FIRST.

Showing how Psycholene sat in her Crystal Palace, in a worse than frosty humour.

It is an indisputable fact, and one which no gynosophist will attempt to deny, that all women, whether regal or plebeian, hate neglect as they hate—grey hairs and wrinkles; and that they are always sure to become very like humanised lumps of tartaric acid when their lawful mates fail in their proper devoirs. And of all women, on or under the earth, Psycholene, the ice-queen, hated neglect the most heartily. What wonder then that she should sit in her crystal palace, with a most ominous frown glooming on her pale brow, and with her cold lips crisped into a curl of displeasure, when Laipsas, her regal spouse, was full four months behind his appointed time of return? She had parted from him on the day when their great rival and deadly foe, Sir Phœbus Apollo, Captain of the Sky's Own, had taken up his winter quarters at the sign of "The Horse-man with the Bow;" and he had faithfully promised to return, when the said captain should slay his annual prize-ox for the benefit of the pauper flowers and decrepid trees that were wailing over the face of the earth. But the ox had been fatted, killed, and eaten; the Siamese had been, as usual, to the Horticultural Show at Chiswick, and after having got wet through there, had made themselves sick at Vauxhall with crabs and lobster salad; the lion-tamer had put his head into the tamed lion's mouth —and brought it out again; the Maiden had sung "Meet me by moonlight alone," and that *had* almost banished Laipsas; but when he turned his back on her to look at the scales in the corn market he laughed aloud and still lingered. Though I'm sure that no one wanted him! Never had such an extraordinary absence happened before! And his protracted séjour, together with his wife's ill temper, threatened to throw, not only their own court but also the whole world into a state resembling that of the famed Year of Confusion. The Gallic citizen météorologistes must have changed the order of their Snowys and Blowys had Laipsas played such harlequinades in the year one of the Sans-culottes dynasty.

In vain the lords and ladies in waiting—spirits of wind and rain,

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and nymphs of snow and sleet—gathered round to soothe the tempestuous soul of Psycholene with their deftest dances, and their sweetest songs. In vain they hired for the occasion the so-much-talked-of Genius of Noise, with his monstrous brass band; though, by the way, it was a question which had most of that metal—the band or the leader; in vain were his maddening polkas and enchanting cellarius's, and bewitching mazurkas, to say nothing of minuets and gavottes, employed to scare away the demon of gloom, together with the angel of harmony.

Alas! alas! the Genius waved his long black locks, dripping with odoriferous unguents, in time to the thunder of his music; he raised his hand so delicately *ganté*, so aristocratically terminated by a broad strip of the finest produce of the fleece-cloud's looms, and in vain he raised in this hand the bâton, which was more potent over the pulsings of female hearts than was any stalwart marshal's, who ever "held the lists," over the career of armed knights; in vain he shook the air till it grew convulsed, and in vain he scowled on his brass bandmen till his magnificent eyes threatened to set on fire the forest of overhanging eyebrows! —in vain! in vain!

The Genius was mighty, but an injured woman's pettish displeasure was mightier still! So, instead of receiving pleasantly all these endeavours to please, Psycholene only struck the maids of honour, the Miss Hours, till they cried again, and flinging a whole hailstorm of anger on the leader, peremptorily ordered him to the cold without. Tearing his hair, the Genius withdrew, muttering something about, "royal patronage of fine arts;" but as his men at that moment began to clamour for their wages, the rest of the sentence was unfortunately lost.

The crystal palace glittered with every polar beauty. It had been lately lighted by rarified corruscations of the Aurora Borealis, which was an improvement on the old system of natural illumination; and these flashed in the countless columnar spars which supported the arched roof, till every flake and streak glanced with a thousand varied brilliant colours. The windows were draperied with clouds, dyed by the sunset, and the floors were carpetted with matted moonbeams. Every luxury, from whale-oil soup to Iceland-moss salad, loaded the frosted tables; but Psycholene sat in the crystal palace, very silent and awfully sulky, and neither ate, drank, smiled, or spoke.

"Heigho!" sighed the eldest Miss Hour, "these fast days are melancholy things; I wish that they were well over."

"Fast!" echoed Tenebrosa, the youngest, "*I* think that they are horribly slow."

"Silence!" cried Psycholene, angrily, for she was, as many other royal ladies, a strict disciplinarian, "or I will confine you all to your rooms."

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"I wish from my heart that she would," whispered Quinquilla, "and then I'd dine with that dear Captain Phœbus."

"Yes!" chimed in Dicette, "and I'd dance the polka afterwards;"

"Hideous old toad," frowned Duina; "I wish the captain would melt her palace into a water-butt, and drown her in it."

Poor Psycholene, thou frosty-humoured queen! Thy maids of honour revile thee, thy husband forsakes thee, and the whole world, from beneath uplifted umbrellas, while shivering in Chesterfields, Taglioni's, and wrap-rascals, scowls horribly at ye all!

ICICLE THE SECOND,

Showing how the months got fully travestied, and the Captain of the Sky's Own put in limbo.

"These odious months are worse than mean, thus to delay my consort," shivered Psycholene; "I will destroy the whole Zodiac with azote or prussic acid if the creatures insult me thus! What! am I, a crowned queen, mistress of the two poles, to be turned out of my rightful place for twelve idle, good-for-nothing huzzies, who do nothing but play at leap-frog, and remind men that they must pay for their magazines? And can Laipsas, my beloved husband, leave my cool arms and ice-lips' kiss, for such? Oh! woe mark the day! But a thought strikes me! I will be revenged! Yes! I will take a signal vengeance! I will have a masked ball! I will smother the brunettes in flour and butter, and polish the blondes with Warren's jet blacking; the slender waists shall be lost in sacks and hoops, and the twisted spines shall show in riding-habits and Philippa boddices; starry eyes shall wear Harris's spectacles, and pretty hands, Albert-blue gloves. Yes! I will have a masked ball, and disgrace the twelve!"

So a *bal costumé* was ordered, and Psycholene looked almost happy.

The crystal palace was in confusion. You might have fancied it a haberdasher's shop rather than a royal residence. There were heaps of rainbow silks and meteor ribbons, and hats of morning dawn, and caps of evening twilight, and star-beam laces, and thunder-cloud velvets, shoes of mist, and jewels of dewdrops—in short, all the most fashionable paraphernalia which the warehouses of supernal nature could furnish were piled up there for Psycholene's masked ball.

The time passed merrily enough between the announcement and the desired fulfilment. All the younger nymphs and genii were practising their steps with unwearied diligence, or for ever trying on new fashions in dress or demeanour, before the large ice mirrors hanging round the glittering walls; each one sighing

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her little heart out for joyous yet anxious anticipation. Some, who were love-sick, were musing over the probable chances of this beautiful cloudy spirit, or that dear foggy soul, or the other delightful misty genius, dancing with her so often that envious daughters and scheming mammas, might go home full of that bilious indignation which most unmarried damoiselles so love to excite. Others were deep in the mysteries of a limited toilette, and were racking their poor brains sadly to find out the best means of making old rainbows as good as new, and soiled snow-wreaths pure again. Such consultations! such secresy! such hopes! such fears! such sighings, and dyings, and poutings, and floutings! all for Psycholene's masked ball!

But she herself, the doleful queen, through all this ferment and bustle, looked stiller, and paler, and colder than ever.

At last the moment arrived when old Chronos, the hereditary porter, threw open the palace gates, and the first train entered. This was a troop of diminutive beings dressed in strange, party-coloured garments, whose hues and fashion changed so rapidly and so imperceptibly, that you could neither mark the mutation, nor steadily regard the colour. They had wings which ever fluttered and flapped like dragonflies, and which bore them through the air with the swiftness of the swallow's flight. They came and passed like some beautiful birds, whose arrival brought a gentle pleasure, and whose departure left no pain. These were the atomic elves—the fairy people of the land of Time—called on earth, Moments.

Then appeared the Hours—the pretty band of sister Houris! But how did they look now? Oh! sister Houris! sister Houris! what fiendish magician hath so distorted the fair propriety of your demeanour and appearance? Instead of the gravity of the matron, which was formerly so visible in Miss, the eldest, here we have a flighty, flirty, young lady, of manners most questionable, and airs most equivocal. Her garments, so sober and respectable of yore, were now of thinnest texture, and gayest hues; her hair, once black as night, and simply parted off a grave and modest brow, was now powdered and stiffened into a monstrous wig of unnatural curls, shaking over painted cheeks and whitened neck. Formerly she wore, as her sole ornament, a band of quiet stars—now she was loaded with mock beads and artificial flowers, made to imitate the morning dew and the new-born children of the sun. Her care had been entirely to cast off her natural character and office, and to adopt those of her younger sisters of the light. She was not the first who has turned her habits for the sake of the place.

The junior Hours, who in olden time were merry children—things of mirth and gaiety, and gossamer garb, and wide-eyed laughter—now came lagging, in with sleepy looks and crumpled robes; their little limbs, once so round and fresh, fallen into very bone-bags, withered and unsightly; their lips were swelled and

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feverish, their eyes heavy and dim, and their once beautiful, rosy complexions lost in the yellow pallor of premature age. In short, the Hours were completely metamorphosed. The elder and serious were now the giddy and pleasure-seeking, while the younger and mirth-born were the wearied and sleep-sacrificed.

Psycholene smiled faintly as this strange group passed by; and in truth it was a laughter-provoking sight to see dame Nature so scoffed at! The old woman bitterly revenges herself, though, on those who follow the guidance of the Disguised Hours. And she has a goodly collection of lost health, and roses, and fresh lip-dew, and peace of mind, and innocence of soul, which she has picked up at different times, as they fell from their possessors in ball-rooms, and opera houses, and at dinner parties, and *thés dansantes:* and she keeps these safe in her woodland storehouses, and will not return them, for love or money, until their owners go back to her schools on the village greens or mountain sides.

But the grand *travestissement* of the evening were the Twelve Months, who came, not only in each other's clothes, but as very monsters, like nothing but themselves. For example, there was the buxom dame, with her long-bearded goat—I mean, the Lady Guilerra, she used to be a noble-looking matron, with all the kindliness of a mother and the gleesomeness of a child. Her house was the rendezvous for all imaginable relations—the poorest and most distant as welcome as the richest and dearest. Yule logs blazed cheerily on the hearth; cups of bright wine and flagons of delectable unnameable compounds passed merrily from hand to hand, with song, and jest, and joyous tale; and from her hospitable roof depended that dear little branch with its white berries, under which the young men so loved to drag the blushing, slightly resisting maidens—but I don't know why they did so! You heard, too, sweet bursts of laughter trilling forth from bands of pretty children, all vying with each other who should first find Aunt Fanny's slipper, or who should boldest tickle hoodwinked Uncle Tom. All this used to be; and a happy time old Lady Guilerra made for us all. But behold her now! Her goat, so sleek and plump, from being fed on Pauper's Broth, has become a mere skeleton; her noble, kindly face, is starched and prim; and her blood, soured by the fermentation of mortifications, has tinged her skin with an atrabilious cast. Her fingers are frost-bitten, and she is lame from chilblains—for she has no longer any pine-log fires; her voice is harsh and cracked—for she has exchanged charade and romps for dressing up shivering charity-children in apologies for nakedness, and singing in Hullah classes. Away, away! thou Tenth Month!

The portress Janua, too, instead of being clear, and bright, and beautiful as she ought to have been, was sullen, and ugly, and damp, and clammy. And her hungry wolves, which always fol-

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lowed her, went past the Ice Queen growling, and snarling, and showing their murderous fangs; and even snapping at the fish which Februa, who was just as surly as themselves, brought in her frozen bosom; or else having a sly bite at the sheep which Lenet was unmercifully flogging with her stinging whip of east winds. These three were all bound together by a chain of icicles, and they bore up the train of the Lady Guilerra.

Psycholene laughed outright as the old maids sailed and blustered past.

But who have we next? Ha! our pretty maiden with the milk-white steer—she who was such a dear, bewitching creature made up half of smiles, half of tears, which flashed and fell in such rapid succession that we had hardly kissed away the one ere the other came with its bewilderments to fascinate the soul—and Hoity-toity, pretty milk-maid! but you are in a terrible taking! is it her? Your auburn hair is all dishevelled, and your fair brow is black with thunder, and your graceful, flower-gemmed dress is dirty, and faded, and torn into ragged shreds. Aperine, my life, what ails thee? What! not a word? not a smile? not even one of the old baby tears? Alas! alas! the milk-maid neither smiles nor weeps, but flusters on all in a rage and fury. Thou art even worse than thy shrewish sister Lenet, who drives about her poor lambs in her passion till they are all lost and bewildered. Thou art nought like our own pretty Aperine that we used to love so well—our owu pretty Aperine that we used to gaze on and bless, when lying under the budding alder-trees by the edge of the blue waters! Get thee 'gone, wench! we would see thee as thou wert, or never look on thee more.

And Maia, our gentle mother of the Two. Her hair, once garlanded with young buds, is now dripping with wet; her robe, once green as the verdant foliage, is now brown as the leafless tree; her blue eyes are dark and scowling, her children are weeping, she is scolding. Maia our gentle mother has become a termagant, and pinches and nips like frosty-facèd old Janua.

Psycholene was in ecstasies. "Laipsas is safe," she thought.

The Meadow-maid is a trifle better; she brings us her crabs with a pretty fair grace. We will not utterly condemn her, for she has a small portion of her old self still left. The female zodiacal, Van Amburgh, is cross; the Spotless Virgin, passionate; flowers and fruits cincture and load the frail and week; snow and tempest accompany the young and beautiful. The Months are finely travestied, and Psycholene is in the seventh heaven.

Who comes here? Why—no—it cannot be! yes, faith, it is! Sir Phœbus Apollo, captain of the Sky's Own, the Ice Queen's mortal foe! Why was he not in the Hotel d' Eté? and what was he doing here?

The queen rose, trembling with indignation.

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"How dare you, sir!" she cried, her lips quivering.

"Permit me, madam," replied the captain, gracefully kneeling and kissing her cold hand [he burnt it as if his lips had been the lighted ends of real Havannahs]; "your husband Laipsas, the King of Foul Weather, has taken my place in the south, so I will take his in the north; he has robbed me of the sky, and I will rob him of his wife."

Psycholene, never very rich in patience, and who could any night have gambled it all away at long whist and penny points, here lost the little that she had; and, turning to her lords in waiting, commanded them to place the insolent intruder under immediate arrest. The Months cried, the Hours pleaded, the Moments sobbed; Psycholene was inexorable.

"At least till Laipsas' return," she said with dignity; and Captain Phœbus was marched off. As he went he threw a wink at the Months. The Meadow-maid returned it, and the Spotless Virgin pinched her for interest. The captain smiled, and, putting his hand to his heart, hummed, "How happy could I be with either." At which the Virgin hung down her head and blushed—or pretended; and the Weighing-woman whispered to the Scorpion-charmer, "What a duck of a man."

ICICLE THIRD AND LAST.

Showing how Laipsas became sick of the Intemperate Temperates; and, cutting the Line, returned to the Pole, where he released the captain.

You would all like to know what mighty fascination that could be, which had induced Laipsas to forsake his wife and polar home so long, for the reward of incessant abuse, and pretty plain hints to "pack up his valise, and book himself by the next train," from his unwilling hosts in the temperate zone. It *was* a mighty fascination! He had—must the truth be told? must the weakness of nature be laid bare before the cold gaze of a heartless world? must the anatomical knife of truth dissect the nerves and sinews of feeling? Must it be so? well, then, Laipsas had fallen in love—with the Polka! There he was, in the fashion. Madame Michau was his divinity, and Jullien his physician; at the shrine of the one he worshipped with a devotion and enthusiasm worthy of a Turning Dervish; the draughts of the other he accepted, and felt considerably lighter after them. Thus, so long as the Polka set men and women crazy, so long did Laipsas remain, and so long did Sir Phœbus languish in obscurity. But the world forgot the absence of the captain of the Sky's Own, as they would have forgotten the absence of any other captain of meaner rank, in the

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glories of their nightly festivals; and they heeded not the chilly presence of Laipsas, in the genial glow of superhuman exercise. Though, before, they had always hooted at this King of Bad Weather like very electioneering mobs, pelting him with all the ancient eggs of abuse and brick-bats of defiance which they could find; yet now, though the ten fingers of the sun, hand in glove with Murphy, were pointing at him and crying "shame!" on his tardiness, the world Polkaed on, and forgave him. For who will not forgive the most impertinent, scrutinizing intrusion, if flattery, though ever so contemptibly fashioned, sits on the intruder's shoulder? And Laipsas *did* flatter—we will give every one their their due—he *did* flatter.

The sages of old spent life and wealth in looking for the philosopher's stone. More fools they! Why, every man has one in his waistcoat pocket. It is a piece of glass that looks like diamond, but it is'nt; and on it is marked "Humbug and Flattery." And this piece of glass carries a man through the streets of life swifter than Jack's seven-leagued boots, grants him his desires fully as Fortunatus' cap, and fills his purse with gold as unerringly as Peter Schlemhil's purse, with this difference only—Peter lost his shadow; the man with the sham diamond often gets one for life. The Mr. Caudles of matrimony can tell the uses of such a shadow.

Well, the Polka at last was being worn out. Daughters found that it made no matches, and papas found that it did but make long bills. Rich old uncles who had the gout looked grave about it, and spinster aunts, with sharp noses, whispered one little word —what?—"Improper."

The Polka, poor thing! was in a fair way to faint. They called for fresh air; they thought that a little exercise on the lawn would revive her, and they opened the doors; when, whew! such a blast of wind and torrent of rain flew in their faces, that they were fain to shut them again. They sent for Dr. Printemps, the world's great physician and the captain's great friend; but Laipsas the Storm-king stood thundering at the doors, and would allow no one to come near the place but himself. This was carrying the joke a little too far. They very rudely swore at the monarch, and sent him incontinently to εισαιδιον τοπον his own place. The king took huff and obeyed, and the Polka opened her eyes.

Laipsas came to the crystal palace. All was sombre and silent. He called the maids of honour; they came in draggled and slipshod. The Moments had chains round their little limbs, and the Months wore one uniform dismal mask. It was clear there was something wrong. He hurried to the throne-room, where Psycholene was sitting. All looked watery and thawing. The queen herself was thinner and more transparent than ever, and uncom-

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fortably hot. Bewildered, the king inquired the meaning of this magic.

"The captain!" gasped the Ice Queen.

"The captain!" shrieked the Atomic Elves.

"The captain!" sobbed the Hours.

And "The captain!" lisped the Months.

The captain of the Sky's Own, away from men, in the crystal palace, actually burning him, Laipsas, out of house and home! And he was not insured!

The king tore his beard, and hurried off to the watch-house. There he beheld the cause of all this confusion and consternation quietly stretched at full length on the floor, smoking cigars and drinking porter. His face, always spotty, more spotty than ever.

"Are you going to murder us all?" roared the king.

"Gently, gently!" said the captain; "I thought that as you had taken my post in the sky, I might as well take yours in the palace. And knowing that change was wanted, I have amused myself by melting your plate and your wife at the same time. Call at your father's brother Edward for the one, and place the other under the care of Von Priëssnitz; for if any man can, he will make hot blood cold. Good bye, old fellow! Next season don't leave your wife quite so long, but be off rather earlier from the world."

So the captain departed, but he took the two pretty Months—the Weighing-woman and the Scorpion-charmer—with him, as he mounted his coach and four.

Psycholene gradually refrigerated to her usual state of iciness, without the water-doctor's aid. Laipsas put his crystal palace in order, vowing never to leave it again beyond his appointed time. And then, to commemorate his own quitting the Intemperate Temperates, and the Sun's return to men, he ordered to be acted before him a play written by an old-fashioned, silly, *rococco*, goose-cap, one Mr. Shakspere, called,

"All's Well that Ends Well."

LEAVES OF LIFE.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

No. II.

ALEXANDER.

A desert was around him, not the waste
Of trackless solitudes that speak alone
Of God from their untrodden fastnesses,
But the stern silence of a city bowed

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To its primeval chaos. Columns sunk
Midway in the worn earth; pillar, and arch,
And dome colossal, in one shapeless mass
Of wild confusion scatter'd; whence arose
A voice more eloquent than life e'er gave,
To chant of human glory. In old time
That city haply rear'd its palac'd head,
The queen of prostrate nations; there had been
The laurell'd warrior, the soul-lifted sage,
The spells of beauty, and the state of power,
The fire of genius kindling for all time,
The pomp and pride of ages. Of all these,
Save in the record of the printless dust,
Where was the boast and glory? Fame had pass'd
Those walls as if in mockery, and Time,
That borroweth lustre from the things of old,
Hath kept no trace of these. The conqueror stood
Alone amid that wilderness of life;
And as his eye survey'd the mouldering type
Of this most mortal immortality,
The pale brow darken'd, and deep-seated scorn
Played round the chisell'd lip, where words of fire
Died in unutterable eloquence,
The quenchless thirsting of a spirit bound
In the dull, dying dreams of earthly time,
Whose refuse mock'd its daring. O'er him came
A vision of dark ages, sweeping on
With force resistless round the things that were,
And leaving blank oblivion where the life
Of his proud deeds had linger'd. Other names
Were breathed to kindle emulative fire
In souls of kindred glory. On it pour'd,
On, on through rolling centuries, that tide
Of human frailty, in its heedless sweep
O'erwhelming empires rear'd by the heart's blood
Of the earth's best and mightiest. Dark and deep,
Unfathom'd and unfathomable now,
The waves seem'd closing round him; on his ear
Brake the hoarse swell of the eternal sea,
Whereon, like to a bubble, he had pass'd,
Leaving no track on its heaved waters. Up,
With sudden impulse, from that dream of pain
The conqueror started, and in other climes
Cast the dark bondage of its spell away;
But there were stated moments when it came
Fresh on his spirit like a blighting cloud,
Turning all life to blackness.

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WHO WAS JACK WILSON?

[We have received a copy of an interesting printed paper, entitled, "Who was 'Jack Wilson,' the Singer of Shakspeare's Stage? by Edward F. Rimbault, L.L.D., F.S.A." As the paper is, we presume, chiefly intended for private circulation, and consequently not likely to fall into the hands of many of our readers, we have transferred it into our pages.

In the second volume of the "Shakspeare Society's Papers," Mr. Collier has communicated an article (p. 33.) upon "Jack Wilson," the performer of Balthazar in "Much ado about Nothing," and consequently the singer of the song in that play,

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more."

The fact of Wilson having performed the part of Balthazar is clearly proved by the folio of 1629, where (Act ii. sc. 3.) the stage direction is "Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and *Jack Wilson*," the name of the actor being inserted instead of that of the character. The object of Mr. Collier's paper is to prove that "Jack Wilson was not merely a singer but a composer, and in all probability the composer of 'Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,' as sung by him in the character of Balthazar." "He certainly was," continues Mr. Collier, "the composer of the song in 'Measure or Measure,' Act iv. sc. 1.

'Take, O! take, those lips away,' &c.

as is proved by a book of manuscript music, as old in some parts as the time of the Civil Wars, although in others it seems to have been written in the reign of Charles II. That song is there found with Wilson's name at the end of it, as the author of the music; unluckily the manuscript says nothing regarding the authorship of the words, or we might from thence have been able to decide by whom they were written. As it is, the case stands precisely thus: one stanza is found in Shakspeare's 'Measure for Measure,' while both are inserted in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Bloody Brother,' Act v. sc. 2; but on the other hand, both are imputed to Shakspeare in the edition of his poems, printed in 8vo. 1640. There is no doubt, however, that John Wilson was the composer of the song; and, as he certainly belonged to the company of players to which Shakspeare was attached, it may slightly strengthen the belief that one member of the association wrote the words of a song to which another member wrote the music, especially when, as far as we know, it was not Shakspeare's practice (though it was that of some dramatists of his time) to adopt into his plays, songs which had been written by others for other performances."

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So far so good; Mr. Collier has adopted a favourite hypothesis of mine that Wilson was the composer of much of the music to Shakspeare's plays, but whether this can be established we shall see anon. The song in question, "Take, O! take those lips away," was certainly composed by a *John* Wilson, but by no less a personage than "Doctor John Wilson, Professor of Musick, in the University of Oxford," A.D. 1664. My hypothesis therefore falls to the ground unless I can prove the identity of the Jack Wilson of Shakspeare's stage with the learned Oxford professor of half a century later.

The manuscript from which Mr. Collier derived his information respecting the song in "Measure for Measure" was probably the common-place book of one of the Ferrers' family, at whose ancient seat of Staunton Harold it was long preserved. It now forms one of the many musical rarities in my own collection. The song in question is there entered, but the name of the composer is *not* given at the end, as stated by Mr. Collier. The music, however, is undoubtedly Dr. Wilson's, and agrees with copies printed by John Playford in his "Select Musicall Ayres and Dialogues," 1659; and the "Treasury of Musick," 1669.

John Wilson, "the Composer," was a native of Feversham, in Kent, and born in the year 1594. Anthony à Wood tells us, "that having an early taste for music, he became one of the most eminent masters of that science." Nothing is known of him until the year 1626, when I find, by an entry in the ancient cheque-book of the Chapel Royal, that he was constituted a "Gentleman of the Royal Chapel;" about the same time, according to Wood, he was also appointed "Musician in Ordinary" to his Majesty, Charles I. "Being in constant attendance on his majesty," says Wood, "he played on the lute with such skill as gave the king great satisfaction, who generally leaned on his shoulder during his performance." He was created Doctor of Music, in the University of Oxford, in 1664, at which time he appears to have taken up his residence in the University, for Wood says, "after the surrender of Oxford [1646], he spent some years in the family of Sir William Walter, at Sarsden, in Oxfordshire." In 1656, at the request of Mr. Thomas Barlow, made to Dr. Owen, Vice-Chancellor of the University, who had been his pupil, he was constituted Music-Professor, and had lodgings assigned him in Baliol College, where, being assisted by some of the Royalists, he lived very comfortably, exciting in the university, according to Wood, such a love of music, as in a great measure accounts for that flourishing state in which it has long subsisted there, and for those numerous private music-meetings, of which this writer, in his own life, has given such an amusing relation. At the Restoration, Dr. Wilson was appointed Chamber Musician to Charles II., and on the death of the famous Henry Lawes, in 1662, was again received into the

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Chapel Royal. Upon receiving the latter appointment he quitted the University, and took up his residence in London. He died at his house near the Horse-ferry, Westminster, in 1673, at nearly seventy-nine years of age, and was buried in the little cloisters, adjoining Westminster Abbey.

This is all that is known of the life of one whom Wood says was "the greatest judge of musick that ever was," and "the best at the lute in all England," and if I can identify him with the famous singer of Shakspeare's day, it will add another laurel to the crown to which he is so justly entitled.

Wilson the composer was born, as I have stated, in 1594, and until the year 1626, a period of thirty-two years, we are entirely ignorant of any particulars concerning his life. It is during this period, then, that we must look for his connection with the theatre.

Shakspeare's play, "Measure for Measure," according to Mr. Collier, was written either at the close of 1603, or in the beginning of 1604, at which period Wilson was not more than ten years old. It is therefore impossible that he could have been the *original* composer of the song, "Take, O! take those lips away," although it is highly probable that he was the *original* singer. The stage direction, it will be remembered, is "enter Mariana and *Boy* singing."

The comedy of "Much ado about Nothing" was performed probably in the autumn of 1599, or certainly in the beginning of 1600; it is therefore still more unlikely that the music of Balthazar's song could have been composed by the *boy* Wilson. He might indeed have composed the song at a later period, when (as we learn from the folio of 1623) he performed the character of Balthazar, but the composition is not found among his works which have descended to us.

From what has been said, it is clear that Jack Wilson was not the *original* composer of the two songs in question, but that he was an *early* composer of one of them at least is certain.

Wilson was the composer of four other Shakspearean lyrics, a fact unknown to Mr. Collier when he wrote the article in the "Shakspeare Papers:"—"Where the bee sucks"—"Full fathom five"—"Lawn as white as driven snow"—"and "From the fair Lavinian shore." They are all printed in the author's "Cheerful Ayres or Ballads," Oxford, 1660. We have now evidence from this work that Wilson was the *original* composer of the music to *one* of Shakspeare's plays. He says in his preface, "some of these ayres were *originally* composed by those whose names are affixed to them, but are here placed as being *new set* by the author of the rest." The two songs, "Where the bee sucks," and "Full fathom five," have appended to them the name of "R. Johnson," who, upon this evidence, we may undoubtedly conclude

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was the *original* composer of the music in the play of the "Tempest." The song, "Lawn as white as driven snow," from the "Winter's Tale," has the name of "John Wilson" attached to it, from which it is equally certain that he was its *original* composer. In my own mind, the circumstances connected with the Shakspearian lyrics in this book are almost conclusive as to the identity of John Wilson the *composer* with John Wilson the *singer*. Unless the composer had been intimately acquainted with the theatre of Shakspeare's day, it is not likely that he would have remembered, so long after, the name of one of its composers. Nor is it likely, that being so well acquainted with the *original* composers of the Shakspearian drama, and so anxious as he appears to have been to do justice to their memory, that he would have omitted informing us who was the *original* composer of the song in the "Winter's Tale" had it been any other than himself. The "Winter's Tale" was not produced before 1610 or 1611, at which period Wilson was sixteen or seventeen years old, an age quite ripe enough for the production of the song in question.

From Wilson's particular mention of R. Johnson, one of the musicians of Shakspeare's company, it seems not too much to imagine that young Wilson may have been his pupil.

Robert Johnson was a celebrated performer on the lute; and if not so well known as his more fortunate contemporary, John Dowland, he at least deserves especial notice as one of the chief composers of the musical drama of Shakspeare's Stage. The first trace of Johnson's name occurs in the year 1573, when he was in the household of Sir Thomas Kytson, of Hengrave Hall, in the County of Suffolk. In the book containing the expenses of the household, kept by one Thomas Fryer, I find under the date, January, 1573:—

"Paid to Robert the musician, as so much by him paid for a coople staffe torches to alight my M^res^ home on Candlemas night, supping at Mr. Townsends, ii s. vi d."

Again, under the date April, 1575:—In reward to Johnson, the musician, for his charges in awaiting on my L. of Leycester, at Kennelworth, x s."

The last item is extremely interesting, and relates to an event which probably brought into request all the musical talent of the period—the grand entertainment given by the Earl of Leicester to Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, and celebrated by Master Robert Laneham in his "Letter," and by Sir Walter Scott in his admirable romance of Kenilworth.

How long Johnson remained in the service of Sir Thomas Kytson I have not been able to ascertain. He probably came to London soon after the Earl of Leicester's entertainment, and commenced his career as a composer for the theatre. In June, 1611, I find him in the service of Prince Henry, receiving a

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stipend of forty pounds annually; and on the 20th of December, 1625, his name occurs in a privy seal, exempting the musicians of the King (Charles I.) from the payment of subsidies.

Johnson composed the music for Middleton's play of the "Witch," a contemporary manuscript of which is in my possession. His music to the "Tempest" has shared the fatality which seems to attend almost everything in connection with our great bard; nevertheless, I have been fortunate enough to recover some fragments of the instrumental music, which will be printed in my "Musical Illustrations of Shakspeare's Plays."

The last named Shakespearian lyric, connected with Wilson's music "From the fair Lavinian shore," is "Shakespeare's rime which he made at the Mytre in Fleete Streete,"—a fact which we learn from the manuscript collection of poetry, copied before the year 1631, and quoted in Mr. Collier's "Annals of the Stage," vol. iii. p. 276.

I shall here quote an anecdote from the Lestrange MS. (Harl. MS. No. 6395), which goes far to prove the identity of the learned Doctor, with the Jack Wilson of Shakespeare's stage, who, though dubbed by the learned, was still "Jack" with his familiars.

"Jack Willson and Harry and Will. Lawes were at a taverne one night. Willson being in worst case of the three, swore he would quarrell with the next man he mett, who was a meere stranger, and a sober gentleman; whom he thus accosted, 'Are you not a Catholicke?' 'Yes marry am I.' 'Then y're a knave,' sayes he. The gentleman having pass't by a little way, stepps back to him, and bids him not swallow an error, 'for,' sayes he, 'I am no Catholicke!' 'Why then, y're a scurvy lying knave,' says Willson. Upon that out flew their swords, but the Lawes' parted them presently."

Dr. Wilson was a man of facetious temper; and styled by Wood "a great humourist and a pretender to buffoonery. Henry Lawes, one of his companions in the present drunken frolic, has given a much more amiable, and probably truer portrait of him in the following lines, part of a poem prefixed to Wilson's "Psalterium Carolinum," 1657—

> "From long acquaintance and experience, I
> Could tell the world thy known integrity
> Unto thy friend; thy true and honest heart,
> Ev'n mind, good nature, all but thy great art,
> Which I but dully understand."

This is good evidence, coming from one so celebrated as "Harry Lawes," of Wilson's character, as well as a type of the high estimation in which his musical abilities were held by his professional brethren. Respecting the latter, Dr. Burney has most unjustly pronounced that Wilson "set words to music more clumsily than

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any composer of equal rank in the profession;" but he afterwards admits that he "was respected by his cotemporaries, and held an exalted rank in his art."

The work (before mentioned) containing the Shakespearian lyrics is of such interest that I subjoin its description. It is entitled, "Cheerfull Ayres or Ballads. First composed for one single voice, and since set for three voices. By John Wilson, Dr. in Musick, Professor of the same in the University of Oxford. Oxford, Printed by W. Hall, for Ric. Davis, Anno Dom. 1660." Eight copies of verses with the following initials of the writers at the end, E. D., A. C., N. M., R. R., and J. H. O. C. The latter speaks of some of the ayres having been performed at Court before the King, and concludes in the following manner:

"I do not wonder that the King did call,
Wilson, there's more words, let's hear them all:
Such was your skill, that what the rest o' the Court
Perhaps thought long, judicious ears thought short.
Excellent Artist! whose sweet strains devour,
Time swift as they, and make days seem an hour.
But what need more, since 'tis enough to tell
But this; King Charles hath heard, and lik'd them well."

The songs contained in this collection (69 in number) are as follows,

When Troy towne for ten years' war.
From the faire Lavinian shore.
Will you buy any honesty.
Full fathome five.
Where the bee sucks.
When love with unconfined wings.
Have you any work for a sow gelder.
Come hither, you that love.
Young Thirsis lay in Phillis' lap.
Kawasha comes in majestie.
Cast your capps and cares away.
Doe not feare to put thy feet.
Thoughts doe not vex me.
Whoso complaineth gaineth.
Come, silent night.
Come, constant hearts.
Love and disdain.
In a season all oppressed.
Cupid, thou art a wanton boy.
Though your strangenesse.
Ask me no more.
Clora's false love made Chloris weep.
I love, alas, but cannot show it.
If I die be this my will.
Greedy lover pause awhile.
Thine eyes to me like sunnes.
Awake, awake, the morne.
I would have thee merry.
In the merry month of may.
Fain would I, Chloris.
Deere give me a thousand kisses.

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Lawne as white as driven snow.
Goe weather beaten thoughts.
Goe restlesse thoughts.
If my lady did beginne
Tell me where the beauty lyes.
Boast not, blind boy.
Come thou father of the spring.
Sir, this my little mistresse here.
No, no, I tell thee no.
For ever let thy heavenly tapers.
Fly hence, shadows.
Since love hath in thine and mine.
Since love hath bought thee.
Yon herauld of my mistresse heart.
Why think'st thou foole.
When the cleer sunn.
What would any man desire?
Thou that excellest.
I swear by muskadell.
Fondness of man to love.
Down, be still, you seas.
You say you love me.
Hence with this wedlock chaine.
So have I seen a silver swann.
View'st thou that poore penurious payre.
If I must tell you what I love.
When on mine eyes.
Be not thou so foolish nice.
Come, I faint.
God Lycus ever young.
Nor roses coucht within a lilly bed.
So many lovers have I neglected.
Now the lusty spring is seen.
Wherefore peep'st thou envious day.
Turne thy beauteous face away.
When I behold my Mistres face
My love and I for kisses plaid.
In a vale with flowrets spangled.

From the above list it is evident that Dr. Wilson was intimately acquainted with the works of the poets of the time of James I., Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Breton, &c., a further proof of the correctness of my position. Many other of Wilson's compositions (and also some of those printed in the above collection) are to be found in the following rare musical works, all of which are in my library:—"Catch that catch can," 1652; "Select Musicall Ayres and Dialogues," 1652; "Select Ayres and Dialogues," 1659; "The Musical Companion," 1667; "The Treasury of Music," 1669, &c.

Upon a careful consideration of the various circumstances adduced in the course of this paper, I cannot but consider that my position is pretty clearly established. The Doctor's settings of the Shakespearian Lyrics—his knowledge of the original composer of the music in the "Tempest"—his companionship with the great dramatic composers, the two Lawes's—his familiar appellation of "Jack Wilson"—and, above all, the thirty-two years gap

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in the early history of his life, all these circumstances combined are evidences not to be slighted, and, until these evidences can be set aside by something more conclusive, I shall rest satisfied in my own mind, that "Jack Wilson," the singer of Shakespeare's stage, and Doctor John Wilson, the learned Professor of the University of Oxford, were one and the same person.

MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA.

(Suggested by a passage in Eugene Aram.)

BY MRS. ABDY.

I STOOD by the sea in the silence of night,
And mark'd the fair moon as she beamingly shone,
And sigh'd to perceive that her silvery light
Illumined one line of the waters alone.

It griev'd me to watch her thus wooingly play
On so narrow a track of the ocean's vast tide,
Refusing to cheer with one gladd'ning ray
The dark quiet billows that roll'd by its side.

Then I paus'd, for I felt that my strictures were vain,
And blam'd my rash judgment and limited sight,
Which thus had presumptuously dar'd to arraign
The course of so wondrous and distant a light.

The moon to our gaze as a niggard may seem,
Since few of her rays our perceptions may strike,
Yet she casts on the ocean no favouring beam,
But mirrors her smiles on each billow alike.

Thus often with envy those mortals we view
To whom dazzling distinctions and honours are given,
Our eyes their bright track in amazement pursue,
And we deem them especially favour'd by Heaven.

Yet happiness shines o'er life's varied expanse,
Though distance her light may appear to subdue,
And the many are hourly rejoic'd by the glance
Which we falsely imagine confin'd to the few.

Their fame may not spread, nor their riches increase,
Yet owning pure pleasures, calm thoughts, loving ties,
Their homes may repose in the moonlight of peace,
Though the rays be reflected not back to our eyes.

God pours, with a hand unaccustom'd to spare,
The light of his bounty on cottage and hall,
And none should distrustfully question their share
Of the radiance so amply sufficient for all.

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DIALOGUES OF THE STATUES.

No. II.

BY PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON.

Shakspere's Statue in Poet's Corner to Thorwaldsen's Statue of Lord Byron in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

ABSTRACTEDLY speaking it ought not to be difficult to define what is good and what is evil in the world. Indeed, it is *not* difficult to define what is good and what is evil, but the difficulty is, when we look round upon the great mass of men who environ us, to point out *who* is good and *who* is evil—or, in other words, who is the *possessor* of the good and who is the possessor of the evil, which is the same thing.

All men are hypocrites, more or less; and hence ordinary conversation—ay, even the greatest intimacy, for years sometimes—will not suffice to reveal the innate bent of some men's minds. It is surprising how little the greatest intimates know of each other. This fact we have arrived at from observation, and every day assures us of its truth. But if every man is a little of a dissembler in society; if, in mixing with others, he endeavours to set himself off to the best advantage, and thereby outwardly appears more amiable than he inwardly is, what criterion have we to go by, and how are we to find out the nature of any man's heart? Why, it is said that a person's writings are a true index of himself. A man may dissemble in society (ladies never dissemble), because he may either do so unconsciously, when agreeable friends draw out his best qualities and leave the blacker ones undisturbed, or he may do it purposely, through the desire of passing for a vastly amiable personage—and all people like to be thought amiable. Not only that; it may be his interest to show only the bright side, and consequently, though anything should occur to ruffle the demon within, he will still smooth him down with all his might, knowing that if he did not the revelation would turn to his detriment. Education and discretion teach men to keep their passions under a restraint, but neither education nor discretion can always succeed in annihilating them so much as if they did not exist. Hence it is that in daily intercourse and general society a curb or slight restraint is thrown over the bearing, or mien, or tongue, or actions of most people.

We may ask the reader a plain question:—Has it not perhaps more than once in his life happened that he has somewhere or other chanced to encounter a man who, by some act of rudeness or

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impertinence, so incensed him that his prompt desire was instantly to knock him down? But did he knock him down? No. Why not? Because this same curb or restraint of education and discretion withheld his hands, or checked his wrath, or suggested other modes of requital more befitting the dignity of a gentleman. This is the control which etiquette enjoins to be observed between man and man.

But, as we said before, this restraint is believed not to be carried into a person's writings. When a man pours out his mind upon paper, he generally takes up his pen in the retirement of some secluded study, apart from the noise of the world, the restraints of ceremony, the interests of party, or the distractions of busy society. It is argued that he then is free, and then only really free; that he expresses the veritable opinions which he holds; that he lays bare the workings of his inmost soul—not as they *seem* to work but as they *do* work, and that, indeed, he paints himself in his true colours—black or white, sable or fair, and not like the cameleon, as he elsewhere is, stealing a congenial hue from every varying object that surrounds him. This is correct in degree, but not always absolutely so in totality. Persons are sometimes hypocrites in their writings—that is to say, now and then, and for a season; but they are rarely so for a long series of years, though they may be in society for an equally extended period. In their early literary productions, though these productions emanate from the seclusion of a retired chamber, a certain restraint is thrown over them, a restraint somewhat similar to that which governs the mien, actions, and conversation of daily intercourse in public places, as before remarked: because the germinating authors of such productions have the terror of the world's verdict before their eyes, even before they are judged, and they are excessively solicitous that that verdict may be a favourable one. Hence they feel as if they were already in public, months perhaps before they actually are so. This feeling fetters the freedom of their maiden efforts, and thus it is that many productions, which have only accidentally got into print (like these dialogues) read with a manifest and pleasant degree of fluency. Such maiden efforts, too, often differ considerably from the tenor of subsequent works, when the mind has grown callous to the world's opinion, and cares not a pin's fee either for censure or praise.

Who, now, can look at Lord Byron's poems and fail to perceive the difference between the first and the last in the long series? We speak not here of the difference in talent, but the difference in sentiment. The earlier pieces betray the timidity we mention, as of one conscious of being about to appear before a formidable tribunal. In places, therefore, they court favour, and are apologetic; but further on they become fearless, hostile, and full of defiance. We would not infer that Lord Byron's mind, in his

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youth, when he wrote his Hours of Idleness, was as fearless, hostile, or full of defiance against all mankind as when he wrote Don Juan, or that if it were so he purposely concealed these traits from fear of revealing them; but doubtless the germs of his hostility and of his misanthropy were born with him, which germs Lord Jeffrey first, and the world at large subsequently, called forth so conspicuously to view.

It would be hard to make us say that he were born with an original propensity to evil, though some have said as much. He was born with strong passions, the which led him into evil, because his moral education had been too deficient to act as a wholesome curb against the temptations by which, not only himself, but every one else is more or less surrounded. Much has been said of his profligacy, and the cicerone who takes the visitor round Venice has many anecdotes in point. The common idea amongst the generality of people is, that poets are the purest of human beings, because they write passages of exalted beauty, tingling fire, and lofty sublimity. We could easily show that this idea is very erroneous. What, for instance, is the power that enables them to pen these passages? Why, the having stronger passions than other men. To be as pure, then, as they are intense, their moral culture ought to be even *more* strictly attended to than it need be in your frigid stoics whom nothing can excite. It is the most mettlesome steed that requires the strongest curb, and it is the most ardent temperaments that need the greatest care to prevent their running into excesses.

Some imagine that the elements of the poetic temperament are the elements of celestiality, but this is not always the case. The poetic temperament consists in intensity; it is, in fact, a quintessence; without cautious guiding, therefore, it may run into the quintessence of evil, instead of into the quintessence of good. Some poetic minds have a spontaneous propendency upwards towards spirituality, and all who are the sires of verse would have us fancy that their stanzas were conceived in heaven, though one glance at the ungodly offspring may assure us far otherwise.

The majority of poets in all ages have been noted for their devotion either to Venus or to Bacchus, or both. Why? Is it that as a class of human beings they must necessarily be more depraved than others? must they be more licentious, more wanton, more abandoned? Not so. It is that the impassioned cast of their temperaments in their early youth not having been sufficiently watched over by some guardian good, has plunged into the revels of impurity, though a guiding hand in time might have turned that same impetuousness into a more refined channel. There would then have been less of earth, and more of heaven; less of materiality, and more of idealism.

Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, met Southey once in the north of

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England, and expressed his surprise that the latter would not address himself to Bacchus with the same devotion for which Hogg was somewhat noted.

"For a poet," said the shepherd, "to refuse his glass was to me a phenomenon; and I confess I doubted my own mind, and doubt it to this day, *if perfect sobriety and transcendant genius can exist together.*"

This passage may astonish some who associate far other notions with the poetic temperament. Hogg continues,

"*In Scotland I am sure they cannot;* with regard to the English, I shall let them settle that among themselves, as they have little that is worth drinking."

Here was a compliment to an Englishman's sobriety!

Many of those, too, who carry this admiration of poets to an enthusiastic pitch, judging of them from the tender touches pencilled over their writings, would exalt them in apotheosis to the skies, and never believe otherwise than that those who can so well portray what virtue and sweetness are, must indeed be virtue and sweetness themselves. We would that this were a rule without an exception. Many of the finest poets that have lived, whether in this country or in others, have been known to be, to their intimates, prone to quarrel, quick at irrascibility, and impetuous to revenge. Shakspere* always stands conspicuous for his amiability, though, as a poet, he lacked nothing of fire and passion. Beaumont and Fletcher were good fellows, and agreed admirably. Ben Johnson was apt at quarrel; Milton was morose; Dryden was servile and like-minded; Matthew Prior was a social and hearty companion; John Gay was noted for his affability and pleasing manners; Handel, one of the great poets of music, was rough and impetuous in his manner; Goldsmith could easily fly into a passion with those around him, but he could easily forgive; Johnson was coarse and ungentle; Sheridan was licentious; Campbell was hasty, and packed bottles of whiskey in his trunks when he travelled; Byron had a temper or two besides his own; Macready has his own temper, which is quite enough; Douglas Jerrold is captious; and——but this will do for the present.

We may here learn that it is not always that those who can write passages the most refined are themselves the purest; not those who are the sweetest and loftiest on paper are the sweetest and loftiest in heart, nor those who are the fairest to read are inwardly the fairest to be read. Had Lord Byron been as great a moralist as he was a poet, he would never have been excluded from Westminster Abbey.

* We know not how to spell William of Stratford's name. We thought Mr. Charles Knight had set the controversy at rest, on the authority of some authentic autographs of the poet, but the Quarterly for June, 1844, laughs it all to scorn. Is there no peace in this world?

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The statue of Shakspere in Poet's Corner had been anxiously looking out to see what would be done with Thorwaldsen's figure, immediately after the discussion which took place on this subject in the House of Lords on Friday, the 14th of June, 1844. The Swan of Avon watched its disinterment from under the foundations of the Custom House with some interest—we had almost said its deracination, for it was a hard tug to drag it thence, after it had rooted there for twelve years. He kept his eye upon it during its temporary sojourn in South Audley Street, and finally saw it pass Kensal Green, and find harbourage at the upper end of the library in Trinity College, Cambridge.

"Certes, my lord," it then said, with a feeling of satisfaction. "Certes, ye have ambled far, though ye took it by easy roads. Howbeit, I now give ye joy of your stance, for ye are set upon as fitting a pedestal as might well have been devised."

"Do you think so, Shakspere?" sadly said the stove in the library."

"Ay, marry, I do; and wherefore not?"

"True; wherefore not? I have certainly many pleasing reminiscences of Cambridge; I hope I had many friends there, and, as a literary man, perhaps the being placed in the midst of these book-shelves is not inappropriate, as you observe. But—eh—but somehow or other I always had a great desire for a place in Poet's Corner, and ——"

"I wot well," cried Shakspere. "Yes, my lord, ye did much desiderate that, I know; but this was vanity, mere vanity, one of your weaknesses, however. Ye also had another wish—to wit, the Poet Laureateship. This was vanity, too. But let me tell ye a plain unvarnished truth:—ye went altogether the wrong way to attain either of these honours. Ye were a bad politician and a purblind diplomatist.

"I? How? Who made you a judge of that?"

"Go to, my lord, I say you were. Meseemeth that he who could sit down and write 'The vision of Judgment' (I shall say nothing of the sinner that printed it), and he who lost no opportunity of cursing kings, could scantly look for the laurel crown till his hands of his sovereign. Neither do I think that he who, till his death, made one jeer of religion, went the right way towards getting a niche in this abbey. Come now, what think ye?"

"Well, there may be something in that. But my friend, Bob Southey, was a republican in his youth, and yet he got the laurel."

"But Bob Southey, as ye call him, was not so personal in his republicanism; he did not abuse the same prince that he got the crown from, though his principles were then unfavourable to monarchy. A man's principles will be forgiven by his antagonists if his effusions are not personal. Legh Hunt could be personal

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in his republicanism, and yet the hoary old sinner could now turn round and write a sycophantic panegyric on the birth of the princess Alice. This offence smelt to heaven; and let me tell ye, it offended nostrils that inhale the perfume of palaces. What was worse, at that very time his ancient comrade, Southey, was lying well-nigh on his death-bed, and that same laurel crown likely to become vacant every day. I was ashamed of human nature when I witnessed this."

"Rather bad, I allow," returned Lord Byron; "but what do you think of my statue?"

"By'r lady, 'tis beautiful!" replied Shakspere. "I will not say ye are perfect, for your feet are bad, and your right leg is of feminine mould, and faultily fashioned; but I will not look for errors, as this is too much the practice now-a-days with those who criticise new works. Ye had good hands when ye were alive [aside—and ye were proud of them], but your sculptor has done ye justice. Your eye is not in a fine frenzy rolling; your brow is more calmly contemplative, and peradventure this is more pleasing"

"I am glad you like me altogether. By the bye, Shakspere, you are very different from your bust in Stratford Church, which has been recently cleaned up by Mr. Harness. Which, now, most resembles what you were in your lifetime?"

"An a man could hold a mirror up to himself," answered the figure in the Abbey, "I might tell ye: but it's hard for a man to know his own features. The eye cannot see itself. Howbeit, I say the one at Stratford—as far as my remembrance serves, and especially before it had been besmirched with whitewash, when it was painted all in the true colours of my habit and complexion. They affect whitewash not a little at Stratford, for in a fit of spleen they whitewashed the chamber wherein I was born, and obliterated all the pencilled names on the walls, not sparing your lordship's, nor yet the Duke of Clarence's, near the fire-place. The old widow, Mistress Court, makes a good thing of my fame. She has got the chinks there."

"I doubt it not. It cost me something when I went up stairs. But, Shakspere, I wish to come back to that topic again about the merits of getting into the corner. You say I was not good enough. But how did you get there? Even you were not a pattern of what is correct. You remember the deer stealing in Charlecotte Park, the impending law suit, and your unchristian revenge in the squibs you penned against Sir Thomas Lucy? Neither did your revenge die, for you subsequently had a fling at him in the beginning of your 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' It would be well for your fair fame if this were all; but I fear me that your acquaintance with Ann Hathaway was not what it should have been. You know you were obliged to marry her in a hurry; the banns were

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only called once in church, and six months after the knot was tied she presented you with a little daughter. Come, now, William, you must allow that that was not right."

"Oh!—ah! well—perhaps—exactly—(Aside—how provoking. I was in hopes all that had been forgotten long ago). The fact is, my lord, I can't precisely say how this happened; I was rather warm."

"Exactly—as you say. Come, I have you there. And yet you are in the Abbey."

"I readily confess I was not without sin—far from it; but I think ye will at least concede that my words inculcate virtue, and are not without a reverence for religion, albeit I myself had not strength enough always to resist error and keep in the right path. This is something, Not so you, my lord—your works are pernicious. If I am gross in any expressions I may use, I out with it at once, without inuendo; and this grossness is to be laid down more to the imperfectly refined age in which I lived, than to my own depravity. Your scenes of profligacy, so well described, are glazed over with polished periods, whereby the innocent see not the dangers they are treading upon. Your surpassing talent rivets the attention, urges the reader delightfully to go on, but the under-current of pernicious inuendo is fearfully calculated to seduce unsuspecting virtue."

"Thank you for your compliment."

"Nay, my lord, I speak not to offend, and sorely engrieved should I be to do so. We statues have vast privileges; we may say what we like, and as no offence is meant, so none should be taken."

"Well, go on," said Byron, not, however, in the best of humours.

"I was simply about to make an observation or two on the unfitness of admitting your statue into Westminster Abbey—a topic which would not be out of place, as ye have so recently found a resting-place, after being denied one here. This matter of admittance was canvassed in the House of Lords, as I said. It arose by the pure chance of hazard, by the Earl Fitzhardinge making answer to the Bishop of Exeter, when another subject was abroach. The noble earl observed,

"'It would be recollected that the Dean and Chapter of Westminster had refused a place in Westminster Abbey, on the score of morals and religion, a statue to Lord Byron. He did not quarrel with them for that decision, if they really believed that the reception of it would be injurious to morals or religion,' &c.

"After that my Lord Bishop of Gloucester spoke, and he right vehemently upheld all that the dean and chapter had done in keeping you out.

"Then my Lord Brougham stood forward, and most robus-

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tuously dissented from the bishop; Lord Brougham does dissent sometimes.

"'He would ask whether the dean and chapter might not have reconsidered their refusal to place in Westminster Abbey the monument to Lord Byron. He did not think there was any one passage in the history of this country of late years so discreditable to our national taste, to our reason, and to our good sense, as the refusal to erect this statue. It was the result of a subscription of large amount—he believed £2000; it was by some said to be the masterpiece of the great sculptor and the most illustrious artist of modern time—his late friend Thorwaldsen; and its subject [you, my Lord] was one whose great genius as a poet was as incontestible as his frailties [you, again] were to be lamented. He was not disposed to defend those frailties; but they could not be blind to the genius which shed a lustre which would not perish, and on the country which gave him birth. He did not speak of him from any personal predilection or friendship, for he had unfortunately been thrown into personal hostility with him.'"

"That's true!" spontaneously cried the statue in the library. "We had a deuce of a tussle years and years ago."

"'Personal hostility with him,'" continued Shakspere, reading *The Morning Herald* of June the 15th, "'which had endured for twenty years, and which had been recorded by the poet.'"

"Ah," interposed Byron again, "he alludes to the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' where I call him 'blundering Brougham,' for his article in the XXVth 'Edinburgh Review.' Go on, William."

"'He thought that the objectionable passages were very few, compared with the whole writings [!]; and he put it to the justice and good sense of the dean and chapter whether the same rule might not exclude some of our highest naval and military commanders? and whether it would be improper, after the monuments already in the Abbey, to place there also the statue of Byron?'

"'And where,' immediately (and, pardon me, I opine rightly) answered the Bishop of London, 'he hoped it never would be placed. In common justice and candour,' continued the right reverend prelate, 'he must express his approbation of the dean and chapter's conduct. They felt that there was a higher interest at stake than the national taste; they felt that the national religion was at stake. They did not institute a captious inquiry into the religion of Lord Byron; they went only by the evidence placed in his works, which were calculated to sap the foundations of all religion by those sophistries which would warp the judgment of those who were not proof against them. One of the most dangerous enemies of religion had been the learned historian of the Roman Empire; but he would put the insinuations [this, my

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Lord is just what I said] and inuendos of Lord Byron also as most dangerous, and must be taken as a disqualification for a niche in the temple of God. Should they be blamed for a refusal to admit to the sanctuary one whose whole life [listen, my Lord, this is the Bishop of London], whose whole life had been passed in the reprobation of religion? When the noble and learned Lord (Brougham) claimed this right of placing this statue in the house of prayer, he was sure that he would not find that Byron [you] had the same right to have his statue placed there as the friends of religion and public virtue, who in their writings had never dropped a phrase at variance with religion. He was sure that the noble Lord would not place him in the same class as Milton and Shakspere [me, oh! me]. He again expressed his approbation of the refusal given by the dean and chapter; he hoped they would adhere to it, and that they would never admit into the sanctuary the statue of this distinguished man. This was no reflection on his genius as a poet (mark the distinction) or on his talents; it was only the expression of feeling, that, as persons holding high office in the Established Church, they would not concur in giving the highest posthumous honours awarded to a Christian, to one who was, practically, far from a Christian.'"

"Rather severe," said the effigies of Byron, as Shakspere finished the extract. "But is that all?"

"Marry, I wot not," replied the monument in Poet's Corner. "Lord Brougham answers this, tilting, like a belted knight, for you, and dealing mighty dints at the armour of my reputation. He is trying to make me out more obscure than you, and on this questionable ground bases your claims. 'He (Lord Brougham),' continues the report, 'would not say one word as to Milton, who, though he differed from the Established Church, was a great friend to religion; but when the right reverend prelate mentioned Shakspere as a pattern of strict morality, why, he could point out in Shakspere more gross indecencies than ever could be found in Lord Byron. Could they doubt it, when an excellent gentleman had thought it necessary to publish a castrated edition of Shakpere, called 'The Family Shakspere,' leaving out those passages which were so indecent that they ought not to be read by any daughter in a family; whereas, he had never heard of a 'Family Byron;' for the passages were so very few, that the edition would hardly pay the expense.'"

"What do you think of that, Shakspere, as a vindication of me?" asked Thorwaldsen's statue, with an air of triumph.

"Methinks my Lord Brougham is in grievous error. My indecencies are but the vulgarities of my day. No one saw any harm in them, and I meant none. They come out plainly, fearlessly, and undisguised. Yours lurk like snakes in the grass, ready to seduce the unwary. Your language carries a half-hidden poison

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along with its polish; and it is easy to see that your mind is ever running upon evil, and ever seeking after opportunities to hint at some partly-concealed indecency. This is much worse than mine, and much more dangerous in the sapping of good morals. But list ye now to Lord Lovelace, your own son-in-law, husband of 'Ada, sole daughter of your house and heart.' He said that 'after all the arguments which had been urged for and against the admission of the statue of Lord Byron into Westminster Abbey, he had hoped that there would have been more inclination on the part of the Dean and Chapter to overlook the objectionable passages in the writings; and he was extremely sorry to find they had not so done. And when he recollected that the abbey contained the monument of Dryden, who died a Catholic and an apostate from the religion of the Chapter, he thought that, at least, the statue of Byron might find a place.'"

"That was said of my Lord Lovelace," observed the figure at Cambridge.

"Pardie, my Lord Byron," cried Shakspere; "it is no matter of marvel, but only a very natural bias, that he should debate it roundly for thee. Howbeit, he takes his stance upon the same questionable ground as did my Lord Brougham—to wit, he contends on the commission of a second offence, on the precedent that a first has been committed without censure. Because an error was perpetrated in admitting Dryden, whereof there is no doubt, he cites that as an argument for admitting you. That cannot pass. If I lampooned Sir Thomas Lucy and escaped punishment, that would not have justified me, for example, in lampooning Sir Walter Raleigh. Dryden ought never to have been admitted, and it would have been no evil deed to remove him. But list ye to the Bishop of Exeter. He said he wished they had some national place—not a church—in which these monuments might be fitly placed. Let them have a national gallery, worthy of the nation—not a work which was a disgrace to the country: and he hoped he might yet live to see a national gallery fit to contain these monuments.' I hope so too, my lord, and I would his right reverence had found utterance for more so fairly pronounced."

"And I don't; but go on."

"By'r lady, there is no more. Here they stinted, and the topic, of course, wandered away into some other channel."

"Then," continued Byron, "it seems that I have my son-in-law, Lord Brougham, and perhaps I may add the Earl Fitzhardinge, with me; but the Bishops of London, Exeter, and Gloucester, against me?"

"Ay, even so," answered Shakspere. "The force was equal; but, of a truth, methinks the bishops were right. Albeit, there are gross expressions in my writings, they are not the corrupting indecencies which appear in yours. Mine are neither studied nor

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premeditated; yours are both. Ye must look at my works as a whole—as every work ought to be surveyed—and then ye will confess that their tendency, as a whole, is not pernicious. Pardie! why there be some short-sighted arguers who have said the Bible is a bad book, because there occur expressions in it that these sophists drag forward to support their ungodly views. But survey the Bible as a whole, and then is it not divine? Any one who reads Shakspere can see that the spirit which guided his pen was a good spirit, and not an evil one. Yours, my lord, was splenetic, profligate, egotistic, and misanthropic. These are hard words; but I mean not to offend your statue, and neither need it conceive dudgeon at mine."

"It is almost enough to move me from my pedestal," rejoined Byron.

"Well, bear with me for a space, for I have a little more that is hard to come."

"Be brief then, for I like it not."

"I was merely about to say that we are distinguished from each other *by the spirit which pervades our whole works;* and by this comprehensive view ought we to be judged. My indecencies are honest and frank indecencies, under no disguise, and merely thrown in, by isolation, as the current coin of my day. All the writers, from my time down to Walter Scott's, have more or less of this. Mine are cast in unpremeditatively; but you are everywhere studying to be obscene. It is plain that you are ever thinking of obscenity, and hence you are ever hinting at it. You delight in it—you revel in it. *I*, now, am not immoral if I be indecent; and I would have you mark well the distinction; but you are both —you are always (especially in 'Don Juan,' your crowning error, though equal in talent to anything I ever wrote), you are always insinuating something more than meets the eye, and that sends the imagination of your readers wandering after mischief; and this is is the very thing that will tend to corrupt innocence. Plain-spoken indelicacy does not seduce innocence: it rather shocks, terrifies, and disgusts it; but your sublime and refined profligacy fascinates the victim, and leads unsuspecting virtue to destruction. Despite the spots in my plays, no one feels a more corrupted being after having read one through; but he who reads a canto of 'Don Juan,' begins to think *there must be something very delicious in sin after all.* Your sweetly-worded vice and delicate double-entendre is not understood by the thoroughly virtuous. Such ones suspect not the danger that is near them. To the pure, all things are pure; and this, peradventure, is the reason why my Lord Brougham cannot discover the indecencies in 'Don Juan.' But I have done; forgive me if I have said too much. Howbeit, as I said before, we statues have vast privileges."

"Then you think, William, it was rightly done to keep me out

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of the Abbey?" said the white marble Byron, without making any observation at Shakspere's undissembled harangue.

"Ay, marry I do. I know not how to gainsay it. Methinks it would have been a right well-devised thing to have put ye in the new Houses of Parliament. Though now Trinity College has got ye, I misdoubt me much whether they will let ye thence again. Ye had three claims on this new Walhalla: firstly, your all-surpassing talent; secondly, it is not a religious edifice; and thirdly, ye were a member of the House of Lords."

"True, Shakspere," said Byron, approvingly; "those are strong claims; but, as you say, I doubt whether Trinity would let me go now. I should have no objection to stand there on a pedestal beside you, though you have been rather severe on me to-day; but my days of enmity are past, for statues are not men. Adieu, then, for the present; and at any future time I shall always be glad of a chat."

"This parting is most sweet; but still farewell, said Shakspere.

THREE MANSIONS.

From a Passage in "Memoirs of the Rev Legh Richmond."

BY MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON.

O HOMELESS and unsheltered head—
Desponding pilgrim, weep not so!
Three mansions are before you spread—
To one you must, to all may go.

Go lowly to the House of Prayer,
With steadfast faith and contrite breast;
The narrow House that all must share
Will then afford a welcome rest.

Join but the three in constant thought—
The House of God, the Grave, and Heaven,
And all by sin and sorrow wrought
Shall pass away and be forgiven.

Within these three what strangers meet!
Earth's various pilgrims, rich and poor!
Their wealth, *their* joy, alone complete
To whom the glorious last's made sure.

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DESOLATIONS.

BY MRS CHARLES TINSLEY.

THEY have fallen, they have fallen, from their lordly places down,
The laurel from the conqueror's brow, and from the king's his crown;
The man of power has kiss'd the dust at death's imperious feet,
And the despot own'd the mightier hand that hurl'd him from his seat.

The throne is vacant in its strength, the battle ranks despoil'd;
The powerful, still the selfish, yield the prize for which they toil'd;
The trampler on his fellow's rights is hearsed with pomp and plume,
And to the face of heaven look up the false words on his tomb.

And from the east, and from the west, loud words of wailing come,
When fate hath hurled her mighty down the earth has not been dumb;
The captive in his dungeon cell, the slave beneath his chain,
The charter'd bondsmen 'mid his toil, have listened to the strain,

Have listened with deep burning hearts whence bitter thoughts were wrung,
With tears that flow'd not—torture-dried—from eyes to which they sprung;
With the strong will and arm to dare, which freeborn men might do,
When the great hour should come for God to bear the stricken through.

Ah! could the interest lavish'd on earth's spoilers, lords or kings,
Have stoop'd from its one chosen theme to note far humbler things,
What wondrous records of deep wrong, in strifeless patience borne,
Had filled the annals of the past, even from its opening morn.

Where are the thousands sacrificed from weary age to age,
Beneath the tyrant's iron rule, the bigot's frenzied rage?
Of all that strong endurance, where is kept the mighty sum?
Shall it not call for vengeance yet, even in the world to come?

We heard the crash when prostrate fell palace, and tower, and dome;
Why did their dust fill up the hearths where love had found a home?
We see the spot where heroes died, and every vestige trace.
What magic power hath swept the moan of myriads from the place?

No record kept the sire's wild shout, the mother's mighty prayer,
The child's vain shriek, the infant's wail, when none were will'd to spare;
The sumless woe of many lies, crush'd with the weight of One,
Or 'mid the tumult silenced all by the loud glory won.

Rest in the patient sleep of death, earth's martyr'd children rest!
The mortal pang has long been still'd within each yearning breast;
And from the strife, and from the wrong, the wasting of the past,
A glorious gathering yet shall be of ransom'd ones at last!

O! desolations, scatter'd wide where none the spoil bewail,
Ye yet shall rouse the world's deep heart, and tell your own dark tale,
And from the depths whence ye arose loud voices too shall rise,
To teach the listening earth wherein life's truest glory lies!

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LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Light of Mental Science; being an Essay on Moral Training. By Mrs. Loudon, Authoress of "First Love," "Fortune-Hunting," &c. &c. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The history of mental science has been little more than a succession of theories, each varying in some slight degree from its predecessor. The only exception to the remark is to be found in the great revolution in mental science produced by the noble genius of Lord Bacon. He was the first in our country who rescued mind from the thraldom of Aristotleian dogmas. Men were spell-bound by the name, and consequently by the theories of Aristotle.

Though we record it as our settled opinion, that Aristotle was a better mental philosopher than he would appear from those portions of his writings which are made the text-book for his metaphysical opinions, other parts of his writings indicate different, if not more accurate, views of mind, its capacities, and its operations. And though the origin of the word *metaphysics* is the title he gave to that portion of his writings which are supposed to contain his theory of mental philosophy, yet the looseness with which the title is appended ought to awaken the suspicion that his deliberate and fixed views of mind would be ushered into publicity with a title more definite and imposing. Τα μετα τα φυσικα—"The things after the physics," is a sentence not very precise or accurate to describe a treatise or treatises on *mind.*

Many other writers, such as La Place, Descartes, and Malbranche in France, and Locke, Reid, Stewart, and Brown in Britain, have spent much time and toil in maintaining theories of one order, and in correcting theories of another order. Little has been done to add to the practical bearing of any of these theories; facts have not been brought forward to illustrate and confirm, or to put to the test of experience any one of the numerous systems which have been from time to time so vigorously advocated. We have been induced to make these remarks because the fair writer of the little volume before us adopts the inductive process in arriving at her principles, and endeavours to establish the theories she propounds by their practical bearing upon the character and circumstances of mind. Her object is to urge that mind should be brought under moral training from the period of its earliest development; and in aiming at this object there are frequent manifesta-

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tions of original, vigorous thinking, accompanied by forcible arguments and conclusive reasoning. The following quotation will confirm this remark.

"If it be objected that ignorant servants cannot apply rules of science, it is replied that thousands of ignorant manufacturing labourers are constantly employed in adapting all the great laws of nature to mechanical operations by plain rules deduced, for the purpose, from chemical and other sciences; that every illiterate carpenter's apprentice is taught in like manner to apply plain rules drawn from the difficult science of geometry, to the forming of angles, squares, and circles.

"Now, neither the manufacturing labourer nor the carpenter's apprentice could have deduced the rules from the science, but they have each been taught to apply the rules when so deduced to their daily work. Why then should not nursery-maids be taught to apply plain, practical rules, deduced from mental science, to their daily work—that of influencing the associations of the infant mind?

"But philosophers take no cognizance of the existence of nursery-maids, and mothers only ask if they can do up small linen. Yet, if philosophers have condescended to assist the manufacturer and the carpenter, may they not aid the nursery-maid and the mother?

"But carpenters' work done by guess could not be tolerated. Which, then, are of most importance to society—upright door-posts or upright minds? Which will contribute most to domestic happiness—uniform window-frames or kindly tempers?

"Can, then, moral elevation advance while (let the struggles of each adult generation towards progress be what they may) the plastic minds of its infants are still handed down again to the lowest and most ignorant classes of the community to form in their own moulds?"

We perfectly agree with Mrs. Loudon, that sufficient importance has not been attached to the early training of the mental and moral habits, and that to the neglect of this *real* education of the people may be traced much of the vice and misery which abound in some parts of our native land; and if the directions for conducting a systematic education, as presented in this book, were adopted in schools and families, a most pleasing and salutary change would come over the moral aspect of the nation. Her method of teaching may be comprehended in this short maxim—Interest the heart to enlighten the mind.

The latter part of the volume contains an Essay on Public Instruction. This essay advocates a national educational establishment supported by an *educational rate*. This is very debatable ground. Many who maintain that religion should be supported by state authority do not admit that the education of the rising population should be entrusted to the state. We do not commit ourselves to any decisive opinion on this subject; we believe that it will admit of considerable discussion. All we have to do at present is fairly to exhibit the manner in which Mrs. Loudon advocates her views of the question. She says,

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"If it be argued that this class have clergy to teach them, churches to go to, and their Bibles to read, it must be remembered that such people as are here alluded to are generally too ill-dressed to appear in churches; and also that when religion and morality have not been put into the early habits of the child, the adult rarely goes to church to seek them; and, further, that their Bibles, if they had them, they in many instances could not read.

"We do not trust to voluntary subscriptions to supply the fund from which we pay the army, the navy, or the salaries of public men; we do not leave the nation without a ministry, and the city of London without a police force, waiting till the beggars become *able* and the pickpockets *willing* to defray their share of expenses, and, from a refined sense of duty, come forward of *their own accord* to do so, in the face of *privation* and *self-denial*, as is irrationally expected that parents in the same class will do to procure education for their children.

"Yet can it be pretended that the objects of any of these necessary establishments exceed in importance that of securing to a whole people sober, orderly, kindly, and honest habits."—P. 69.

In another part of this Essay Mrs. Loudon's own views of the question are put in a very forcible manner, since it must be admitted by all parties that if moral education be more extensively adopted, the expenses of penal courts, penal colonies, and gaols, will be unnecessary.

"Is it the expenditure that we dread? Shall a nation calling itself great, the colossal fortunes of whose rich sound in the ear of the stranger like fairy tales or 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' whose merchants seek the wildest speculations to employ their surplus capital, refuse to purchase with that wealth the blessings of moral order? The pearl is beyond price. Should not a nation sell all that she hath to purchase it? But are we sure that even in actual expenditure we should not ultimately be gainers? Are our prison systems, our criminal courts, our penal colonies, all maintained without expense? Every county town has its gaol. No one seems to murmur at the expense. County gentlemen meet and vote thirty thousand, forty thousand, fifty thousand pounds to build a new gaol. The penitentiary model prison on the north side of London cost eighty thousand pounds. In the name of the God of Mercy, why are we so liberal to punish what we are so grudging to prevent? Let us give *real* education, based on early moral training, as unsparingly as we give the means by which we hope to deter from crime, and all this frightful apparatus shall become unnecessary."

This is cogent reasoning, from which it is difficult to escape. Many other extracts might be furnished, but it may be sufficient to observe, that this little volume deserves the closest attention of every parent, guardian, and teacher of the rising generation. It is one of the most original, able, and eloquent works of the kind which we have seen for many years. It is too profound and too excellent to start at once into an extensive circulation, but we

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never hazarded a prediction with greater confidence than we do the prophecy, that "The Light of Mental Science" will eventually work its way among all classes of the community, and be regarded as one of the most valuable books which the modern press has sent forth. There is in every page the impress of a powerful and philosophical spirit; while in the exposition of the author's original views, no one can fail to be struck with the singular eloquence, force, and felicity of her diction. Mrs. Loudon's "Light of Mental Science" is a work for the million. It is a book for mankind; and were the noble and elevating principles it unfolds and expounds, to be universally adopted, as we trust they are destined to be, the world would undergo a moral and social regeneration, of the might and magnitude of which no adequate conception can be formed beforehand.

The Juvenile Scrap Book. By the Author of "The Women of England." 1846. Fisher and Co., London.

No sign of the times can more effectually proclaim the improvement of the age, the intellectual and moral advancement of a nation, than the elevated character of the literature prepared to instruct and gratify the youthful portion of the community. It is highly gratifying to find the pen of the talented and deservedly honoured Mrs Ellis again employed to instruct and delight the youthful mind. The false notions so frequently indulged by those just budding into maturity are exposed and corrected by Mrs. Ellis in a way which convinces and approves, but never offends or irritates. Pure sentiment without sentimentalism is one of the excellencies of this volume.

It is a suitable Christmas or New Year's gift. Any parent or friend may present this book to a young person with the assurance that it will delight the imagination, enlighten the understanding, and improve the heart of the attentive reader.

There is great variety in the subjects, and our readers may form some idea of the impartiality of the opinion we have given, when they carefully examine the style and sentiments of a few extracts.

THE SPARKLING DRAUGHT.

"The sparkling draught that fills thy glass
Kind stranger, freely sip;
'Tis not like some that sweetly pass
But leave a poison'd lip.

That sparkling draught springs where the leaves
In green luxuriance grow;

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The wild-rose there her garland waves,
And hair-bells droop below.

Deep through yon grove its crystal tide
With song and music goes;
The wild-bird builds her nest beside,
And warbles where it flows.

No aching brow, no frenzied eye,
Bend o'er that sylvan stream—
The heavens above, the bright blue sky,
The stars' reflected beam.

Within that fountain pure and deep
Dark fearful forms live not,
But silent dews at night-fall weep
Bright tears around that spot.

Kissed by the opening flowers of spring,
Fed by soft falling showers,
Deem not that fresh'ning draught can bring
Sad thoughts for after hours.

The sparkling glass will cool thy lip,
Nor wake one pulse but joy;
Drink, then, kind stranger, freely sip
Sweet draughts without alloy."

Mrs. Ellis's known advocacy of Tee-totalism is apparent in this poem, as it appears accompanied by an exquisitely-finished engraving, representing a party of cottagers taking their humble fare, and one holding up a glass of *fine spring water.*

While we do not commit ourselves to any decided opinion on the Tee-total qnestion, yet we must record our admiration of this *mode* of advocacy. This is taking error in the meshes of kindness; and this is more likely to be effective than the harsh reproof and the severe denunciation. The young man tempted to inebriety will in all probability be roused to resist the temptation when he thinks of

"Sad thoughts for after hours."

Had we sufficient space we should indulge our own inclination and furnish further illustrations of the spirit and style of this valuable present to the young. The prose equals the poetry.

The fable of "The Independent Bees" is an admirable lesson to the young politician, exposing the tyranny and oppression so frequently consequent on colonization.

"England's Hope" is a spirit-stirring poem, calculated to rouse the British youth to deeds of honour and virtue.

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The whole book is enriched with a goodly number of well-designed and well-executed engravings. It is a book whose external appearance cannot fail to please the refined taste, and whose intrinsic merits must benefit the mind of the diligent reader.

The Sacred Gift. A Series of Meditations on Scripture Subjects, with twenty highly-finished Engravings, after Celebrated Paintings by the Great Masters. Second Series. By the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, M.A., Author of "May you Like it." "Records of a Good Man's Life," &c., &c. Fisher, Son, and Co., London.

The claims of religion are more extensively recognised at the present time than at any former period in the history of our country. The use of opprobrious epithets in reference to the religious is greatly on the decline; the blush of confusion less frequently crimsons the cheek when the avowal of religious principles is made; religious sentiments are fearlessly introduced into some of the most popular departments of our periodical literature, and books of piety, instead of being concealed, are now introduced in the drawing-rooms and the boudoirs of the noble and most fashionable in our land. There is a growing taste for sacred literature. Some of the most learned and refined minds have consecrated their highly-cultivated talents to the hallowed cause. Original thought, poetic imagery, critical acumen, historical research, and sound reasoning have clasped hands and bowed in deep devotedness at the shrine of religion. The heaven-born genius of poetry never appears in an element so congenial to itself as when it roams in the scenes which sacred truth has revealed. And when we speak of poetry we mean the *bright imagining*, whether it is embodied in the measured line, or breathed in the flowing prose composition. Of the latter form the work before us furnishes some striking illustrations. We refer particularly to "The Transfiguration," and "It is Finished." Every thoughtful reader will be not more impressed with the beauty of the sentiments than with the sound *scriptural theology* which characterises every portion of this volume. Here truth appears irradiated with her own light, beaming her own beauty; no shadow is thrown on her by the mysticism of party, no distortions produced by the dogmas of councils. The piece entitled "The Watchers" is one of incomparable beauty. The subject is the two Marys watching the tomb of Christ, and begins—

"What of the night? The angry heavens are calm,
O'er banks of flowers the plaintive night-breeze sighing,

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Wafts through the dewy glades their odorous balm,
The golden light, in cloudless glory dying,
Blends with the purple shadows deepening round
The garden and the tomb, by Calvary's awful mound.

What of the night? In the soft spreading gloom
Pale women sit, their lonely vigil keeping,
Silent and thoughtful by the hallowed tomb,
Where the cold corpse of their loved Lord was sleeping.
The conflict and the agony are past,
And in that quiet grave the sufferer rests at last.

What of the night? They answered not a word;
Those faithful women, hopeless and heart-broken,
With drooping heads, hands clasped, in sad accord,
Heedless they sat, and not a word was spoken,
Till one her sweet, her sorrowing face did raise,
And fixed upon the tomb her loving, steadfast gaze.

What of the night? she said; 'Our night is come,
How do we sit and weep in hopeless sorrow,
The Lord of Life lies buried in the tomb,
And joy can gild no more our cheerless morrow.
What of the night? Ah! can it e'er be morn
To hearts o'erwhelmed like ours, and utterly forlorn?'

What of the world? Oh! women meekly strong,
While others sleep, your wakeful vigils keeping,
Fearless and faithful 'mid the faithless throng,
A joyful morn succeeds your night of weeping!
Satan and death this night, in deadly strife,
Fell vanquished by the Lord of everlasting life!"

We are forcibly reminded by the above stanzas of the sweet and elevated strains of Giambitistta Cotta, the Italian poet. In fact, the mind of the Rev. Charles B. Tayler seems to be richly embued with the beautiful imagery of some of the choice spirits of the Italian school.

The whole work maintains a character worthy of its title, "The Sacred Gift." Every page is fraught with sentiments admirably adapted to nurture the religious principle; and every sentiment is conveyed in a clearness and elegance of style which do honour to the taste and judgment of the talented editor.

We can scarcely trust ourselves to give our opinion of the engravings which adorn this work. They are from paintings executed in the best style of the most renowned masters of Europe. Among them we notice particularly the names of Poussin, Veit,

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Raffaelle, Correggio, Van Dyke, West, Bell, &c., &c. The engravings are entitled to our most unqualified approbation. We have always been disposed to think that "The Man of Sorrows," by Correggio, is an exquisite painting when the attention is confined to *the face* of Christ; but we think that the breast and arms are not in keeping with the expression of the countenance. Sorrow does the work of disease on the human frame; and we think that the limbs and every part of a heavily grief-stricken man would appear unhealthy, languid, and feeble.

We admire the volume. It well deserves a place in every house where religion and elegant literature are duly appreciated.

Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap Book. 1846. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Fisher, Son, and Co., London.

Among the indirect advantages arising from the preparation of these beautiful annuals, there is one which must be evident even to the most superficial observer, that is, the encouragement offered to the skill and the taste of British engravers and bookbinders. A healthy emulation to excel is awakened. This was needed to make us equal with other nations in the ornamental arts. The pre-eminence which the Drawing-room Scrap Book has long maintained among the beautiful works which greet us at this season of the year, cannot fail to impart an honour to every agent engaged in its preparation. Its former interest and beauty are, if possible, exceeded in the volume now before us. The exquisite dignity, pathos, and beauty of Mrs. Norton's poetry are so well known and so extensively appreciated, that her name attached to a volume never fails to awaken large expectations of intellectual delight. And, as on former occasions those expectations have been fully realized, so we are assured that on the present occasion they will be very far exceeded. The whole of the literary portion of this volume is in *poetry*. The very *spirit* of poetry glows on every page. The subjects are well chosen, and some of them are of deep interest to every feeling heart. We particularly refer to "Corio lanus and his Mother," "Jephtha's Daughter," "The Old Family Place," "The Morning Prayer," and "The Evening Prayer."

The following list of plates and contents will give our readers an idea of the variety presented to them:—Arcadian Shades—The Dog's Ambition—The Chinese Opium Smokers—Bingen on the Rhine—Viscount Torrington—Hardwick Hall—The Bay of Baiæ—Court of the Old Palace, Florence—Canute and his Courtiers—The Mourning over Jerusalem—Chinese Marriage Procession—Lord Fordwick—Coriolanus and his Mother—Palace of the Luxembourgh, Paris—Jephtha's Daughter—Burial Ground, Thyatira—Could ye not watch one hour—View at Simla—Lilla

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Vannen—Lady Adela Villiers—The Voyage of the Bird—King Charles and his Children—State Prison of the Seven Towers—Chinese Cat Merchants—Villa Doria, Genoa—Fountain at Carnelo—Right Hon. Edmund Burke—City of Cologne—Grotto of Camoens—The Soothing of Saul—Chinese Sacrifice to the Harvest Moon—Sir E. Codrington—The Prodigal Son—The Stillness of the Night—Morning Prayer—Evening Prayer.

Since the happy change in the commercial relation between this country and China, we are all more anxious than ever to know all than can be known of the manners, customs, and habits of this immense but hitherto almost inaccessible empire. Mrs. Norton has contributed her full quota of interest and information relating to this extraordinary people. "The Chinese Opium Smokers," "The Chinese Wedding," "The Chinese Cat Merchants," and "The Chinese Sacrifice to the Harvest Moon." In reference to the latter our fair author gives a concise description of this ceremony in a foot note, thus:—

"When the day of the full harvest-moon arrives, Chinamen, wherever they may be, or however engaged, make their oblation to the gods of grain and of land, in every city, usually where the highways meet. In the vicinity of farm-buildings a portico is constructed in a style of peculiar neatness, for the reception of the image selected by the patriarch of the family. A table in front of the niche in which the rude figure is set up serves as an altar, on which flowers, and pastiles, and tapers are ranged, with cups of tea or rice. Here the mother of the family presents herself, holding in her apron such produce and grain as she deems most suitable for a first-fruits' offering. Behind and beside her, on a mat spread out before the rustic temple, her husband and children attend and second her entreaties that the offering may be accepted, by prostrations, genuflections, and silent prayers. This surely is a scene of gratitude and affection. It implies the presence of the purest feelings, it is exemplary in its observance, and the actors betray the influence of no motive that is susceptible of an anti-moral tendency. Is it not therefore encouraging to those whose Christian duties demand the diligent exercise of their abilities in expelling the long night of idolatry from China?"

We can allow ourselves the pleasure of quoting only one other passage from this volume. The following are two verses from the piece on "Jephtha's Daughter."

"In the young light of her beauty she came forth.
Then wo is me!
With her bracelets, and her jewels, and her rings,
Fair to see;
In clothing proud and gay,
As was meet for rich array,
When a warrior won the day,
Gallantly;

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In the hurry of her welcome she came forth,
And she smil'd;
For she deem'd her father's triumph should be her's,
(Then hapless child),
And with white and twinkling feet
She came dancing on, to meet
The death-word she must greet,
Dark and wild!"

The whole poem is well sustained. It is redolent with beauty. The emotions of the *manly* but *affectionate* father are most touchingly described.

This volume is an elegant casket worthy of the precious intel lectual jewels it contains.

Revealed Truth Vindicated. By JAMES APPERLEY. Snow. London, 1845.

IN the present day, when German neology and indigenous infidelity are making their boldest efforts to sap the foundations of our common Christianity, it is gratifying to find an author possessing the invaluable qualifications of mental vigour and eminent piety, coming forward to vindicate in a firm but calm tone the divine authority of Revelation. When the writings of Leland, Butler, Simpson, Paley, and Chalmers have been so long before the public, it required a mind of no ordinary strength and experience of its own capabilities to enter on the same arena where mighty spirits had given battle to the infidel legion. The undertaking was an arduous one. The merits of the question at issue, the former combatants in the field, the solemn and awful results anticipated, the wide range of information required, all combine to show that it is an onerous work to undertake the vindication of revealed truth. Our author has done his work well; and though it could not be expected that there should be anything of novelty in the topics of discussion, yet the ordinary topics are discussed in a novel manner, much original thought is introduced and well arranged. While precision and strength are the prevailing characters of the style, it is not wanting in some features of beauty and elegance.

We cordially recommend this volume to those whose minds are not firmly established in a belief of the divine authority of the Scriptures.

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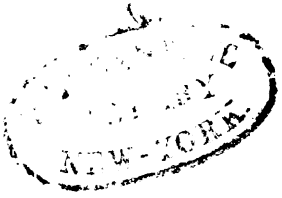
Marco Visconti, from the Italian of Tomaso Grossi. J. BURNS, London.

THIS is a romance of the deepest interest. It is continued through two volumes, and though it ends well, yet the reader wishes there were another volume. It is written in Grossi's best style. Like most of the modern Italian romance writers, Grossi affects a quaintness of style, and indulges in the most minute details of description. Yet his avowal that he is the disciple of Alessandro Manzoni must certainly secure him a favourable reception with all who know the works of that admirable writer and poet. It is a romance of the first order. The plot is well laid and well executed.

The Juvenile Missionary Keepsake for 1846. Snow. London.

THIS is an entirely new annual. It is an unpretending volume, whose internal merits far exceed its external appearance. It is full of interesting information, mostly conveyed in the narrative style. One tale alone is worth the price of the book—we mean the autobiography of Raffaelle Ciocci, who was seduced to become a monk, and eventually escaped from the thraldom of popery. It is a suitable, valuable, and inexpensive present.



END OF VOL. XLIV.

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INDEX TO VOL. XLIV.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

At Last, 276

Ballad. Pretty Rosa the Star of St. James', 106
Ballad. The Bridal Blessing, 234

Classic Haunts and Ruins, 86, 103, 452
Claudine. A Sketch from Life, 160
Cold Water Cure, The, 306
Country Fair, Notes on a, 171

Debt to Talent, A, 187
Desolations, 493
Dialogues of the Statues, 329, 481
Dream, A, 352

Entrance into Life of Alexander Dumas, The, 323

Fairy Song. Come and reign my Fancy's Queen, 180
Funeral, The, 116

Galley-slave, The, 24
Gipsy Ballad. The Gitano's Bride, 400
Girl of Provence, The, 154
Glee-singers, The; or, the Guelphs and Ghibellines, 1, 127, 253, 379
Gods of Greece, The, 416
Grave of L. E. L., 343
Great St. Bernard, A Visit to the, 188

Heart's History, A, 443

Journal of a London Schoolmaster, 354, 420

Last Dream of Petrarch, The, 169
Lay of St. Francis, A, 54
Leaves of Life, 321, 471
Leaving off Business, 287
Life Sketch, A, 194
Lorenzo's Moonlight Adventure, 359
Lucy, To, on Receiving a Lock of her Hair, 426

Mignon, 53
Minnesanger's Dream, The, 285
Modern Romance, A, 428
Moonlight on the Sea, 480
My Doctor's Degree, 107

Oddities of American Literature, 292
Omnibus, The, 73
Orphan Girls, The, 445
Our Israelitish Origin, 345

Digitized by Google

Pericles at the Bier of his Son, 203
Pictures and their Reverses, 460
Poetry and Reality of Life, The, 205
Prediction, The, 41
Psycholene the Ice Queen, 463

Recollections of a Moravian Settlement, 455
Recollections of Madeira during the Winter of 1844-5, 230
Reveries on Railroads, 162
Richard Biddulph; or, the Life and Adventures of a School-boy, 89, 210, 402

Scene in the Palace of George the Third, A, 181
Solitude, 340
Song. The Faries' Invitation, 209
Song. The Ransomed Slave, 74
Stanzas, 88

Temptations of Hafiz, 60
Three Days, The. Paris in July, 1830, 156
Three Mansions, 492

Vision of St. Martin, 227
Visit to the Abbey Street Theatre, Dublin, A, 278

Who was Jack Wilson? 473

Anglo-Indian Passage Homeward and Outward, noticed, 245
Atmospheric Traction in General, noticed, 240

Cases and Observations, noticed, 378
Dryburgh Abbey and other Poems, noticed, 118

Evenings in the Pyrenees, noticed, 251

Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap Book, noticed, 501

Gaëtano, noticed, 235

Hall of Vision, The, noticed, 373
Hogg's Weekly Instructor, noticed, 252

Ideal of the English Church, The, noticed, 124

Jardine's Naturalist's Library, noticed, 249
Juvenile Missionary Keepsake, The, noticed, 504
Juvenile Scrap Book, The, noticed, 497

Light of Mental Science, The; being an Essay on Moral Training, noticed, 494

Linda; or, the Festival, noticed, 252

Mammoth, The Coming of the, and other Poems, noticed, 241
Manual of Astronomy, noticed, 237
Marco Visconti, noticed, 504
Minstrel Love, and Undine, noticed, 371
Miscellaneous Poems, noticed, 246

National Education, On, noticed, 376

Poems by a Father and a Daughter, noticed, 117
Poems, noticed, 120

Pulmonary Consumption successfully treated with Naphtha, noticed, 123

Revealed Truth Vindicated, noticed, 503

Sacred Gift, The, noticed, 499
Songs in the Desert, noticed, 375
Stray Thoughts in Prose and Verse, noticed, 250

World's Slippery Turns, The; or, Mind How you Wed, noticed, 121

Zanoni, and Night and Morning, noticed, 242

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